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A
SIX YEARS' DIARY.

BY
JAMES SLATOR CUMMING, ESQ.,

A LIEUTENANT IN ~~THE~~ MAJESTY'S 9TH FOOT,

~~Written solely for~~ his own Embroidement,

FOR HE SAYS,

"There is a kind of satisfaction in keeping up a connection with fleeting Time ; I shall thereby be able to consider what have been my thoughts and habits in the different stages of life, and thus determine WHETHER MY FEELINGS ARE TO BE THOSE OF PLEASURE OR REGRET."—*July 3rd, 1839.*

OF THE AUTHOR, A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER WRITES,

"There was this consolation, no one ever left this world better prepared to die ; he was, indeed, charming in every way : *I* considered him faultless."

"Woe to them that trust in chariots, *because they are many* ; and in horse-men, *because they are very strong*. But they look not to the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord."

"Turn ye unto him, from whom the children of Israel have deeply revolted."

ISAIAH c. xxxi. v. 1 and 6.

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N.B.—A distinguished Bishop says, "the Diary not only pleased, it captivated
"me;" it is so simple, true, and sincere. It shall have a place in my
"study. I shall name it to others."

*David Baron McKay
16 Negro Row, Calcutta*

DEDICATED

TO

LT.-GEN. SIR THOS. ARBUTHNOT, K.C.B.,

COLONEL OF HER MAJESTY'S 9TH FOOT.

(By Permission.)

The posthumous miscellaneous journal of James Slator Cumming, Esq., late a lieutenant in that distinguished corps, commencing with his departure from Gravesend to Calcutta, and marching thence to Hazarebagh, Delhi, Agra, and Meerut; together with the route of the regiment from thence through the Punjaub, up to the successful forcing of the Khybur Pass, on the 5th of April, 1842, which led to the vindication of the recently tarnished honour of our arms in Affghanistan, and the restoration to liberty, and home, and friends, of our captives, from the grasp of bondage in which they were held by Akbar Khan.

As this is the daily and hasty, though calculated to be the enduring produce of the leisure hours of a very young officer, commencing when he was only seventeen years of age, and ending on the night before his lamented fall, and the evening previous to his attaining his twenty-third year; and as it seems to have been written only for the exercise

of his own mental improvement, and not for public perusal, it is hoped that it will meet with indulgence and approbation; and yet it may afford a field for deep reflection to all who read it, being replete with useful variety, and calculated to convey much mental gratification to every intellectual and Christian reader, but more especially the young officers, for whom it is specially intended, setting them an example of the greatest regularity and strictest temperance—an example of never permitting any avocation, to interfere with the calls or sacred claims of duty.

To it is added, the daily and minute journal of a march during the Affghan campaign, after the Cabul disasters, through the entire of the Punjaub, lately the seat of war; comprising incidents and circumstances, and details of matters and plans connected with the chain of events, which, under the blessing of God, has protected the British subjects from the hostile invasion, and must at the present time especially, but at all times hereafter, be read with considerable interest.

It is, besides, a simple detail, with the advantage of being strictly true, and in consequence, under God's blessing, may be the means of improving, enlightening, and elevating the youthful aspirants to honour and glory—the young men of the rising generation, who enter the service of their country, and lead their minds to the contemplation of Him, whose glory is manifest in his works. Heroes, with their Bibles in their hands, and its spirit in their hearts, proclaiming the Redeemer in their lives, and raising them to the elevation and purity of character, conferred on the author, by the unanimous judgment of his brothers in arms, who had ample opportunity of knowing him well for six years, and who declare him to have been a hero and a Christian, a judgment which they have handed down to succeeding ages, by an imperishable record, in

erecting, at considerable expense, a monument to his memory, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and of which public notice was taken in the Dublin Evening Packet, of the 24th of April, 1845, and other papers of the day, in the following terms:—

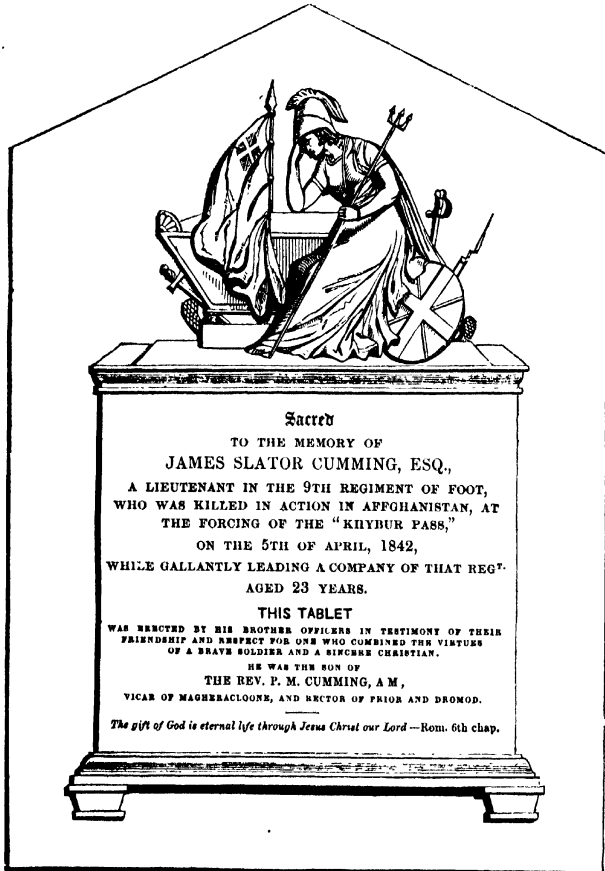
*“ Lieutenant James Slator Cumming, of Her Majesty's
9th Foot.*

“ This distinguished young Irishman, it may be recollected, fell covered with glory in the moment of victory at the successful forcing of the Khybur Pass, while gallantly leading a company of that old regiment, on the heights to the right of that formidable Pass, on the 5th of April, 1842, the day of his birth, and 23rd year of his age.

“ He is described as a hero and a Christian,* presenting a noble air of youthful promise, tempered with a uniform gentleness and sweetness of manners. His Bible was his constant companion—never a day passed that he did not consult it; thence the heroical design of taking God's perfections for his model.

“ His brother officers and companions in arms have, on the 5th instant, erected a monument to perpetuate the memory of his virtues, in St. Patrick's, the principal cathedral of his native land. It is surmounted with a figure, representing Britannia weeping over her youthful hero. The inscription is simple and soldier-like in the following words:—

* He felt proud only of the blood of scholars and heroes which flowed in his veins.



“ ‘ My gems are fading away, but I do hope and trust it is because God is making up his jewels.’ ”

“ He seemed to have some strange presentiment of what was about to happen, for his air and look *had* a profound expression of devotion, though calm, happy, and cheerful.”

James Slator Cumming, Esq. was the eldest son of the Rev. P. M. Cumming, A.M., vicar of Magheracloone, county of Monaghan, and now rector of Prior and Dro-mod, county Kerry. His mother was daughter of the Rev. James Slator, A.M., of Tonym, in the county of Longford, and of St. David's Castle, Naas, of which parish he was the respected vicar for upwards of forty years. He was born at Magheracloone House, county of Monaghan, on the 5th of April, 1819.

His father, feeling that a regular and pure education was one of the first of blessings, trained him up in the divinely inspired pages of the Bible, as being the light to our feet, and lamp to our paths, neglecting nothing calculated to render him good and virtuous; the result was, that he practised virtue because he loved it.

During his infant years he was under the care of a governess, a German lady, to whom also was committed the education of his three sisters, who were his elders, occasionally assisted by his father, whenever he could steal a moment from the duties of a very extensive rural parish, with a population exceeding 8000 souls.

In the beginning of June, 1825, his father was ordered by the late Dr. Crampton to abstain from any duty, or indeed, any business, from serious apprehensions, entertained by that eminent physician, that his early demise would otherwise be the consequence, having been engaged during the previous winter in superintending the erection of a school house, which he had endowed with an acre of land, part of his glebe; and subsequently in building a handsome church, every stone of which he saw laid, and almost directed the entire building, having taken upon himself the responsibility of having the money expended, which could not otherwise be proceeded with, so much opposition was created by the hostile and vindictive feelings of the land-agent to the principal landlord, who was an everlasting absentee at the time, and, in consequence,

no person could be found to conduct the building, through fear of this agent's resentment. Mr. Cumming, however, fearlessly took the responsibility on himself; and having given security to the Bishop, drew the money, and in the short space of five months removed the old, and built on its site a handsome substantial, and elegant new church, which remains a monument of his diligence and piety; but from anxiety and exposure to damp, both early and late, he had nearly prematurely arrived at that goal, to which all must come sooner or later; and, in consequence, having previously obtained license of absence, he appointed a resident curate, and left home with his wife and family, and sailed from Dublin on the 8th of June, 1825, in the steam-boat, Palmerston, for Bristol, on his way to Cheltenham. At day-break, on the 9th of June, while all slept, they were aroused by the sudden striking of the steamer, and all was confusion in the gloom of twilight, rendered obscure by a thick mist; and suddenly aroused from sleep, all were rushing to gain the deck in uncertainty and dismay.

There were upwards of one hundred passengers, the majority being soldiers—the vessel having been a Government contract one—but besides the Rev. Father of the author and his family, there were a great number of other cabin passengers, among them Archdeacon Stopford, now Bishop of Meath; Mr. G——h, son to the Dean of Derry, and nephew to Lords Bloomfield and G——h; Father O'Connell, private chaplain to the once famous Dr. Doyle; R. C——, Bishop of Kildare, better known as J. K. L. and the author and fomentor of passive resistance; and his two nieces; Alderman H——e, of Bristol; and the Rev. James Taylor, vicar of Clifton.

The lamented and then infant author of the present miscellaneous volume, but a volume calculated to endure, then in his sixth year, when anxiously sought for by his

* The steamer struck at the foot of a rocky precipice, called Monk-Nash, in the Bristol Channel, on the coast of Glamorganshire.

father, was, it appears, the first, though a child, who started from his pillow and undauntedly got on deck, and was found amidst the crowd on the afterpart, shouting out to those still struggling to get on deck, with as loud a voice as he was capable, "A shipwreck! a shipwreck! get on deck;" while he himself appeared quite unconscious of any danger.

The family settled in Bath in the summer of 1825, where every attention was paid to the minds and education of the young children living under their paternal roof, still under the care of a governess, assisted by masters of the best class, an advantage attainable in Bath almost superior to any other place, until they were unfortunate in losing their amiable and angelic mother, who, after giving birth to her youngest and last child, gradually sunk under the insidious power of a decline to which she was constitutionally predisposed, and without a sigh or pain yielded up the spirit to Him who gave it, on the 5th of April, 1828, leaving a family of five sons and three daughters to deplore their loss, all of tender years, the youngest being then only nine months old. To her a monument is erected in Walcot church, Bath, within whose precincts are laid her precious remains, and with the following true, affecting, and simple inscription:—

Sacred

To the Memory of

HARRIET, the Wife of the Rev. P. M. CUMMING, A.M.,
Rector of Prior and Dromod.

She was daughter of the Rev. James Slator, A.M., forty
years Vicar of Naas, and grand-daughter of the
Right Hon. Sir Edward Lovett Pearce, Kt.*

* The Right Hon. Sir Edward Lovett Pearce, Kt., was a major of Dragoons, in Ireland, a Privy Councillor there, and member for the Borough of Rabhoath. He built the House of Lords and Commons, in Ireland—considered one of the chastest buildings in Europe—and

She died on the 5th of April, 1828, aged 37 years, leaving three infant daughters and five sons to deplore their loss.

Her daughter, CAROLINE, aged 11 years,

Is interred in the same tomb in this church.

The eldest son, Lieut. JAMES SLATOR, fell gloriously on his birthday, April 5th, 1842, while gallantly leading a company of the 9th regiment at the successful attack on the Khybur Pass, aged 23 years. His brother officers have erected a monument to his memory, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

This Tablet is erected by an affectionate husband, to one unaffectedly pious and amiable.

“Husbands, love your wives.”—Ephes. v. 23.

received the unanimous thanks of both houses, with a pension of £1000. from the public purse—a great sum in those days. See the Annals of the House of Commons, 1734. He was the son of the Right Hon. General Edward Pearce and Miss Lovett, one of six sisters, daughters of Mr. Lovett, of Liscomb, near Woburn Abbey. He married his own cousin-german, the only daughter of the Right Hon. Thomas Pearce, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, Governor of Limerick, and many years Member in Parliament for that Borough. Edward Pearce, of Whittingham, near Norwich, in the County of Norfolk, third son of Thomas Pearce, Esq., of Lewes, in Sussex, married Mary, daughter of Sir Dudley Carleton, and Lucy, his wife, who was daughter of Sir Herbert Croft, of Croft, in the County of Hereford, and had sons and daughters ten, two of whom, Edward, the eldest, and the father of Sir Edward Lovett Pearce; and Thomas, another, were both generals, and rendered essential services to their country in Queen Ann's and the succeeding reigns. Of the sisters of General Thomas and Edward Pearce, Lucy left three daughters, one of whom was the Countess of Ross, and afterwards Lady Jocelyn; another married Mr. Secretary Johnston; and the third, Mr. Carter, of Castle Martin, in the County of Kildare, in Ireland; and of the remaining five, Misses Lovett, sisters to Mrs. General Edward Pearce, and mother of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Lovett Pearce; one married the grandfather of the late Earl of Bellemont; another, Mr. Tighe, of Woodstock, in the County of Wicklow; another, Mr. Lloyd, of Gloster, in the King's County; and another, Counsellor Pratt, the ancestor of the present Lord Camden. Sir Edward Lovett Pearce left four daughters co-heiresses, on whom the estate of Whittingham devolved; and they

Lieutenant Cumming, although uniformly gentle from his youth, was nevertheless, as he advanced to maturity, devoted to the service of arms. He was, notwithstanding, although very cheerful, still habitually serious on religious views, sincere, retiring, and pure, without being either an enthusiast, disputer, or self-righteous; he was liberally educated and accomplished; a good horseman, a graceful and elegant dancer, and an excellent cricket-player; but knew nothing

were married severally to Mr. Lake, Mr. Hollings, Mr. Willington, and Mr. Thomas, of St. Eustace Castle, Naas; to one of whose sons, Lieutenant-General Lewis Thomas, C.B., who died at Cawnpore, in command in the East Indies. A handsome monument is erected in the church of Naas; and he bequeathed £20. a-year for ever to the poor of Naas, his native parish. He served in India from March, 1778, to December, 1815; and received for his services the thanks of the Governor-General and Council on three distinct occasions for his distinguished services. The Cumming family, his nephews and nieces, are now the proprietors of the Castle at Naas, and the adjoining premises and town parks, the birth-place of their uncle, General Thomas. In reference to the Right Hon. General Thomas Pearce, the following is an abstract, taken from a poem, entitled "*The Mourners*," written on the Duke of Rutland, who died there as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and published the 22nd of November, 1787:—"We have no memory of any funeral in a style equal to this of the Duke of Rutland, except that of General Pearce, who died in the Government as one of the Lords Justices of this kingdom. That gentleman was many years Commander-in-chief of the army and forces in Ireland; Colonel of the 1st regiment of horse; Governor of Limerick; many years representative for that city in Parliament; and one of His Majesty's Right Hon. Privy Councillors. He served abroad in the wars during the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, King George I. and George II., with distinguished reputation, and did essential services to his country. But what should render his memory inestimably dear to these kingdoms was, that great and noble action (when a Captain of the Guards) of apprehending and securing, at the imminent peril of his own life, Charnock, one of the chief conspirators in the assassination plot against our glorious deliverer, King William III." This, from good authority, is a faithful abstract of the history and merits of the Right Hon. Lieutenant-General Thomas Pearce; the late Charles William Pearce, Esq., his son, attained, by successive purchases, the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was thirty years a Field Officer.

of dog-training nor snipe-shooting; he knew no game but chess, and in that he much delighted. Many, and some of them excellent people, are of opinion, that a soldier cannot be a Christian; that war is a wicked and unlawful pursuit. But it is humbly submitted, that the life, short as it has been—the practice, the sentiments, and principles of the author, when read and understood by every reasonable being, will be considered as a proof that a soldier not only can be, but frequently is, among the most eminent Christians on earth, and often are the bearers of Christian light among the nations to illumine heathen darkness. What sentiment more becoming the Christian breast than on the morning of the 5th of April, amid the bustle, hurry, and excitement of military preparations for strife and glory, to mark this chivalrous young officer, although anticipating the events of the day with heroic glee, yet humbly, in the first instance, committing his soul and body, and that of his companion,* to the care of the Most High, seeking a blessing from the Lord, and declaring, should he fall, that the disposition of the clay was of no avail; while he humbly hoped the spirit may rest with God, proclaiming that might comes from God alone, and that without him we are nothing. Such a scene must be touching to the best, the purest Christian impressions. In the New Testament the military character is every where coupled with approved

* Major Borton, of the 9th.

N.B. At Ferozeshah, when the 62nd were ordered to retire, the 9th, in reserve under the lamented Colonel Taylor, were ordered up; they advanced to the entrenchments, where the gallant Taylor fell with a crowd of his men. The command devolved upon Borton, until he was wounded and struck off his horse; however, he remounted, and they (the 9th) carried the entrenchments. The 9th never retreat. A detachment of them buried Sir John Moore on the ramparts of Corunna, at night; they were besides the only European regiment at the forcing of the Khybur Pass. In consequence, they were separated in companies to lead the Sepoys, and, as usual, with success.

faith, fervent prayer, feeling charity, and watchful self-controul. And praised be the Lord, in this our day many a land, and more especially India, sees faithful light and genuine Christianity in those who have been sent on the service of their sovereign and country, displaying not only the power of their earthly sovereign, but proclaiming the Redeemer, our Heavenly King, who would that all men should come to the knowledge of truth, and be saved; and that not in a spirit of domination, but of brotherly love. Yes, our soldiers are, blessed be God, generally now a-days a blessing, commending themselves to men's consciences in the fear of God, a check and a terror only to evil doers; fighting manfully, under God's banner, against disorder, revolution, rapine, and the world and the devil, continuing Christ's soldiers and servants to the end. St. Paul himself appropriates to the Gospel all that belongs to the soldier; for when he would give the greatest force to his words, his mouth is ever full of military terms, such as "the whole armour of God," "the helmet of salvation," "the breast-plate of righteousness," "the shield of faith," "the sword of the spirit," and "feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel." We do no more, therefore, than follow the example of the Apostle, while we cheer and encourage our Christian heroes in their profession of arms, when directed to the interest of religion and justice, in checking tyranny and crime, and giving protection to all in peace and industry; and while we point to their banners, and pray that their standards may ever wave over them in righteous triumph here on earth, with the hope of a greater and everlasting triumph in Christ hereafter. And may our soldiers continue to move through each nation, bearing with them at the same time, the security of protection, and the benefit of their good example, conferring on them the greatest of earthly blessings—the maintenance of peace. But should it please God at any time to chastise the nations

by war—should that fatal, but perhaps necessary, day arrive, may humanity then triumph in your victories, and may Justice call your sword her own, thus relying upon God, we may feel, and make your enemies feel, that where the love of God is, there perfect love casteth out fear.

Oh ! Lord God Almighty ! who rulest over all things in heaven and earth, we humbly pray for thy continual blessing and protection ; for thou alone givest victory to whom thou seest fit ; be with us then as thou wert with the people of old. Bless the going out and coming in of our armies ; and in the hour of contest teach their hands to war, and their fingers to fight ; and may they ever remember who it is that covereth their head in the day of battle ; and thus may they follow Thee as the captain of their salvation, that thus casting themselves upon Thee, and not fearing what man can do unto them, they may lift up their banners, and in conclusion, in mild humanity, give all the glory to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

He being made perfect, in a short time fulfilled a long time. For his soul pleased the Lord ; therefore hastened he to take him away from among the wicked.

In pride of place, here last the eagle flew ;
Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career.

Byron.

Yea, speedily was he taken way, lest that wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul ; yet his career, if measured by what he accomplished, cannot be thought brief.

Ampliat ætatis spatium vir bonus,
Hic est vivere bis, vitâ priori frui.

He pleased God, and was beloved of him, so that living among sinners he was translated.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
 The path of heavenly truth ;
 The earth affords no lovlier sight
 Than a religious youth.

“But the multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not shine nor take deep root from bastards’ slips, nor lay any fast foundation ; for though they flourish in branches for a time, yet standing not fast, they shall be shaken with the wind, and through the force of winds they shall be rooted out.”

The following letter was prepared by the author’s father for publication, and was placed in the hands of Sir Herbert Taylor, to submit to His Majesty the King.* It was, however, at the time of His Majesty’s last illness, and Sir Herbert, having had no fitting opportunity to submit it, returned it, after His Majesty’s death, and it has since remained unpublished ; but having been frequently read by the author, while a boy, and his having often expressed a youthful indignation at the enemies of the Royal Duke, and having often declared to his father that, it made such an impression upon him as would constitute a rule of conduct in after life ; from this interesting incident, it appears proper to introduce it here, in hopes it may have similar good effects on other young gentlemen in their progress through life ; and, it is hoped, it may also be received as an humble, but affectionate mark of loyal devotion to our present Most Gracious Sovereign ; and that it may not be deemed unworthy the attention of the Royal Princes, as they arrive at suitable ages.

* George the Fourth.

A Letter addressed to the King, detailing some very interesting particulars of His Royal Highness, the lamented Duke of York, with an authentic Letter from Dr. Thomas O'Meara—Mrs. Clarke's Bishop—exhibiting a full and minute Account of that gentleman's negociation with Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke.—Never before published.

Sire—I do not apologize for laying the following letter before your Majesty and the country,—I can respectfully anticipate that I shall have your approbation. The most unfeigned respect for the memory of a great man, and anxious desire to do him ample, though tardy justice, will, I hope, obtain full approbation for me in thus addressing that brother, who ever evinced for him both a firm and affectionate attachment.

In an age teeming with public ingratitude, and virulent invective against the leading characters of the state; in an age remarkable for its tergiversation and fulsome venality—when the good are assailed, the hero and his heroic actions forgotten, and the honest stigmatized; when cold oblivion, both of glorious public services and of amiable private worth, gives a tone to all classes; at such a period of public degeneracy, it does not appear to me an idle task to disabuse some part of public feeling, by adding one more proof to the many we already possess in favour of that goodness of heart, and rectitude of public conduct, of the distinguished character, whose irreparable loss both the king and country must ever deeply deplore—Frederick of York—the soldier's best friend, and constitution's firmest defender. Your Majesty can readily distinguish between truth and flattery—between just panegyric and fulsome eulogium; I discard the latter, but adopt the former.

If “the high accordant meed of praise” flows from my pen, I forget not that I am addressing the brother and the King; and I also forget not that I conceive I have a public

duty to perform, in rescuing his name from the foul slanders which a base coalition cast upon it. I do not mean to attempt to arrogate for him perfect purity of character—this would but strip him of humanity, and clothe him with an unworn panoply, which must convict myself of irreligious feeling; but what I mean to prove is, that whilst he possessed faults, which are inseparable from a state of mortality, he at the same time possessed virtues beyond compare; that while a weed may have grown in the soil of the mind, the rich flowers of exalted worth luxuriated there also.

“There are some faults,” says a beautiful writer, “so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce eradicate the vice, without plucking out the virtue.” This is a most just and liberal expression, which I am far from quoting as an excuse for any defect, but which I refer to as a truth really existing; and methinks I immediately find an example in the illustrious individual who is the subject of my observations. His open heart, his generous and princely nature, his regular and undeviating attention to business, his devoted love of country, his ardent attention to the interests and honour of the army—that army which, under the illustrious *Wellington*, his Royal Highness’s peculiar choice, annihilated the pride—nay, more, the might of the great Napoleon, thereby securing the liberty, not only of England, but also of Europe; all these have been shaded by the taint of that treacherous syren, with whom his unsuspecting heart at first so heedlessly dallied. This, then, his principal fault, be pleased to contrast with the other side; set his defects in opposition to his virtues, see how the balance preponderates; the shadow which one would throw over the bright colouring of the picture is flung in the back ground by the captivating radiance of the other. Some Radical may observe, “If there really was

in the Duke such an assemblage of brilliant virtues, how did it happen that His Royal Highness had been frequently the subject of obloquy?" I reply, his very virtues may have produced such unworthy effects; his excellencies provoked envy and hatred, and enlisted all the base in one common cry against him. Cato, the purest Roman of his time, had been forty times accused through envy, and forty times acquitted; and be it remembered, that the wretched Mrs. Clarke became the tool of a foul political conspiracy; besides that the slightest error in one of exalted rank stands more exposed to public view, and consequently, to public animadversion. "The storm, which baser trees and humbler shrubs seldom feel, frequently brings down with subduing power, the lofty and stately pine."

"So fell the royal oak by a wild crew
Of mungrel shrubs, which underneath him grew.
So fell the lion by a pack of curs;
So the rose withered 'twixt a knot of burs;
So fell the eagle 'midst a swarm of gnats;
So the whale perished by a shoal of sprats."

In moral life, he who possesses elevated rank, is more narrowly observed than the man who moves in an humbler sphere. The watchful and prying enemies of the illustrious Duke, were well aware that a deep and artful, though probably insinuating and captivating female, had, as a private companion, found admission to his society, and knowing his noble and unsuspecting disposition, they cautiously resolved to wait and watch until the moment when the wreath of flowers she was throwing round his pillow could be converted into a chain of iron, to drag him before that tribunal, to which even the king himself should bow, namely, the assembled senate of his country; no such occurrence, however, can ever arrive, while the destinies of this great nation are directed by such pious and dutiful

elder sons of the State as your Majesty undoubtedly is. In the case of His Royal Highness, a moment it seems did at last arrive, when, heedless of the syren who threw herself in his way, he allowed her to play around him, yielding an unsuspecting heart, when doubtless *he ought to have cast her from it*. Do I wish to screen him from a due share of censure? Certainly not; for the moment man suffers illegitimate female influence to predominate, that moment does he establish a libel on his manhood. But should such female influence be permitted to interfere or intermeddle with the public interest, then, indeed, does it become a *national grievance*, an extended evil, to the expulsion of which, every virtuous and firm principle of the soul and heart should be directed; but in this case be it remembered, strictly and cautiously remembered, that the great and lamented Duke of York never permitted this wretched woman's ill-got influence to interfere with that sacred duty he owed to the country, that parent, of whose illustrious sons, without almost one exception, he was the brightest. Some foul slanderer may deny this; I prove my assertion, incontestably prove it, by the following important, interesting, feelingly, and sensibly written letter of Dr. Thomas O'Meara, the fabled Bishop of Mrs. Ann Clarke's brain, that disgrace to her sex—that despicable tool of a more despicable and desperate political faction.

Sire, read the following letter—read it attentively, and recommend it to all your subjects. Sire, I feel it as one of the most pleasing incidents of my life, to have become the depository of the document now submitted to your Majesty's consideration. I repeat, I feel delighted in having been made the medium of wiping away the base obloquy, which a wretched unconstitutional cabal attempted to heap on the innocent head of a brother, whom you justly esteemed —and whom your people so justly venerated.

THE LETTER

From the Rev. Thomas O'Meara to the Rev. James Slator, A.M., of Tonyn, in the County of Lonford, &c., Rector of Carah, and Vicar of Naas, in the County of Kildare, Ireland.

My dear Friend—I received your kind letter, and lament exceedingly that I had not the consolation of a conference with you, and the benefit of your advice, wincing as I did under the lash of abuse, and doubtful in what manner I should refute misrepresentations, except by a plain and fair statement to my private and personal friends, without exposing myself to be again baited in the public prints. An over-eagerness in one's own defence, is sometimes productive of the very reverse of its intentions; and, on the other hand, a total silence hazards the presumption of the truth of an accusation, which, in the *hue and cry* of the censorious world, meet with such ready credence: as to the investigation in the late session of Parliament. I shall only observe, that if the practice of discussing charges were encouraged on a mere statement of them, without proof, it would lead to the establishment of an inquisition highly dangerous to our dearest rights, and to every species of honourable confidence in private and social life. Some time in the month of June, 1805, as well as I recollect, Mr. William Ogilvie, who was formerly agent to the 59th regiment, to which I was chaplain, brought me to dine with a Mrs. Farquiar, Mrs. Clarke's mother; this, her first appearance to me, was in the character of an officer's widow, in the last months of her grief, as I was informed by Ogilvie, who hinted to me that her husband had been a great favorite with the Duke of York. "You must," said he, "write answers for her to some scurrilous letters which have been lately published against His Royal Highness," reading at the same time one of the letters, which I under-

took to answer; and my answers to four or five other letters, under the signature of L—— S——, were afterwards in one of the morning papers.

You know how difficult it is in the microcosme of London, to distinguish ladies under protection from many ladies of fashion; indeed, each of these orders borrows the manners of the other, and they act their parts so naturally, that one should be armed with the spear of Ithuriel to discern the angel of light from the angel of darkness. Hecatè, who presided over magic and enchantments, was the same, you know, with Luna and Diana, hence called Diva Triformis. This slippery goddess, Mrs. Clarke could personate with ease, assuming at pleasure all her forms, attributes, and functions, the appearance of modesty as the most infallible art of attraction. Deceived by these illusions, by Ogilvie, by a man whom she called her brother, a captain in the army, and her sister, who seemed to be a modest girl, but above all, by the visits of ladies of rank and fashion, and the visiting cards of some of high consideration, I did accept of her introduction to the Duke of York, as L—— S——, the literary opponent of B—— S——. His Royal Highness having expressed his wishes to serve me, I ventured to ask him for the chaplaincy of the royal yacht, and for which he promised he would apply to His Majesty, on producing to him a proper recommendation from some bishop, and this caution was highly creditable to His Royal Highness. On my return to Bath, in winter, having got a letter of introduction to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, he was so good as to give me a letter, which I directed to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Portman Square, his own residence. This letter afterwards fell, I know not how, into the hands of Mrs. Clarke, which sorely afflicted me; and she told a friend of mine, that she was forced by Mr. Wardle to bring forward this letter, and my name to romance, and embellish her

answers, and to conceal the truth, the ground and motive of my introduction to His Royal Highness, which he desired, in consequence of the letters I wrote in his defence. Those letters, by the sublime chemistry of Mr. Wardle, Mr. Cobbett, and other demagogues, were converted into a shower of gold, poured into the lap of Danae, and the chaplaincy of the royal yacht metamorphosed into a bishopric. She was forced she said, to give up this letter, and my name, and for what purpose, she added, the reformists and methodists well know. I can easily conceive that man to be capable of such conduct who took away other letters by force, from Mrs. Clarke, on which outrage that great statesman and honourable man, Mr. Windham, observed—"There was no act of which the Duke of York was accused, of which he would not rather be found guilty, than of having taken away, without her consent, and against her will, the letters taken from Mrs. Clarke by Mr. Wardle." I candidly acknowledge myself much to blame for my want of discernment, and want of discretion, but let him that is void of offence "throw the first stone." The web of human life is of a mingled yarn, good and bad together; the human character is a complicated system; the man of candour, as well as the Christian, who attends to its virtues and its failings, will not be offended with little faults; he will not peep about with a microscopic eye for little flaws and blemishes on the surface, but will view it as he would a magnificent building, and contemplate the beauty, majesty, and proportions of the whole—but not so the reformists in church and state. "The cloud which rose from the sea no larger than a man's hand, they swell and spread till it envelopes the whole horizon, and discharges with destructive violence the gathered storm." Cobbett, and other *caracatemists*, have exhibited me as a fat pluralist, but you know I never tasted one grape in the vineyard. Self-commendation is

invidious, and I will not gratify self-love by indulging it, although I do not think it inconsistent with modesty, for Moses called himself the mildest man upon earth; and I believe Job says of himself, that he was the most patient; but I can with truth say, that I do not deserve to be included in the sweeping clause of those speakers and writers who make one corporate body of corruption of all those who fall into the hands of Mrs. Clarke. I was deceived in the manner already related. Thus it is in the moral, as in the natural world, great bodies draw the smaller after them.

To those who are acquainted with the whole tenor of my life as you are, that I have remembered "it is more blessed to give than to receive," that I have lived unbeneficed, unambitious, it is unnecessary to say more; to those who are so ungenerous as to pronounce a decisive sentence, without endeavouring to find out the truth, I would prescribe the following amulet to be hung about their necks—"Judge not, and you shall not be judged; condemn not, and you shall not be condemned." To you, my dear friend, I am sure I need not make any apology for this long letter, convinced as I am that you take a kind interest in every thing that affects and concerns

Yours, most sincerely,

THOMAS O'MEARA.

Thus, Sire, have I incontestably proved my position, that His Royal Highness, your ever to be lamented brother, never allowed any undue or improper influence to infringe on the sacred duty he owed to his country. Thus is it also apparent, that the cloud which arose out of the sea no larger than a man's hand, became magnified and scattered to serve the base purposes of designing villains; yet still in this whole relation, what circumstance is there that can be made the subject of grave accusation, on a national ground,

and advanced against the purity and excellence of the public functions of the late venerated Duke of York? I say, not one, but an example worthy of being set on high for the imitation of all individuals entrusted with power and patronage hereafter; for it appears, that all the arts and all the winning graces of even a bosom companion could not procure from His Royal Highness a recommendation to a chaplaincy, before he became fully assured that the public service and the purity of the Christian religion would not be injured or scandalized by appointing an unfit or unworthy person, thus adding one more to the other countless proofs of his genuine love of his country—that country, the permanence and security of whose eminently majestic institutions he has ever generously and patriotically preferred to all personal or selfish considerations. Whatever faults His Royal Highness possessed, were only such as he had in common with other human beings, while no other individual can be found so rich in the number and brilliancy of his amiable public virtues. When, nevertheless, we behold one endowed with qualities so good, so rare, so eminent, coupled with such an assemblage of Christian graces as he exhibited in his last moments; yet still clouded, and, as it were, borne down by some great faults, this should remind us of the condition and state of humanity, and, far from begetting censoriousness or presumption, would, to the sincere Christian, convey a lesson of humility. He would exclaim—"When I behold a brother so eminently **my** superior in all goodness, nevertheless, oppressed with sin and misery, Lord, what must be my lot? how fearful my forebodings!" He would pray to the Father, not only to forgive such an exalted brother his lesser sins, but also for his grace to enable himself to repent of his greater, and to amend and correct what was wrong in himself, and teach him above all to pray—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us

from evil." This imperfection, discoverable in the best of human beings, coupled with dissatisfaction in every thing here below, methinks is one of the strongest evidences of a future state of perfection and happiness. When we behold the best of men here, far removed from a moderate state of perfection; when we behold all things denominated good by human beings, and upon which their whole hearts seem to be set, as gems of most value; when we behold all these fail in bestowing anything like happiness, or even contentment—then are we assured, awfully assured, that perfection, happiness, and contentment are not to be found in a sublunary state; they must therefore be sought elsewhere, and that must be in a future state, and the place must be heaven, where there is nothing but what is perfect—where complete and never-failing happiness reigns in the presence of Him, before whom is joy evermore.

To this abode of the blessed sinful man cannot come, unless through repentance—full and sincere repentance—by a lively faith in the saving effects of our blessed Saviour's death. Through Christ crucified, therefore, can man alone be saved; and he who fully and sincerely repents through this saving faith, with humble reliance on God's mercy, such a penitent, it is graciously promised, may sue for forgiveness and solicit acceptance. His Royal Highness exhibited all those symptoms of unfeigned repentance; he has acknowledged himself a sinful being; he has freely confessed and fully acknowledged the magnitude of his faults; he has seriously and sincerely evinced unfeigned sorrow; and he died professing unabated faith in Christ crucified as his alone foundation, and soliciting pardon and forgiveness from the Father, through the means of his only Son.

We therefore trust and hope, anxiously hope, that His Royal Highness now rests in the full enjoyment of hap-

piness, wearing that crown prepared for him to all eternity, in the presence of the Father.

This is a consummation, which in the true spirit of Christianity, I would recommend to the censurers of His Royal Highness, those unjust judges, to endeavour after; and let them beware, lest even their want of charity and Christian humility alone, may not be sufficient to eternally exclude themselves, since we are told that "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

I remain, Sire, with feelings of filial duty, one of the humblest, but one of the sincerest and most attached subjects of yours, Sire, and your unrivalled constitution.

PATRICIUS.

A JOURNAL.

Off Gravesend,
Sunday, January 15th, 1837,
to Thursday, 19th, 2 o'clock.

My dear Sisters—I deferred commencing this letter until we had actually sailed, having been detained here since Friday, in consequence of the absence of four sailors of the complement of men; you cannot conceive how tedious this delay has been. However, I did not feel it so much as my fellow passengers, being engaged in settling my cabin, and taking an inventory of my clothing. I may say now that I am quite prepared for the sea voyage, and hope to be as comfortable as possible, though at present it is intensely cold. The Captain came down from town this morning, bringing with him four men. He was quite enraged at the delay, blamed the first mate, and abused the pilot so loudly, that he brought all the passengers on deck. He soon, however, set every thing to rights, and got the ship under weigh in a very short time. He then returned to London, and intends being in Portsmouth by Tuesday morning, where he expects to find the ship; thus the event proves how expensive it would have been had I gone down to Portsmouth. Since I left London the weather has quite changed, bringing us fine cloudless days and bright moonlight nights, quite delightful after foggy London. We have just anchored off the Nore light, after a very slow sail, having gone twenty-two miles in five hours, although we were towed half way by a steam-packet. I keep my journal regularly, though there is very little at

present going on. I am very fortunate in my fellow-cabin passenger; he is a mild quiet young man. We agree perfectly; his mother intended calling upon you, but I suppose you have not seen her, as you are already removed. I have not laid down any stated division of my time, as anticipated sea sickness will interrupt all our arrangements. I have nothing more to say for this day; indeed, I shall have little until we get to Portsmouth, everything is so dull and monotonous.

Monday.—While I am now writing, we are just coming to an anchor, which is the second time since we left Gravesend. There is not a breeze blowing, nor the slightest signs of one, although we are all longing for it; it is the more vexatious, as we have not even reached Margate. The pilot thinks it likely that the calm will last two or three days, in which case we must be towed down by a steamer. Mr. R. has improved on acquaintance; he has lost all that conceit that he at first appeared to have. It is astonishing how the sea air familiarizes every one. The ceremonious person is thrown quite in the back ground, and in a short time becomes quite a new being. Nothing is more pleasant than the comforts of a sea life; but as for its hardships, I pity every one that binds himself to them. On land nobody is so happy as a sailor, but on sea he is always discontented. We have four mates, two of whom dine with us in the cuddy; the other two dine elsewhere, and are obliged to work with the common men; of course, William would not have liked that, had he gone out as a sailor.

On Sunday I looked out for the packet to Ireland, thinking you might be in it, but it did not pass. A breeze has at last sprung up, and they are raising the anchor, so I will bid you adieu until next we stop.

Wednesday Evening.—I delayed pursuing my letter until this evening, as there was little worth while telling.

We soon came to an anchor again on Monday, as it fell quite calm, and lasted so until this morning, accompanied by a thick fog; thus neither sailing-boat nor steam-packet could move. Where we were situated there were flats all around, which made it impossible to move, even had there been a wind. We were, therefore, necessitated to remain all Monday night and the whole of Tuesday, not being able to see twenty yards before us. However, on Wednesday morning, about seven o'clock, I heard the capstan heaving, preparatory to weighing the anchor. This immediately roused me; I was up, and soon on deck, but found that there was merely a slight breeze. It, however, gradually increased through the day, and we are now proceeding at a brisk rate, having passed Margate, Ramsgate, and Dover, the last-named place we did not reach till dusk; but we are now (eight o'clock) full twenty miles from it, and expect to be off Hastings before to-morrow morning. We have a very large complement of people on board, more than fifty, including sailors, independent of the passengers, who are to embark at Portsmouth. The reason of this number is, that the Captain has been obliged to take on board twenty-five boys, and leave them at the Cape, where they are to be apprenticed out to different trades. They are most of them *little thieves*, who have been picked up in the streets by a society in London, and thus shipped off out of further crime. There are consequently a very large live stock on board, about a hundred fowls, a large number of geese and ducks, with sheep and pigs, which, with the noise of the boys, and bawling of the sailors, make a most discordant sound. I have not yet been ill, although my companion has. We have breakfast at half-past eight o'clock, and a very substantial one it is; but it is only (what they call) a rough breakfast, as nothing is in proper order until the Captain comes. He is a very bustling man, and is quite delighted when he sees the vessel studded with every sail.

Thursday.—We are now arriving in sight of Spithead, which is off Portsmouth, having made a very good passage from Dover during the night, with a favorable wind. We were quite surprised in the morning to find ourselves so close; at first the pilot was very uneasy, supposing he had passed the Isle of Wight; for had this been the case, he would have been obliged to beat back against the wind. But we are now very snug riding off Spithead. The vessel has been so delayed, that the Captain intends departing immediately; thus we shall be off from Portsmouth this evening (Thursday), and through the Needles before it is dark, as there is a good wind. So now I bid you and England adieu, for the last time, wishing you safe ere this in Ireland, knowing yourselves, in *truth*, independent. We have had a very rough passage, but I have had the good fortune not to be ill, nor do I think I shall feel it much, as it is very different from sailing in a steamer. I am *now* in haste to finish this letter, that it may go with the pilot, who is going directly. The poor man has done his duty well, not having stirred from his post for a night and two days. Will you mention to papa that I have not answered Major Johnston's note, requesting me to pay 2s. 8d. for drum fee. Bidding you a long adieu. Remember me affectionately to papa, not forgetting me to the boys.

Believe me, my dear Sisters,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. S. CUMMING.

P.S.—When I last saw the Captain, he said he had a packet for me from papa.

Saturday, Jan. 21, 1837.

My dear Father—We are at last free of the Channel, after a very boisterous passage, having encountered a storm off the Scilly Isles. We have, however, weathered them,

and are now proceeding at a rapid rate towards Madeira. I have fortunately escaped much sea-sickness, and am already quite a sailor. I find myself very comfortable, the Captain contributing all in his power to make his passengers so; he has not many, only six gentlemen and one lady and child. We have already become familiar; Mrs. Greenaway is going out to Calcutta to her husband, who holds some civil appointment there; two of the gentlemen are surgeons in the Company's service, very nice men, particularly Mr. Anderson, who is an Irishman. However, I find myself very dull, not being able to stay in my cabin, on account of my sick companion. He is not so quiet a young man as I thought he was; he causes me great inconvenience at times, from the monopoly he makes of the cabin, as also from his bad temper; he has wholly given himself up to sickness, and remains in bed all the day, in spite of all my persuasions to the contrary; however, it will not last long, as we shall, at our rapid rate, soon be in fine weather. As yet there is nothing very interesting to relate.

A lamentable accident happened this morning (Monday), one of our sailors fell from the main-yard, a pole going across the middle mast, for the purpose of sustaining the sail, and injured himself severely. He was taken up insensible, and immediately carried below, and is now doing well.

Sunday, 28th.—We are now in sight of Madeira, having made an excellent passage of eight days from Portsmouth. The climate of this place surpasses that of England, or any other place in Europe, so delightfully warm, it forms a pleasing contrast to frosty England. Here cold is never felt, or at least not to such a degree as in our country. Harriet would be quite delighted with it. I had not much opportunity of seeing the coast, as it was dark when we reached it; it was the only place I enjoyed since leaving England. It was a beautiful starlight night, not a ripple

on the water, not a sound but the rattling of the ropes when agitated by the wind. We were much surprised at a curious phenomenon in the water; the sea was covered by shoals of bright spots, which, as they passed, presented to our sight small flashes of light; these appear to be little insects like glow-worms, and always seen in the evening.

Monday Evening.—The scene is quite changed, and for the worse. We have passed Madeira, and are proceeding towards the Canaries, against an adverse wind, which is very vexatious, as we had hoped for a continuance of favorable winds, and it is at all times tedious to beat up against a foul wind.

February 5th, Sunday Night.—I have not been able to go on with this letter until to-day, in consequence of my cabin being wet; the sea water, in spite of all my efforts, comes in through my window, and makes my cabin very uncomfortable. After passing Madeira on the 29th, we found ourselves next day on the other side of the island, still beating up against an adverse wind, which continued until yesterday, when it became more favorable, and we have thus been enabled to reach Palma, one of the Canaries; it presented a most beautiful appearance to the eye of the spectator, towering six thousand feet above the level of the sea. We were about fifty miles from it, notwithstanding which, I have been able to distinguish trees growing on its heights, and layers of snow capping its highest peaks; although the weather is rather warm, it is so high, that while above all is surpassingly clear, on its sides and below, the clouds are soaring past in every fantastic shape. The view exceeded anything I ever beheld, even those in Wales. We are now passing it, in hopes of seeing Teneriffe in the morning. I have now got quite reconciled to board ship; our amusements are more various. I had the hardihood to climb to the topmast, for which I was lashed to the rigging; I soon, however, ransomed myself by an ounce or two of tobacco. I committed a mistake in

not bringing coloured jackets and trousers, as I have not sufficient white ones, and it is getting warm.

Monday Night.—We are passed Palma and Teneriffe, but proceeding very slow; it has been almost a calm all to-day; it is very vexatious, as we ought to have reached the Line, and have already lost eight days in coming from Madeira.

Sunday Night.—We have at last found the long-expected trade wind, which will carry us almost to the Line. It is much cooler than it was at Palma, in consequence of the brisk wind.

Friday, 17th.—The trade wind has left us within four degrees of the Line; we may, therefore, expect calms and variable for the next week. The weather is extremely hot and suffocating in the cabins. We amuse ourselves by catching fish, and watching the sharks prowling about the ship, one of which has been caught, and afforded some employment to the sailors in drawing him on deck; they are not such formidable fish as I supposed.

Monday, 20th.—There are four ships in sight, two outward bound, and two home bound, by one of which I hope to send this; they are approaching us, and therefore I must be ready. Captain Shuttleworth boarded one of the outward-bound ships yesterday, which proved to be a whaler going out to the South Seas; he returned with the captain of it, and entertained him during the evening, when the whaler Captain returned to his ship, laden with fowls as presents. Our captain seems to be a generous sort of man. We are busy in preparing our letters in haste; the vessel is quite close, or I should write more. Give my love to sisters and brothers. Latitude, $2^{\circ} 25'$ s.

Your most affectionate Son,

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

P.S.—I received you parcel, which contained pistols, seal, &c.

March 29th, 1837, Cape of Good Hope.

My dear Harriet—We have at last arrived at the long-wished-for Cape, after a tedious voyage from the Line. The entrance to the Bay is not pleasing, though grand: on every side ranges of bleak rugged rocks meet your view, at the feet of which the waves dash with a noise that may be heard at the distance of four or five miles. Having passed up Table Bay, we entered another small bay, where was situated the town. On approaching before it, we were struck with its appearance—it is so very different from any town in England. The day after our arrival, I went on shore to have a closer view. The town is composed of streets running parallel to each other, (this being the Dutch mode of building their towns,) and as straight as possible. In most of the principal streets there are long rows of trees, which is a great luxury there, as they afford a cooling shade in the heat of the day. The town is embosomed in a small valley, formed by mountains, which rise perpendicularly above it, one of which is called Table Mountain, from its resemblance to a table. I had full opportunity for observing the country, as I and a few companions rode out to a place called Shilling Bush, about twelve miles from Cape Town. I never saw a more barren and uncultivated tract of country: wherever you turned, hillocks of sand presented themselves to your view. So monotonous was the scene that I grew quite tired, until we came to a place called Constantia, where is made a very delicious wine. Here we stopped, and took a glass of it. This place was very pretty, and quite remunerated us after our former tiresome ride. The weather was very hot, and we were glad to return by another road, through a wood, which we accidentally discovered. We have been now twelve days at the Cape discharging cargo, during which time I went every second day on shore, though only once into the country, to see my cabin companion, M. N——,

who has unfortunately broken his leg. He is residing with a Mr. O——, to whom he had a letter of introduction. He and I agree much better, as he has become more sociable.

We have now again disembarked, after having rode out a violent gale of wind in the Bay. I leave this place without regret, as it is not at all to my taste. There has been an addition to our party in the person of a gentleman and two ladies, one of whom is well acquainted with old Mr. C——g. Her name is Mrs. ——, wife of a captain in the Company's service. She is a very agreeable woman; she has been so obliging as to give me a letter of introduction to an officer of my regiment; I shall, therefore, be at no loss when I arrive at Chinsura. I really think, H ——, it would do you much benefit to take a trip to sea—the air is always so fresh—if you could persuade yourself not to be killed by monotony. Taking a superficial view of board ship, everything seems pleasant and desirable; but when, after three or four months' detention, you feel the delusion, all your pleasing fancies fade, and you begin to look longingly for land—indeed, there is not a seaman on board who does not detest the sea: for myself, I have been as comfortable as circumstances will allow. Since the vessel left England, we have scarcely experienced one fine day, the weather being a succession of gales and calms.

May 26th.—I have left a great opening, as I have little to communicate since we left the Cape; but now, with pleasure, I announce our arrival at Madras, having sustained a tremendous storm off Ceylon. The morning of Sunday, the 21st of May, shone out in all the splendour of the oriental climes—a light breeze had sprung up, wafting our ail-studded vessel to its destination—and the passengers were assembled, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the Ceylon coast—when black clouds were seen

rising on the left quarter of the ship; and before time was allowed to shorten sail, a furious squall came rushing with tremendous force along the sea, changing in a moment the whole face of the sky. Our vessel was thrown on its beam-end, where it remained some little time, until almost every sail was blown to ribbons. Thus being much lightened, she providentially righted, and the squall having passed over, a fearful change presented itself—the ship, which before looked like a ship, now rolled heavily in the deep trough of the sea, deprived of one of her masts, and scarcely a sail upon her. We, however, managed to weather it out during the time the storm lasted, which was for the space of thirty hours. We are now snugly anchored off Madras roads, though there is a fearful surf on the beach, in consequence of which I have not been able to land, before—Monday the 29th. Indeed, on Sunday two gentlemen lost their lives, and one lady was much injured. Madras has quite disappointed my expectations. There are only one or two good houses in the place; the rest are small, shabby houses, inhabited by poor people. I will, however, tell you more in my next letter. We start to-morrow for Calcutta. The plague is raging there at present—a nice prospect for me! I will not venture to say where you are, for I know I would be wrong; but wherever you are, I expect either to hear from or to see you. Do not laugh. Though the change is great, I regret it not. Give my most affectionate love to all, and believe me affectionately,

J. S. CUMMING.

Thursday, July 13th, Chinsura.

My dearest Helena—I am rejoiced to hear, that after so many peregrinations, you are at last returned to your long-wished-for home, as you may suppose I have been

anxious to know in what course you would finally settle. Now, however, it gives me the greatest pleasure to think that you and Harriet will at last enjoy comparative comfort and ease. I felt confident, that on your arrival in Dublin, you would participate in my feelings towards some of our relations; and I now find I was not wrong. I can fancy what your feelings were on landing in Ireland, after so long an absence—the land of our birth, and a land which, in every way, I would prefer to cold and freezing England, of which you have not said a word in your letter. As you intend rusticating in the country for some time, I expect, on my return, to find you and Harriet transformed into wood nymphs, no longer wandering from place to place in search of a habitation. You say you have not received a letter from me, and that I ought to have written from Madeira. I did not stop at Madeira, and had no means of sending a letter until we reached the Line. There we met a ship, and intrusted it with letters; you ought, therefore, to have received one from me in the latter end of May. Since March I have despatched three or four. You cannot, therefore, tax me with laziness, as in this country it is an exertion *even* to move the pen; and unless one imbibes a habit of writing regularly, he puts it off from day to day, or forgets entirely. However, that will not be the case with me. I must now give you an insight into my poor affairs. I am in a flourishing condition, having high hopes, high wishes, and, fortunately, no debts. Since arriving in India—now more than a month—I have managed so economically, that I have not drawn one sous of pay, and do not intend until the close of this month, when I shall draw twenty pounds. I am living with a nice young man a year older than myself, who happens to have the same taste and wishes, though in the point of money he is better off. I am obliged to rise every morning at half past four to attend drill, which lasts an hour; then I return and lie down for an hour, or take a walk, according

to the heat of the morning. We generally breakfast at ten o'clock, after which Mr. Lyster and I indulge in a game of chess for an hour or two. This takes up till twelve. I then ride until two, when a slight tiffin is not disagreeable. You will now wonder whether I take your advice as to wine. I do. I scarcely ever touch it, my sole beverage being a cup of COLD tea at tiffin, *and cigars I never will smoke*. This place is very dull, owing to the scarcity of ladies. I have called upon most of the married officers, some of whom I like; and you will be agreeably surprised to hear that I have had a full account of Louisa Churchill from Captain S. in this regiment. He knows, and corresponds with them. He had a letter lately from them, in which Mrs. and Miss C. beg to be particularly remembered to me. Captain S. tells me she is the belle of Cawnpore, and rules her father. He dotes on her, and never refuses *anything* she wishes. She is, he says, looking very thin, and had a severe illness some months ago. You will be surprised that I have not been ill since landing, though death has been laying its heavy hand around. One of our doctors has just died of cholera. He arrived *from England* three days after me, and had not been a week in Chinsura before he was in his grave. We walked in procession to the burial-ground—it was a solemn scene, and had more effect upon me, as being the first I had witnessed. I hope, however, to be *soon* in a better climate, as we are going to move up the country next year. I have one of the best houses in Chinsura—it contains seven rooms; but you would laugh to see us at breakfast in a large room paved with flags, containing two tables, four chairs, &c. &c., and resembling as much as possible the kitchen at Magheracloone, only that it has not the same earthenware ornaments. What do you think my breakfast costs a day? Three pence. My greatest expense is the mess, which is greatly increased this month, as I am president. *Mon pere demeure l'il avec vous.*

I expect a Lieutenancy very soon, as it is likely some of the old officers will retire. I have obtained another step. I endeavour to pass my time pretty well, with the assistance of an old gentleman who comes in regularly every day, staying two hours, telling us all that happened to him in the Peninsula, and drinking half a bottle of brandy a day; for though we do not drink it ourselves, it is ready for any visitors. He is a nice old man. You tell me to describe everything, but this place affords no subjects. I can only say I am disappointed in Calcutta. Do not you, however, forget to tell me every occurrence. I am very anxious to know all your movements. Harriet, I am sure, enjoys better health, and will continue to do so. "*Si ella non e straccata.*" If William comes out, he will be posted to a regiment at Barrackpore, close to Chinsura; so that he will never be at a loss. He must supply himself with everything in England. Pray send me your picture, and Harriet's—I know you can take her. Should you write to Ellen, tell her I stayed with cousin F. He remembers her well. He drove me out every evening to see the beauty of Calcutta; but alas! this famous city does not contain one pretty girl! Is not this awful? *Je suppose que vous avez le meme routine d'affairs qu'en Angleterre.* You will find happy retirement in Ireland preferable to splendid misery in England. I have been expecting letters for the last month, but was disappointed. Adieu. Give my love to Harriet, and tell her I hope she will write. Remember me affectionately to the boys. Love to the Governor.

J. S. CUMMING.

P.S.—Remember me to Grandmama and Ellen, and tell her I shall not forget to write to her. I can assure you my sentiments *contre un certain homme sont detruites*. You must tell me all your arrangements, and how you can manage to exist after so sudden a change. It must be quite delightful now that you are accustomed to the place.

I wish we had English fruits here—I don't like any kind of Indian fruits. I am beginning to learn Hindostan. I get on with it pretty well. This country would not agree with you. I am at present roasting, though in the rainy season. However, Adieu. J. S. CUMMING.

P.S.—I have scarcely spoken to a lady since I arrived in India; therefore am not likely to lose a certain precious thing. I find myself very comfortable (*et j'avez que je puis faire d'argent*—only fancy, *mais ne dites pas*). Now, do not think me stingy. I assure you we entertain ourselves in great state. I do not intend buying a horse at present. *Parceque je nais pas d'argent*. Besides, they are dear.

Chinsura, December 23rd, 1837.

My dear Harriet—I received your letter of the 16th of May on December 22nd, which gave me great satisfaction. I also received a letter from my father, dated 26th of June, which reached me prior to yours, although written a month later. However, I can assure you, your letter was not the less interesting, as I am constantly in expectation of letters from some of you, detailing every transaction of as much importance to me as you. I hope now that you are settled down comfortably in a house of your own, you will not again stir, at least, for some time; and although it may be dull, you must feel more at ease and independent than if you were in England. As for myself, I have been enabled to manage pretty well, and am not one farthing in debt; I even think I shall be able to save a little every month, for the purpose of covering the expenses I shall be put to in going up the country; once up there I shall be quite rich. I have at present left the house in which I lived with Mr. —, and have removed into barracks, which I find much more convenient, as I am nearer the centre of action.

Chinsura is a pretty place, but very confined; there are no extensive drives about it, which are essential in India. It is surrounded with woods on all sides, having no open country for six or seven miles; almost every tree bears fruit—and as you ride along the road, you behold the fruit of the “tamarind” tree, the custard, the apple, and a great variety of others, growing promiscuously together; they are all, however, inferior to our own fruit—many are not worth eating. I envy you the fine cherries and apples at Magheracloone; there is not such a thing to be seen here. The mode of living here is quite different to that in England, but I am got reconciled to it. I am obliged to have four servants—one to attend at meals, another to dress me, and take care of my clothes, the other two are subordinate, but all are absolutely necessary. Caste is a great bane to the people of India—it ties them down to the greatest absurdities. Some time ago, one of my servants was ill, and I gave him some medicine to take in a cup; but he refused, saying he should lose caste, by drinking out of a cup that an European uses; they will not eat anything coming from your table, and some castes will not even eat with others. The Mahomedan does not eat with the Hindoo; they are a wretched race of people—the passion for money seems to be predominant in them; they will go any lengths to obtain it; you are at all times liable to be cheated by your servants; it is impossible to find an honest one—such a discovery would be a miracle. Should you, however, place any thing in their trust, they will take the most scrupulous care of it; but this, I believe, is the only redeeming quality among them.

January 30th.—I have been very gay here for the last month, which is quite unusual, having got acquainted with some French people, living near Chinsura, in a small station, called Chandénagore. They have given a few balls; and one of them holds a *soirée* every week. As I am quite

at home with them, it is very pleasant, and I begin now to talk French with some fluency. As the place is some miles from Chinsura, Captain D—— generally drives me down in his buggy, or gig. You see we are not very dull, but this ball-giving is quite an exertion here. You tell me to inform you of every one I meet; as yet I have met no person that you know. Mr. and Mrs. T—— started for England a few days ago; I did not see them, as they embarked before I had time to call upon them. I do not know how they have arranged their affairs, but the general belief is, that he will return to India, when he obtains his company, as he has some houses in the hills, together with some little property. I have heard nothing of Louisa ——, but she is still up the country, and will remain until next winter; I doubt whether I shall meet her. I long to get away from this part of Bengal, to the delightful climate of the upper country, where, instead of eight months of broiling weather, we have eight left for every enjoyment; but still I can always be satisfied wherever I may be stationed. There is another rumour here, that the regiment's destination is Mulmain, a place in Burmah; I do not think you will find it in the map, as that country is very little known to Europeans; it is bordering on the Bay of Bengal, and nearly opposite to Madras, a delightful climate, and every thing that one can wish for is there, but it is very isolated. Should we go there, we should be under the necessity of building houses for our accommodation, which would be very expensive, and Government do not allow any compensation. Their reason for their proposed sending us there is, that we should act as a defence for the place, in the event of war. They have already taken precautions in other parts, by sending troops to the frontiers. It may all, however, pass over with a threat, as the King of Burmah must know that he has very little chance of success. I am not very anxious for a war, as there is

nothing to be gained but fevers and agues; but enough of this, as it cannot be interesting to you. Your account of “*Felicité*” very much amused me—how absurd her conduct is. I should have supposed that her attachment to you would have induced her to accompany you. The man named Sharp, whom you mention in your letter, I do not recollect; nor do I recollect having met any young man at Mrs. M——’s, though I went there often. The marriage of —— must have been very soon got up, and very unexpected, as he did not appear to be a man much inclined to marry. His brother in Calcutta is not visited because he keeps a shop, but is in a fair way of making money. This part of the world is so generally dull, that occurrences are stagnant; nothing new happens, nothing to interest. Our people appear to have no anxiety, no energy until the overland mail arrives, then a new life animates us all for a few days. Nothing is talked of but the news from England; every one makes his comment upon things passing there—one surprised at this occurrence, another at that, and a new spirit seems to be infused into all; but this soon dies away, and the generality fall back into their former lethargy. All this has little influence on *me*. I enjoy myself rationally: my usual time of rising is half-past five, when the officers attend drill until seven o’clock, after which I and a few others walk until eight, at which time it begins to get warm; at half-past eight I breakfast, and from nine until eleven my *moushee*, or Hindoostance teacher, attends me; from that hour I read and study the language alone. I have a master that does not speak a word of English; I am, therefore, necessitated to learn everything in Hindoostanee. I do not, however, find it difficult, as the verbs are almost all regular; the gender of words are the only difficulty, as they can only be learned by long practice. It is a great convenience to make oneself understood, few of these people being able to speak English. I have been for the

last week in Calcutta, one of our officers, a Captain Douglas, and myself, having gone down at the invitation of a French family; it being race week, and Calcutta quite full, they hired a large boat, and in this we dined every day. It was delightful, as in the day time we saw everything from our boat that passed on shore; and in the evening we took a drive on the esplanade, looking and being looked at by the *ésprits* of Calcutta. As there was a ball to be given in honour of Queen Victoria, Captain Douglas obtained tickets, and I went there with a large party, the first I had attended since coming to Calcutta, although there had been many at the Government House. It was quite English, and you might have fancied yourself for a moment in England. I have not got a horse, nor do I intend getting one until I go up the country; the expense of keeping is very little. You tell me nothing of Lewis, but I suppose you have heard little of him. Tell Helena there are plenty of husbands out here for her. There were a couple married in Calcutta, a short time ago, who had only known each other ten days. Short courtship! Matches are not now so frequent as formerly. I hope when I hear from you next that you will be quite restored. Change of air at least must do you some good. I do not think you will find it so cold as you expected in the winter, as from the situation of the house you are protected from the cold winds. Write often. I walk every morning to the post-office enquiring for letters. I am anxious to hear everything that occurs to you. I hope you will be successful in obtaining William his appointment before I go up the country, as I shall be able to assist him. Give my love to Helena and the boys. Remember me most affectionately to the governor; and believe me,

Your very affectionate Brother,

J. S. CUMMING.

Chinsura, March 10th, 1838.

My dear Helena—Have you become a nun, and made a vow to communicate with no one. I have only received one letter from you since I arrived in India. I know you like writing, as your long sheets to Louisa Churchill used to testify. You do not know how I long for a letter from you, so write anything, and as much nonsense as you can; one living in England can have no idea of life here; the contrast is awful; confinement to the house is the greatest misery in this country. How much the boasted luxuries of this country have been exaggerated; I have met with very few, and if there are any they are counterbalanced by greater evils. A lady coming to this country must give up all hopes of enjoyment; but notwithstanding all its inconveniences, I am very well contented, and have succeeded in making myself as comfortable as it is possible to be. I am living, very much against my will, in barracks, a very long white building, capable of accommodating fifteen or sixteen officers, allowing two large rooms for each, so that I have two rooms, each as large as the parlour at Magheraclone. Fancy one with nice white-washed walls, and stone floor covered with matting, in which are a table, four chairs, and a sofa, also a shelf hung up against the wall, and full of books, and you behold my parlour; the other serves as sleeping and bathing-room, for in this country a bath is the greatest luxury. This room looks out on the parade-ground, with a view of the river flowing onwards on the right; a long row of fine trees intercept the view on the left; in front, and in a parallel line, are the barracks for the soldiers, together with the hospital; but all around the trees usurp every inch of ground, except where you see large lack houses, formerly belonging to rich Baboos, but now in ruins. I look forward with joy to the prospect of going up the country next cold season, the advantages are so great, both as to health and means. I have been down

to Calcutta very often, and confess I like it better each time. It is surmised that it is to be the destination of the regiment, but I hope not. I have no Indian news to give you, everything is at a stand still. I have heard a great deal concerning Mr. J—— and family, and not much to his credit. He went to the Mauritius, conducted by the 9th regiment; he behaved very ill to the officers, even on board ship, and was cut by almost all of them; he showed himself a tyrant in almost all his transactions at the Mauritius. You have heard, I suppose, that poor Margaret —— is dead; she died at the Cape, on their voyage out to Ceylon. She is considered the nicer girl of the two. Miss J—— is to be married to Mr. B——; it is no longer doubtful, as the mother and daughter are going home for that purpose. I dare say now you would like to hear something concerning myself, and the little world around me, for a regiment is truly a little world of itself. Colonel McCaskill having left us, the command has devolved on Major Taylor, who is determined that no blame shall attach to him if his officers are not efficient, as he has not relaxed in the least the drill of the regiment, although the usual season for drill is over, and the heat is becoming very disagreeable. You may be sure there are many grumblers, but I am not of the number.

There are some very odd characters in the 9th, whom I would describe to you, but it would be too tedious; but I will give you one or two—there is our senior captain, a tall stout man, who, not being married, and having nothing to do, speculates upon the chances of promotion, disposes of one officer, kills another. I have seen a great deal of him; he is a man I never could esteem. Another, an old lieutenant, Bt. Captain R——, a kind-hearted droll fellow, equally a favorite with all; he and his father disputed the title of the Duke of Roxburgh with the present possessor, and lost it, after having spent all their fortune in the con-

test, and he has, therefore, nothing now but the poor pittance of a lieutenant's pay. To outward appearance, he seems to have forgotten his loss, but a vexation of spirit lurks under his semblance of gaiety, and he evidently resorts to every species of excitement, to flee from his own thoughts. With all the younger officers, I am as intimate as people living together generally are, and there is only one with whom I am on bad terms—his name is Mr. —, not —, for in appearance he is just the opposite of that little gentleman. When I first arrived in the regiment we were very intimate, but as I came to know him more, I discovered his character; this, however, would not have been sufficient reason for dropping his acquaintance, but his subsequent conduct was so offensive, that I cut him at once, and I have never recognised him since. I give you a full account, as I know you will be interested in every little transaction. Do you keep up your correspondence with Louisa C——? Do not be angry with me for asking such a question. At a dinner-party, given by Captain D——, I met a Mrs. R——, who had just arrived from Simla, where the C——s are at present. She says, that L—— is not thought so pretty as formerly. She is very pale, never sings, and only plays a few favorite waltzes. I long to hear something from you. What is to be your future destination? You had better come out here; there is a good opportunity of doing so, as General F—— intends bringing out his daughters in the course of a year. I had expected that William would have had his appointment, as I am anxious for his arrival in this country before the regiment leaves Bengal. Young men, just arriving, are so apt to get into debt, from unavoidably associating with young cadets, who are either thoughtless, or of expensive habits. Young N——, who came out with me, is an example of this. Having obtained leave of absence, I went to Barrackpore and stayed with him for a week. I found

him living with two other young men, and though their expenses were not great, they had managed to get into debt each to the sum of 500 rupees, in the short space of six months. A cadet can live very well on his pay—it exceeds that of an ensign in Her Majesty's Service. Great promotion is anticipated in the 9th, as there are a number of officers on leave in England, who do not intend joining again, and as I am now third from the top of the list, my lieutenancy is not far distant.

We have just received notice from Sir Willoughby Cotton, commanding the Bengal Presidency, that it is his intention to go through a thorough examination of the officers (an unusual thing). This has startled the lazy ones, of whom we have not a few. I am determined that he shall not find me deficient. There is a strong presumption that we shall be ordered to Burmah in the cold season, as things appear to be drawing to a crisis; and orders have been issued already to two regiments to proceed there. Write, write; I long to hear where you are, and where you will be. I enjoy excellent health, although the sudden changes are very trying. I should be delighted to see you all out here, provided that your destination was the upper provinces, a few years' residence here would soon disgust any one. Give my love to Harriet and the boys; love also to my father; and believe me, dearest Helena,

Your very affectionate Brother,

J. S. CUMMING.

August 1st, 1838.

My dear Harriet—I received your letter of February, 1838, in July, and read with horror your account of the diabolical attempt made upon your lives. My apprehensions, however, were soon set at rest, by the latter part of your letter. From what an awful fate have you all escaped; I shudder to think what might have been the

consequences. It is a consolation, however, to know that the only results have been a little momentary fright. How fiendish a heart that must be, that could not only conceive the design, but also attempt the execution of it. It is very evident that many were concerned, in order to accomplish some purpose of their own; an individual would not have dared to proceed to so sweeping a destruction, for the satisfaction of his own revenge. This is another of the many instances of implacable determination of the Catholics to root out every Protestant from Ireland; thus they are little scrupulous as to the means they employ, so long as those means tend to hasten the accomplishment of their wishes.

I am delighted to hear that you are all so comfortable, and I really think, that ere long, retirement will have so many charms, before unseen, you will feel regret at the prospect of your return to the imaginary comforts of city life; besides, you now have the cheerful feeling of being in a house that you can call your own, free to act as you like, and from under the watchful eyes of inquisitive neighbours, independent of many wants, which living in society render absolutely necessary to keep up appearances, although one may not be well able to afford the expense.

I am very, very sorry, to hear the bad account of your health, and I hope when the next letter reaches, it will bear more consoling news. However, you are still cheerful, if I can judge from the expressions of your letter; and my dear Harriet, make up your mind, and do what you have been deprecating so much—become a stately *matron*. You would represent the dignity of that station to perfection. How do you like my exhortation? The rainy season here is now in its full force, being generally most violent as it draws to a close. We have suffered an awful hot season, but I am glad to say we got over it tolerably well. I was seized with a very slight fever in May, and soon got well;

with the exception of that, I have had no actual illness since I entered the country. The hot weather has made me very thin.

We are in daily expectation of receiving orders to move up the country—whither, no one yet knows; indeed, it is not known that we are to go up, but the general opinion is such. However, I will not dispatch this letter until I can inform you positively. It will cause me some expense, as it will be necessary to procure a horse (for I have not bought one yet), a tent conveyance, &c., but I think I shall be able to defray everything. The report of a Burmese war has fallen to the ground; but there is still great probability of one,—and one, too, on a very large scale, with the Persians, Nepaulese, and many other smaller states. Lord Auckland has written home for instructions how to act. The most important operations will be carried on in the Punjaub, along the banks of the Indus. Preparations are making to commence hostilities, should it be *deemed necessary*, and the aspect of affairs around betokens a long, difficult, and desperate conflict. The different states are in secret league with each other, and the rising of any considerable one, will be a signal for all. I was not aware till now that Mrs. Smith had been so kind in her intentions. She and her people are very nice people, and have a large family; he has a great taste for theatricals, can compose, and sing a good song; he has a fund of stories, and a peculiar way of telling them, that is very amusing, and makes him a pleasant companion. There is another married man whom I have not mentioned in any of my letters—Lieutenant French. He was eight years an ensign (an awful reflection for me to ponder over), but then he served all that time in Europe. He and I are great friends; we have agreed to join expenses on the march, and thereby manage to be as economical as possible. You must remember, I am only talking in anticipation, for a soldier can be

sure of nothing; and talking of a soldier, your remarks are very just, there is no life which conduces so much to idleness, if a *person's natural disposition is idle*; but at the same time, there is no life which holds out so many opportunities for improvement, provided one is so inclined; but as for study, that is a word almost obsolete in this country, and in the hot weather the air is so enervating that it incapacitates one from long attention to anything. However, notwithstanding all this, time does not hang very heavy on me, and month seems to follow month so rapidly, that one almost fancies, that tired of his slow but sure pace, he has become more kind to us poor mortals. You have, of course, received an account of Louisa Churchill's marriage. She has married a Captain Michell, nephew and aid de camp to Sir Henry Fane. I hear nothing of them. The last from Helena Mrs. General Churchill *sent me with her compliments*. I believe they are still at Simla. You tell me to give you an account of whatever relations I may meet, but there is not one in this part of the country; they must be all up the country, and even there they are but few. Life here is so monotonous, and the hurried occurrences of every day are so unimportant, that you must not be surprised if this letter is devoid of interest. We have nothing to talk of, but whatever most nearly concerns ourselves, and our own interests; nothing on all sides but expectations of promotion, brooding over disappointments, and every one thinking himself a most injured man. My ideas of this regiment have greatly changed since my first introduction into it; and passing events have given me an insight into the characters of two or three of my fellow officers, whose actions are no way creditable to them; but as there is not space for an account, I defer giving you the details until I next write. My chance of promotion is favourable, and I may calculate on my lieutenancy in a year and half at the furthest. By referring to the army list, you will find my name at the top

as senior ensign. I am speaking in anticipation of a step by the Brevet. I shall not be able to inform you of our move up the country, as it is expected that we shall not have an order before the end of this month, if even that, and then the disagreeable feeling of another roasting in the ensuing hot weather. I expected to receive a letter every month, for recollect, you are many to one, and your interests and concerns are matters of the utmost anxiety to me. I wish I could snatch one short glance at you all, but as that is *denied*, I will rest satisfied with thinking of you; indeed, this place is so dull that I shall be delighted to leave it; it tends to promote thinking. I have thought more this season alone than in the whole course of my life. Write, write—a lecture if you will, I am ready to receive all impressions, though to retain only those that suit me; but as you would not say anything that was not for my good, I am in no fear of turning unruly. Give me some salutary advice in all little refinements towards the fair sex. You must know I intend becoming a great *beau* when I get to Cawnpore or Meerut. Tell Helena I am looking out for a husband for her, but I cannot find one I like—they exhibit too much of the yellow in their bony visages. Fancy me, on my return, a tall, lank, bony, yellow animal. Is there really no prospect for a cadetship for William? I wait patiently for news, and hope for better prospects. Give my love to the boys. William will soon be too great a man for me—a barrister is a very dignified personage. I should have no chance with Locke or Blackstone. Tell Robert I hope he beats them all at chess. My best love to my governor and Helena; and believe me, my dear Harriet, with anxious wishes for your health,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. S. CUMMING,

Captain to be.

Chinsura, Oct. 1st, 1838.

My dear Father—I have been in daily expectation of receiving a letter from you, your last, dated June, 1837, being the only one that has reached me since my arrival in India. My disappointment *must*, however, be ascribed to delay in the shipping, as many that have been expected long before this date have not yet made their appearance. The regiment is still stationed *here*, and by all accounts, likely to remain the ensuing winter and summer. General Churchill intimated as much to our commanding officer; but the state of affairs in India, from the designs of enemies on all sides, involves every measure of Government in so much mystery, that it would be impossible to form a conjecture of our future destination with any probability of truth. We have all been deploring our lot in not being included in the expedition to Cabul, which is to set out from Kernaul, in its progress to that country, on 31st October, 1838. The army amounts to 20,000 men,—a force which the commander-in-chief (Sir H. Fane) does not deem adequate to the vastness of the undertaking, as being scarcely sufficient to keep up the line of communication. All primary obstacles in Cabul and Candahar overcome, the final determination is to march upon Herat, with the view of taking possession of that important place. It is reported that the Russians are in force in this quarter, for the ostensible purpose of assisting the Persians; but in reality to obtain a firm footing in that country, in order to forward their hostile designs against our Indian possessions. Their soldiery would indeed prove formidable opponents to the Company's sepoy, from two opposite points to Cabul. We are threatened by enemies—the people of Nepaul and Burmah; and in the event of any decided outbreak on their part, we should instantly be dispatched for service in the field against one of those powers. However, in the course of two months all uncertainties will be cleared away; and

we shall then know whether to brace ourselves for the enlivening and stirring duties of war, or to fall back into the listless monotony of our present existence. In the internal transactions of the regiment in which we, as officers, are of course particularly interested, there has been of late some commotion, arising from the insubordination of one of our community, who has been brought to a Court-martial. However, I will not enter into any of the details, as you will read them in the public papers. It is the general opinion among the older officers here, that from the course he is still pursuing, he will irretrievably commit himself. He lives with his father, who, instead of correcting him, and pointing out to him the consequences of his course of conduct, upholds him in all his irregularities, asserting to every remonstrance made to him, that his son performs his duties in as proper and strict a manner as any other officer. However, his conduct is not so astonishing when you know that his coincides with that of some few others of the same spirit, who have lately been introduced to the corps, and have brought with them some loose principles and worse *manners*, to contaminate and destroy the good fellowship of the *regiment*, which I am grieved to say they have succeeded in doing. There is a total want of that brotherly feeling which should pervade the whole community, and which is so essential to the well-being of the corps, when each meets each with true cordiality—not with a reluctant bow, or an hypocritical grin on the countenance. One would be tempted to believe that it was a delight to a set of officers to stare and sneer at their companions, to make ungentlemanly insinuations at mess-table, and to converse in language *unbecoming* to *themselves* and their professions. This is at present the conduct of *some* of them, insomuch that they *have* disgusted the better part, who now seldom appear at dinner, preferring to remain in their own apartments *free* from the annoyance

of such a presence of bad spirits; and thus, instead of the main object of a public mess being gained (the prevalence of good feeling throughout), a result totally the *reverse* has ensued. This is the present state of the regiment, but there is every reason to believe that it cannot last much longer. I have been anxiously desiring a letter from you, and usually walk two miles to the Post-office in expectation of receiving one; but am generally disappointed. The last letter I received was one from Harriet, dated 19th Feb., 1838, which I have answered. I feel myself as comfortable as can be *expected* in a country like this, and am, I am happy to say, on the best terms with most of the officers, particularly the married *portion*. There are four among the single men with whom I have no communication. Perhaps you will condemn my resolution; but I could not persuade myself to keep the slightest semblance of intimacy with persons whose whole conduct and manners disgusted me. They are held in great disrespect by the majority, many of whom have entirely broken off all acquaintance with them. I suppose you are all still settled at Magheracloone, with no intention of removing; and it is a consolation to feel that you have, in some degree, escaped from the annoyance of the world. If William could obtain a cadetship now, there is open a grand field for promotion; and if there was any prospect of his coming out, he could, at his own request, be posted to any regiment he preferred; so that by this means we might manage to be together. It is most necessary to take the greatest care of yourself on your first arrival in this country. The climate is so deadly in its effects, and disease so rapid in its progress, that the best constitution, presuming on its robustness, and fancying itself proof against any attack, too often falls a victim to its rashness. No less than five officers have, in consequence of illness, been obliged to return to England in the lapse of six months alone. One of them was a constant com-

panion of mine, and had been generally in the best health. He was, however, reduced so low after a few weeks' illness, that it was quite pitiful to behold him. He was a young man of my own age—an ensign then, but a lieutenant *now*, that is, if he is alive; for, judging from the shattered condition he was in on leaving India, few hopes of his recovery were entertained. Ensign Morgan was his name. He is now *second* or third on the list of lieutenants. At the present time I am at the head of the ensigns, so that I have no reason to be dissatisfied, as I consider that my advancement has been very rapid. There are no occurrences of interest to break in upon the monotony of our lives, and the inhabitants of Chinsura contribute very little to each other's enjoyments. Evening parties are very seldom given; and when they do take place, music or singing are quite banished from them. Dinner parties are less frequent still, which, however, is not of much consequence. Conversation seems to be a kind of labour to the persons assembled; and topics are so scanty, or so soon exhausted, that a total silence very often ensues, which is only broken by common-place remarks, or the repetition of truisms. I have been studying the Hindoostany with a Moushee; but have within the last three months relinquished the assistance of that teacher, as I find it too expensive; but I still continue to pursue it with the assistance of books; and in the event of our going to a station in the upper provinces, I shall be able to prosecute my studies to such a frequency as will enable me to pass the examination necessary to entitle me to an interpretership. It is astonishing how few young men in the European regiments ever think of applying themselves to the language of the country, and even with their servants carry on a communication by signs, or a few stray words which they could not help learning in their contact with the natives. There is one great nuisance in this country, which is, the necessity of

having a number of servants, as their different castes bind each down to a separate performance of duties from which he dares not deviate. At a dinner of twenty persons each is attended by his own servant; so that in the room there are, at one time, forty persons assembled. This, in such a climate, is intolerable. I have not met with any relation in this part of the country, nor have I heard of any, the F——s excepted. One of the sons has taken a large house outside of Calcutta, for the accommodation of his father on his arrival, which is expected in the course of next month. His family will be an acceptable addition to the formal society of Calcutta, which is at present very small. I have heard little of the Churchills. Mrs. Michael's husband goes with the expedition to Cabul, so that she will be left behind with her mother. General Churchill, it is said, must come down to Barrackpore in the cold season; and of course, as he will be stationary here for some time, he will bring with him his wife and daughter. I may thus have an opportunity of seeing them. I am indeed most anxious to learn whether everything has turned out to your satisfaction; for what changes must have taken place from the lapse of time since my departure from you. I long to know what you intend doing with the boys; and I hope the next letter from Harriet will assure me of her better health. Surely an *Irish summer* ought to have a salutary effect. I anxiously desire to hear from you.

With affectionate remembrance to the boys, and most affectionate love to yourself, Harriet, and Helena, I close this letter. My dear Father, your ever dutiful Son,

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

Chinsura, Oct. 19th, 1838.

My dearest Helena—I have this day received your letter dated May 14th, 1838, communicating the death of grand-mama. That intelligence I had, however, previously re-

ceived in a letter from L——, which I suppose he had taken care to despatch with the greatest expedition. I have, in all, received two communications from him, of which I did not think it necessary to inform either my father or you; because his demands, from their unreasonableness, could not meet with compliance from you, and to which I, on my own part, would not submit. His first letter reached me on May 11th, which he tells me is for the especial purpose of reminding me of a promise, which *he asserts* I made to him in England. He goes on to say that something *whispers* to him an *assurance* that he will not be deceived. He possesses a sort of *inventive memory*. This letter I have answered to the following import:—that, upon *consideration*, it cannot but occur to his mind, *that in making such a promise*, I exposed myself to the hazard of *breaking it*; and he must be convinced of the impossibility of my having ever made *any such promise*. His second letter is dated April 5th, 1838—a month earlier than yours, which is unreasonable and *absurd*. I have taken no notice of it, and of course will disregard any *further application* from him. In this letter he informs me of Grandma's death, with this addition, that, "in accordance with the will of my late grandfather, Mr. Slator, the Naas property is to be sold for the benefit of my brothers, sisters, and self—my sisters' portion £800 each, the residue to be divided between me and my brothers. Further, he had written to Harriet and to my father to the same effect. Of course, my dearest Helen, it is needless making any remarks upon demands of so unreasonable a nature. The expressions with which he concludes his letter prove him to be destitute of all sentiments of propriety or delicacy. However, let them pass with what they best merit—contempt. This is more particularly for my father's information. I intended to have given him a full account, but delayed in expectation of a letter from himself.

I am disappointed. I dispatched one to him on the 1st of October, 1838. Should you have anything important, I think the Overland* would be the most speedy and sure channel of communication. The expense is not much more than that per ship. And now, my dearest Helena, what an accusation you prefer against me in regard to letters. I assure you I have been congratulating myself upon the applause I should receive for my punctuality. It is most extraordinary that you have not had any from me, as I have written frequently. I am delighted to hear that you are so contented and comfortable in your present situation, and that your presence has converted a wilderness into a paradise. I miss you and Harriet much, very much. Oh, that you were here, or I there! It is said retrospection imparts feelings of pleasure and delight; but I find it otherwise. When I look back upon scenes past, and contrast them with the present, melancholy thoughts come over me; and a sensation of loneliness too truly reminds me that all those with whom I could sympathize are far, far away, and that all is a coarse interested world around me.

I am deeply grieved to hear such bad accounts of Harriet. I am glad to hear that William and Robert are so soon to become votaries to the learned arts, and I hope they will neglect no advantage of improving themselves. Tell them, I now sincerely regret the time I lost in trifling pursuits, which I might have employed to more lasting objects.

I cannot but feel sorry that the prospect of all appointments to this country for any one of the boys seems entirely vanished. You make no allusion to it in your letter.

My dearest Helena, I must not omit one observation. You have paid me a most rare compliment, by implying that a certain young gentleman must be a soldier, as he has not much head. Poor me! Come, I will vindicate

* The Overland route was then in its infancy.

the profession. Like all other professions, men only of superior intelligence and talents gain a station for themselves; while those of inferior parts fill up the lower grades, and never can pass that boundary, which is beyond their abilities. So in all situations. Talent and ability advance step by step — mediocrity remains stationary. How many brainless barristers are there—how many medical quacks, though possessing diplomas! In short, eminence, in whatever profession, is truly to be attained by the same acquirements and capacities. I have not followed up Italian. That language has given way to its opposite—the most barbarous, harsh Hindostany, which, however, it is most incumbent to know. French I have improved in, from my intercourse with the families in the French station near us. I have had frequent invitations to dinner and balls, all of which I, of course, attended. These entertainments take place in the winter, being the only time we can enjoy ourselves. In the summer months, we are using the best means for preventing the melting away of our goodly persons, which I assure you is by no means an unimportant occupation. The present weather is delightful—it is raining in torrents, with a high wind; and you have no idea what vigour and life a sudden change of this kind imparts to us poor animals.

Ask me all the questions you can think of. I shall be delighted to answer any. You do not know how much is necessary to keep us alive here; so say, do anything. Nothing is a trifle to me. You ask me who are my friends. Captain Douglas and Lieut. French. The former I am almost always with; and though he is much older than me, still he is not the less a fitting companion. French is also much older; but he is a sincere, true-hearted fellow, and we are one in our opinions and notions. They are both married. These are *particular* friends. Then there is another with whom I am a great favourite—an old Cap-

tain. He familiarly calls me No. 5—not by my proper name. His reason is this. Each captain has a company under his command, in which are two or three subalterns. In his company, however, there was only one subaltern, and I was that one. I used to relieve him in many of his duties, and he left many things to my performance which he would have to do himself, as he alone was responsible. However, in the regimental changes, I was transferred to another company, and some one else put in my place, who gave him a great deal of trouble; and now, in remembrance of our former fellowship, he always calls me No. 5, the number of the company he commanded.

You ask me about M'——. He is no longer of the regiment; but before he went, his conduct made me a stranger to him. He is now in the —— regiment. I have heard nothing of Mr. N—— since he joined his regiment, as we do not correspond. The other cadet that came out with me is dead. I saw him in Calcutta last winter in the best health; but I believe he was carried off by fever. I have seen death too frequently already. It is everywhere seizing some one, and that instantaneously in this country. But a few months ago, two of our officers, who lived successively in the rooms above mine, (a consoling reflection, the living so near the fatal room!) were carried off by cholera in less than twelve hours. You mention my aunt, Mrs. —— . I have heard, seen, know nothing of her. Do not know where she lives. I have met no relations, no friends here, nor am I conscious of the existence of such. I am very limited in my expenses, not having yet bought a horse. I do not intend purchasing one until a grand move up the country, in which case it is an absolute necessity. I assure you the cheapness of this country is much exaggerated: horses are dearer than in England; articles of clothing much dearer.

Harriet promised to send me out your pictures. I should

be delighted to have them. I have preserved the drawing you gave me, (Early Called to the Bar); the little red case still covers my bible. Helen, I have not forgot you. These still remain to remind me of the kindness, the affection, perhaps too little requited, of my own dear, far distant sisters. However, my own thoughts recur to them again and again; and I for a moment fancy myself at home with you at Magheracloone, seated round the fire. I am afraid that fancy is far, far distant from becoming a reality. And now, my dearest Helena, I have begun and finished this letter without rising from my seat; and you will not think me, after this, careless. Remember me with kindest love to the boys. With the most affectionate love to father, Harriet, and yourself, I remain, dearest Helena,

Your very attached, beloved brother,

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

P.S.—I send this by the *Herefordshire*, which sails about the 1st of November.

Chinsura, Nov. 14th, 1838.

My dear Father—Your letter, dated 18th June, 1838, I received 14th November, and it gave me the greatest pleasure, as I have been long in expectation of *one*; and I do not lose a moment in answering you. Your approbation of my proposal respecting my lieutenancy, assures me that you would not consider my conduct wrong in putting into effect that proposal. But from the advice you gave me in your letter to avoid *embarrassing myself under any circumstance*, it appears to me *now* by far preferable not to purchase, but to await with patience my lieutenancy; of the propriety of which you will be more fully convinced, from the knowledge that I am at present the senior ensign; and although one step may be lost (which is likely), still there is every probability of a vacancy, without purchase, ensuing

before long. Taking this view, I am sure you will concur with me, in the opinion that the design should be entirely given up. At the time I wrote to you about this, no one out here expected the rapid promotion which has taken place among the lower grades; it was rather looked for among the higher. Even if I do not obtain my lieutenancy soon, I am very well contented to wait a year, or more, as I am only nineteen, and in that respect have a great advantage over all the young officers, both above and below me. While on this subject, I cannot omit to make you aware of the unremitting kindness, which Major Douglas has shewn me from the moment that I first became acquainted with him; as an instance of which, he has lately been very earnest in assuring me that I must have no scruples in applying to him for money, *should I be placed in any difficulty* by the expenses of a removal to a distant station; however, my own resources place me beyond availing myself of his kind offer, as in anticipation of a move, and the expenses consequent to it, I have been able to save a sum more than sufficient to meet them.

We had already given up all hopes of leaving Chinsura this year, when a communication was unexpectedly received from Quarter-Master-General Churchill, enjoining us to hold ourselves in readiness for an immediate march to Hazerabagh, an isolated station, about two hundred miles up the country, and we are consequently in all the bustle of preparation, expecting to receive the marching order every day. The expenses will not be light, as tents, carriages, &c. are rather dear. Marching is very different from that in England; here each officer is absolutely obliged to have seven or eight attendants at least, and everything is defrayed from the private purse of the individual.

I am delighted to hear that you are so comfortably settled, and that your affairs are in so satisfactory a situation. According to your injunctions, no reply, of course, will be

given to any communications from Europe. I have already received a letter from L——, acquainting me that the N— property is to be sold (which is now proved incorrect); sisters to receive £800 each; the residue to be divided between brothers and self. He goes on with some unreasonable requests, which I have stated in a letter to Helena for your perusal. I have, of course, taken no notice of it; but I think it probable that he will overwhelm me with his correspondence, as he threatened me with duplicates of his letters, in order that he might be sure of his wishes reaching their destination.

Your account of the conspiracy of Frank, and other relations, prove how little we can ever expect from them, when the sense of justice and right gives way to the dictates of selfishness and interest. Who could suppose that the apparently gentle Ellen could lend herself to such practices! but appearances too often deceive, as I have already begun to experience.

Captain —— has left India with his regiment, and has by this time arrived in England. I did not hear anything of his pecuniary affairs, except that he was much in debt; but I should think, that unless he had possessed some means of liquidating a part of his debts, he would never have been allowed to leave this country. However, I will not close this letter until I have gained all possible information, which I may do, as I am going down to Calcutta. I never hear anything of a relation in this part of the country. Charles Thomas is coming to Calcutta in order to go to sea, for the benefit of his health, so at least the newspaper states. Lieut. F—— wrote me a note, saying, that his father, with three daughters and a son, is expected in about ten days, from England. He will, most likely, command a division of the army in Cabul.

We have little to occupy us here, except the usual routine of regimental duties. The regiment is at present commanded by one of its majors, both colonels being

absent. He is a very good-natured man, but very *slow*; more fit for the station of paymaster, than that of disciplining a corps; however, most of us like him. Perhaps you may remember to have seen him, as he comes from Monaghan; his name is ——. He has one peculiarity—he has a thorough knowledge of the army-list, which he displays on all occasions.

Expense of living in Chinsura is not great; I can live very well on my pay, which amounts to one hundred and thirty rupees, or thirteen pounds a month. I do not, however, always get that sum, deductions being made, sometimes for mess and subscriptions—those two items are a great hardship to the ensigns, but we must remain content. I am, indeed, able to save a little, two or three pounds a month, and sometimes something more, but only with the greatest economy. I have not yet procured a horse, and will not until the moment of our departure, when it will be absolutely necessary. On the march two tents are absolutely requisite, which to a subaltern would be very expensive; two, therefore, generally join, and thus only buy one tent each. Major Douglas has insisted upon my breakfasting in his tent every morning, so that by this plan I have been able to manage with only one tent, without joining with any one else. Of the Churchills I have heard nothing.

I have just heard that Miss —— was dying in England, and that the marriage having been given up, Lieut. —— had taken his departure from England. The latter part is true, as it is mentioned in a letter from himself. From all accounts of him, I believe, he will prove no desirable addition to the regiment.

There is every likelihood of an universal war in India. The army against Cabul has set out under the orders of Sir Henry Fane; and, from the hostilities of the Burmese, it is not at all improbable that the 9th regiment may receive a

counter order to act in their country, as commands have been issued for the taking of Rangoon by our troops, and we are the most disposable corps at present; however, should we go there, I will instantly write.

You would, perhaps, like to know the situation of Hazerabagh;—it is to the north-west of Chinsura, lat. $23^{\circ} 24'$ north, lon. 86° east; it is not down in the map; a most healthy station.

November 18th.—I have not succeeded in discovering anything relative to my uncle, Captain —, as no one down here knows him, he has been altogether up the country.

We have just received an order for marching to Hazerabagh, which has put us all into the highest *glee*. The regiment starts from Chinsura on the 3rd of December, so that we have little time before us. I send this by the Overland; the charge of letters has been lessened. I sincerely hope to hear a better account of Harriet's health.

With most affectionate love to sisters and brothers,

I remain, my dear Father,

Your ever most obedient affectionate Son,

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

Chinsura, Nov, 24th, 1838.

My dear Father—An unexpected occurrence which has taken place here, and which is likely to affect my interests, has determined me to write without loss of time. A few days subsequent to the letter of the 14th November, per Overland, which you have no doubt received by this time, a vacancy occurred by the lamented death of Lieutenant French, whom I mentioned in a letter to Helena. I am now senior ensign, and as such, may presume that I shall be promoted to the lieutenantancy without purchase, as in almost all casualties of the same kind; however, that event is not at all certain, for many reasons; previous to this

vacancy, two or three deaths have taken place in the corps, and consequently promotions without purchase. The authorities, therefore, conceiving that sufficient indulgences of this kind have already been awarded to the regiment, and not considering my standing in the army sufficient to entitle me to the promotion, may judge it necessary to promote to the vacant lieutenancy an older ensign of some other corps; this occasionally happens. It is the apprehension of this taking place that has urged me to write, in hopes that you will be able to use your influence at the Horse Guards, to counteract, if possible, any purpose of this nature. I think I have ample cause to fear being passed over, from the circumstance of my service in the army. I was gazetted in July 22nd, 1836, from which time to the present, November 24th, 1838, is comprised just two years and four months—a short period certainly. This alone would furnish to them a satisfactory excuse for refusing me. Major Douglas has advised me to write up to Mrs. General Churchill, to secure things with the commander-in-chief, Sir H. Fane, which I intend doing immediately. I could not forgive myself, if I thought that I lost my promotion from any want of exertion on my own part.

The shocking death of Lieutenant French was a great affliction to me, and, indeed, I may say to all the regiment. There was not a more amiable man among all my companions, and to me he was a great friend. We had anticipated every little amusement together, both on the march, and at the delightful station to which the regiment is going. We had the same ideas, the same feelings. He sat down to dinner at seven in the evening in health, and was dead at four o'clock, of cholera; how horribly sudden, the shock was instantaneous. One of the old officers came into my room next morning, weeping, while he was lamenting his loss, so much was he beloved. He has left a young

wife, daughter to —, whom you know, and whom I have heard you speak of. He has, however, uniformly behaved unnaturally both to him and her. On the day of their marriage, he did not give his daughter a rag; and since that event, which took place with the greatest satisfaction on his part, he turned his back upon both, allowing them to struggle on with the poor pittance of a lieutenant, although he had funds from which to afford them assistance. The poor wife is going to live in Wales, with two old ladies, her former friends, on a small pension. I know that this account may be foreign to the subject, and I would have altogether omitted it, but I feel sure, that whatever affects me, however trifling it may be, will always be found of interest to you, and under this conviction I have written throughout.

I have written this in the greatest haste, not having a moment to lose, as if I send it immediately, it may, perhaps, overtake the Overland, which left Calcutta on the 20th of November, in such case you will receive this long before any information can reach the Horse Guards, by ship, and thus have plenty of time to act. We are nearing our time for starting towards Hazerabagh, and, of course, all ready. Remember me with most affectionate love to sisters and brothers. I am, my dearest Father,

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. S. CUMMING.

P.S.—I intend buying a horse at Hazerabagh, as I shall be able to afford the necessary sum from the savings made while in that station—a space of three years.

Chinsura, Nov. 24th, 1838.

My dear Father—On this day, Nov. 24th, I wrote you a letter, per Overland, but thinking it might not reach you in time, or perhaps not at all, I judged it safe to write this

duplicate, which I intend sending off with the greatest possible *dispatch*. A casualty has taken place in this corps, which gives me as of right (being senior ensign) the promotion to the lieutenancy. Many causes there are, however, which raise doubts in my mind as to my obtaining it. Previous to this two or three deaths have occurred, the vacancies caused by these have been filled up without purchase. Lord Hill may think, therefore, that sufficient favour has been shewn to the corps in allowing it to have had the run of so many steps without *purchase*, particularly as in my case the standing in the army of the next person for promotion is of so short a duration. I have only been two years and four months in the army, and he may on that account consider me not to be entitled to the lieutenancy. It is for this reason, therefore, that I am so urgent in writing to you, that you may be in time to use your influence in my favor. An occurrence of this kind was so unexpected, that I did not think it necessary to give you notice before.

I have just written to Mrs. General Churchill to request her to beg her husband to obtain from Sir H. Fane my nomination to the lieutenancy in this country, of which, I think, I am certain—the difficulty lies at home.

On arriving at Hazerabagh I will write and tell all the wonders I see there; I look forward with much pleasure to the life there; everybody is so healthy—there the air is salubrious. In short, I anticipate everything delightful, perhaps from wishing to escape from Chinsura, and the pestilential vapours of Bengal. Love to Harriet, Helena, and the boys.

I am, my dearest Father,

Your most affectionate Son,

J. S. CUMMING,

Ensign 9th regt.

P.S.—I send this to an agent in Calcutta, who will dispatch it immediately.

Hazerabagh, March 26th, 1839.

My dearest Harriet—A lapse of nearly three or four months, without receiving a line from me, must no doubt be a subject of surprise to you all. My last was dated November, 1838, to my father, since which period I am delighted to say, that I can call Chinsura, detestable Chinsura, no longer my home.

We have now been four months breathing an atmosphere more conducive to health, and by far more enlivening and cheering to our natures. This is indeed a delightful climate (by comparison of course). The station is inland, on no river, but formed on a sort of table land, situated among ridges of hills, which are seen rising up in the distance on all sides; it is two thousand feet above the level of the sea, free from all jungles, for miles around, and consequently open to every breeze that blows. Oh! it really infuses a new existence into one; you cannot conceive with what feelings, almost of ecstasy, one enjoys the bracing air of the mornings and evenings. At those periods it is England *in all* but in name; ten months in the year are agreeable. The hot winds prevail during May and June, but even then the heat is not insupportable, as in Chinsura; by using tatties a pleasant draught of air is diffused through the house. You know what tatties are from description in books.

What now follows will perhaps cause a smile, as I may seem to have been paradisaical in my account of this fine country. I have not had, perhaps, much cause for satisfaction or enjoyment since I came here; but on the other hand, my feelings should not be only those of contentment and patience, but should be strongly endued with grateful, heartfelt, lasting thanks to that Almighty Father, who carefully watches over us all; and should I not acknowledge, with gratitude, my sense of that mercy, without which my

existence in this world might ere this have closed for ever? In short, my dearest Harriet, I have been very ill; more than a month ago, I was attacked by one of those acute diseases, to which all in this country, without exception, are liable; fortunately, however, I took remedies in time—nevertheless, in less than a week I was reduced to a skeleton—a mere hanging on, of skin and bone. Medicine has at last overcome the virulence of the attack, and I am now, providentially, recovering—slowly of course. I am just beginning to know the blessing of legs, or rather to anticipate it, for at present I can only manage to crawl to my palkee, in which I am carried about in the evening for an airing, or to my bed at night. And now, my dearest sister, I must really call you to account for your delinquency as to correspondence. I have received no letter from you since February, 1838, now more than twelve months ago; and not a line from the governor, Helena, or William, since last November. Could I but make you aware what anxiety and disappointment I feel, as day follows day without bringing even one solitary letter. I see the smiles of delight rising on the countenances of my companions, as they each depart with some news from their families; while to me every enquiry turns out a blank, and I am doomed to that everlasting word—hope, hope, hope. Can you not dispatch a letter now and then, by the Overland, the expense I think is not much greater than the ordinary mode of conveyance; only conceive, I should be almost one of yourselves; two months would not elapse without making known to me every occurrence that passes; all your interests (which are equally mine), all your feelings, thoughts, and wishes, a thing which would serve to bind me so much more closely to you all, cannot, I am sure, be of little importance, particularly in this country, where one is a stranger, thrown an outcast from the *world*, for

this is out of the *world*. I left civilization when I deserted the shores of Europe. I look around—there is not a soul to whom I am bound by any *endearing* tie—to whom I can look as bound to me, by any claims of kindred or affection. A friend I have, certainly, and he is indeed a friend. I now first learn to experience what consolation and true *pleasure* that word friendship can bestow; it throws a calm over the feelings, even in one's solitary hours—when all the world seems to be a desert to you, each following his own pursuit, regardless of the existence of any fellow-being, being all absorbed in the *creature self*.

Do not now let these sentiments impress you with any idea that I am not contented and happy. I have long since determined to endeavour to be satisfied under every circumstance; and to be prepared to bear with a light heart, whatever changes or chances this roving life of a soldier must necessarily produce.

Helena tells me you have been ill, too. Surely the climate of our native land must restore you to health, and I shall hail the next letter from you as one bringing a good account; so write much and often. The minutest occurrence will prove of interest to me. William has not thought me worthy of a line. Tell him I should like to enter upon a train of argument with him. Of course by this time he is master of any subject. How awfully learned he must look in his black gloomy gown and square head-piece! I intend to overwhelm him with a long dispatch, but really I am half afraid to make the trial; but seriously, I have long expected a letter from him. We must not lose sight of each other, however different our careers may be; and at his present destination, much must pass under his observation which I am sure would impart gratification to both parties. How delightful it would be if one of the boys

could obtain an ensigncy in the 9th regiment; but I am afraid I am indulging in a vain dream; still to my partial eye it seems practicable. There is now a greater demand for officers in the service. War is impending on all sides, and here active operations have already commenced. India is almost drained of her troops, which have necessarily been drawn far away across the Indus, and into Candahar. The demand for more regiments from England is urgent, and affairs are becoming so alarming, that the call cannot be much longer disregarded. All these are reasons for presuming that the obtaining commissions in the army has now ceased to be a matter of any great difficulty. Besides, Captain Bluntish, the paymaster of this regiment, has just obtained the last vacant ensigncy in this corps (without purchase); and he possesses no great interest, and had no claims of long service to recommend him. He succeeded, nevertheless, contrary to the general expectation. Many vacancies are on the eve of taking place in this regiment; and I anticipate the delight I should feel in taking up the Gazette some day, to behold another Cumming added to its lists. We could live together, and be a mutual support to each other on all occasions. As for a cadetship, I should tremble for any of my brothers coming in that capacity. On arrival in Calcutta, the cadet is thrown loose among a herd of others at Barrackpore for a few months, awaiting his final destination; and it is here that young and inexperienced, thrown to chance to direct them, they consider themselves entitled to indulge every wish and inclination, without considering the after consequences. Can you believe the fact of a young cadet, now an ensign, being what is called white-washed in Calcutta. I know him intimately. He is only eighteen. This is not uncommon among the Company's officers; and would you believe it, that it is allowed by the higher authorities. An officer in

the Queen's service would be cashiered for such a transaction. Barrackpore is the ruin of more than half the young men that enter its precincts.

I am anxious to hear of affairs at home with you. The information of honorable transactions by a *certain party* did not much surprize me; but still it did not for once occur to my mind that they would have dared to proceed to such extremities; but it only serves to shew how appearances will ever deceive, and where interest interferes, how soon the smiles of intimacy can be turned to the frowns of enmity. It seems to be doomed that we and our relations are ever to be at war, with each other. We, however, will hereafter have this consolation, *that no blame can be attached to our name*; and it is they alone, that have shewn the grasping disposition, by again exciting the embers of discord, which at my departure from Europe, appeared to have been extinguished. However, they may yet learn to repent their attempts to injure us. I forgot to tell you that three officers of this corps have lately gone to England reported unfit for service. This leaves three vacancies to be filled up. Would not this be a good opportunity for making an effort? Oh, if you were here, how happy we might be! Do you know I am afraid I shall become quite shy of the fair sex, so little do I see of that portion of the world. Our own ladies I see constantly; but then they are old faces, and few. The only young lady of the regiment has just been snatched from us by our gallant commander, Major Taylor—a bride of sixteen to a respectable corporeal old gentleman of nearly fifty. Is not this a reproach to all us young aspirants to that glory? The happy pair, shewed their recollection of me the day after the knot was tied, in the shape of a large piece of cake, which, however, like Tantalus, I could only gaze at, as I must avoid all good things for some time to come. He has been very attentive,

coming in often to visit me, during my illness; and he is a very good-natured man, though he fancies himself still in the vigour of youth.

I long to hear something of you all, and particularly of yourself. How well our feelings can at last agree upon one subject, that of health: none can truly know its blessings but that person who has first experienced the loss of it. I hope and trust that ere the receipt of this, you will have no need of comfort, in that respect. I can fancy the happy fire-side evenings you have passed, while perhaps you now and then think and talk of the absent one—a stranger far away in a foreign land. You all are ever in my thoughts; and I often think, shall I ever behold you again. However, that your prospects now are likely to take a new form, is very satisfactory. I hope to hear that William and Robert are at college, and exerting themselves.

Remember me affectionately to all the boys. Love to Helena and the governor, and believe me, dearest Harriet, with earnest anxiety for your health and happiness,

Your ever affectionate brother,

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

Hazerabagh, March 30th, 1839.

My dear Father—I deem it of the utmost importance to pen you this hasty note, in order to inform you of some disagreeable news which has only just this moment reached me, and upon which I shall anxiously await your instructions. The following has just appeared in the Calcutta newspaper, *The Englishman*:—

“Mr. Longwille, clerk lawyer, has made a motion in the Court of Calcutta, for authority to authorize Lieut. and Adjutant Brownrig, of the 9th regiment, at Hazerabagh, to act as Commissioner to swear in Major Bird, the Deputy-Commissionary-General there, for the purpose of serving

J. S. Cumming with a *subpœna*, obliging him to appear at the Court of Rolls in Dublin, to answer as *respondent* in the case of 'Walsh *versus* Slator.'"

This is the sum total of the affair as yet—it only came to my ears half an hour ago. The Overland starts in an hour, and I take this *hurried* opportunity of letting you know. I am quite in the dark what to do. No one here is conversant in law affairs, and consequently no one to look to for advice. However, I won't move until I hear from you.

I know nothing more of the affair than the above. I cannot see their object in requiring my presence in Europe. I have no funds for the passage, and where to get them I know not.

The Overland is going, and I must finish with this, remaining your very affectionate and dutiful Son,

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

P.S.—I shall anxiously await an answer by the next Overland. I do not think they can force me to go, even by serving me with a *subpœna*; but that I must learn. In spite of everything except injury to myself, I am determined to disregard all *subpœnas*, until I hear from you. Eight o'clock in the evening.

Hazerabagh, April 1st, 1839.

My dearest Helena—Here I am, soaring nearly two thousand miles above the great city of palaces, with not a sigh at the change; but on the contrary, heartily congratulating myself that I have so early escaped the scorched plains of Bengal, while the poor mortals whose lot it is to be doomed to remain there, are undergoing the delightful process of being baked and shrivelled to skeletons, in its suffocating atmosphere. I am as fresh and lively as balmy breezes and a cool air can render one. A person long held in durance doubly feels, the delight, of liberty when set free, and such

is my case at present. I have just come in from taking my morning airing in my palkee (not being able to take any other exercise as yet); and so beneficial an effect has the same on the spirits, that I almost feel, as if by magic, restored to my former strength. That happiness I fear will not arrive to me for some time to come. But India is an admirable school both for trying and teaching patience. It soon dissipates all romantic ideas, and exhibits reality in its truest colours. It makes men the most domestic creatures in the world, cures effectually high-flown notions, and ends in a short period, by making the individual strangely blind and dull to the concerns and interests of all around him, but astonishingly quick and interested in that little body—self. What descriptions writers have given of what they are pleased to style the rich plains of Hindostan—the splendid palaces—delightful groves of fruit—oriental manners—the artless and innocent nation. All this makes a good impression on paper; it serves to fill a volume, and does more credit to the imagination of the author, than either to his accuracy or truth. If ever India existed as stated above, it passed as a dream. Imagination has done wonders for this country. Turn your eyes in whatever direction, every object that presents itself is calculated to raise feelings of pity and commiseration; while there is nothing worthy of admiration, or even surprise, except perhaps in the peculiar notions and ways of the inhabitants (but that is the only exception); the peculiarities of their castes, the steady adherence with which they obey the rules laid down by those castes, however their interests may prompt them to act otherwise. This, however, is not the effect of any good principles, innate in them; but it is *inculcated from infancy*, handed down from parent to child, from posterity to posterity; and it will cost much exertion to eradicate the evil effects which these castes are daily

producing. These people are the most abject, most helpless, and most degraded of the human species.

This station is about a mile and a half in extent, over which the Bungaloes are scattered in all directions at various distances from each other. They have each large compounds attached, which in England would be considered valuable property, many consisting of five, six, and seven acres of good land. Most have gardens also. Nothing indeed can give you a juster idea of the climate than the fact that all kinds of vegetables grow to perfection here, numerous fruit-trees flourish; in short, this place possesses little of an Indian aspect. I look forward with pleasure to the bright prospects that are before us, and sincerely hope it may be our lot to remain here the next four years. I have lost all ambition of visiting the upper stations, the daily descriptions of most of them are so appalling. However, the certainty of one year is ensured to us; and even then, after that period, the urgency of war would be the only plea for our removal. But we are too distant from the scene of action to make that likely. Our march from Chinsura made a pleasant change in the monotony of our existence. I was determined to act the soldier at once by walking the whole way—a distance of two hundred miles. I was the only one of the officers that did so—they all had horses; but as I thought, that having two good legs of my own, it would be a shame not to make use of them, I was resolved not to buy a horse, particularly as my expenses for the journey had already been very heavy. At first it was rather fatiguing; but the constant excitement of the scene around, the bustle of the camp, the songs of the soldiery, and the novelty of a strange country, soon detached me from all thought of myself.

The country presented nothing of interest, until we ascended among the hills, and even there was only a spot

here and there worthy of notice. It was here that our troubles began. I was frequently ordered behind with a detachment to assist the baggage over deep mullahs (or small rocky streams, which generally came suddenly down from the road into deep hollows, leaving each side so steep that it was with the greatest risk they could be got over); and thus, under a hot burning sun, with no protection for the head, was, I assure you, a most trying and arduous task; however, it was my duty, and we all had our share of the toil. Can you fancy with what zeal I must have enjoyed my repast, in spite of the sun above, sitting on the last bit of grass that was near, while the soldiers were scattered around, accommodating themselves in like manner? Oh! it was so romantic—life in the East—put a human creature in an oven, and then tell him its *romance*! I anticipated meeting something to admire every step that I advanced into the interior; some old ruins of former splendor, relics of Hindoo superstition, or at least some indications of what had been the pomp and state of its Mahometan rulers, but not a vestige remained; time had swept all away, not leaving us a conjecture, what the country once was. I was very much disappointed in my expectations; but you must be quite tired of all this dry uninteresting stuff, though I know you will read it if only because I wrote it. Nothing of any interest takes place here. We are inhabiting on a *basis* in a desert, with this exception—that there, all around is sand; here, all jungles; there is no station within two hundred miles of us, but, notwithstanding, I am delighted with our lot. The big wigs are very busy in the upper provinces. I hear little of the Churchills: he has been ordered to Bombay, to join Sir Henry Fane, who has made that place his head quarters, as being nearer the scene of action. Mrs. C—— and M—— remain still at Simla; Mrs. Michel is, ere this, blessed with a *spun gregis*, or, in other words, has now com-

menced the duties of a *mother*: perhaps, however, this is old information to you. In my last, I mentioned having written to Mrs. Churchill about the lieutenantcy. I received an answer in less than a month, in which she informed me my wishes had been complied with. This assurance was confirmed in a short time, by my name appearing in general orders, as promoted to the vacancy. She, moreover, added, that should I at any time stand in need of assistance, *I must not hesitate to make use of her influence and interest.* This is very kind, but at present nothing seems to warrant a likelihood of my applying to her; to be sure some nice little appointment would be very acceptable—aid-de-camp, &c. &c. &c. I have some ambition of that sort. She also says that Mrs. M—— had received a letter from you: and now, my dear Helena, I must load you with reproaches. Your letters are not half long enough; I always peruse them with regret, and to console myself, am forced to commence and read them over again. Every trifle is of interest, but you could impart more than trifles if you chose. Oh! pen that rich storehouse, and bestow on me some of its gifts. You might give me some advice, much information; and pray don't nourish the thought that I would cast a sneer upon your opinions. You know I have too high a regard for your sentiments; besides, I have not adopted the vulgar notion of young men, that after once entering the world, it is below them to allow or submit to a sister's judgment. Give me your opinion and thoughts upon any subject that may occur to you, I shall be too delighted to peruse them. Your present letters are rather scanty: now, I should like to receive a large sheet of foolscap, crossed and re-crossed, and I know you can furnish materials sufficient. What long columns I have noticed lying in your desk, addressed to Louisa Churchill, and surely I may hope for a share.

What acquaintances have you discovered in your para-

dise? Have you come in contact with the Kelleys, or do not they come within the circle inexceptionables? By the by, what are you about? Methinks that old gentleman *Time* is making fast strides towards forcing that never to be recalled word *passé* upon you know whom; but really it is too bad; you must begin and set your cap as soon as possible. I am looking about me, but *alàs! alas!* shrivelled old faces appal me on all sides, and I think the young bachelor out is likely to return an old bachelor home.

Well, Helena, we will keep house together—a respectable old pair. A slight liver complaint on my side, and a little touch or so of rheumatism on yours, will now and then serve to ruffle the calm of our existence. Now, does not this make you fancy yourself an old lady already? I at least am doubtful whether I am not beginning to imbibe old men's notions. A young man may fancy himself old with as much justice, as the old fellow persuades himself that he is young. I grant it seldom happens; the one, however, is just as absurd and ridiculous as the other. I am anxious to know how things are going on; I anticipate every success, though I am not sanguine. You ask me about my companion, Mr. N——; he is at some distant station I forget. The last accounts of him were, that he had made himself so disagreeable that he was generally disliked, and some of his brother officers would not speak to him. How deplorable in the outset of his career; however, I suppose experience will teach him to alter his conduct and demeanor, as, otherwise, he will lead a life of misery. If you recollect, I found fault with him on board ship; we were, notwithstanding, very cordial afterwards, and I should like to see him. H—— is gone long ago; the less said of him the better. By his misconduct his prospects in life have been retarded. Perhaps, for years, you see I have only lost one step, and that does not go in the regiment, so that I

still hold my place in the list. The ensign under me was for purchase, but his money was not lodged until four days after the Gazette appeared. I am alluding to the promotion of young Shelton from the 44th to this corps. I expect a letter daily; it is now five months since I have heard from you—this is really tantalizing. Could you manage to send me a small selection of books? but I suppose not—it would be so great a treat; don't say a word about it I pray. I must leave off now, as one of the civilians here will call soon to take me out in his buggy, for which I have to prepare: he is a very nice young man, an engineer. We are daily becoming more intimate. I have written all this in a dark room, so you must take it as you now see it.

We are in daily expectation of the Overland Mail—it is a subject of great interest with all of us. "What news! what news!" is the general exclamation; and then commence the conjectures and arguments upon events in England, which serves to create a ferment for about a week, when all again subsides into monotony.

I never received an answer from Aunt Ellen, though she was very urgent with me to correspond with her. I think I will write again, and remind her not to forget me in her will—a small legacy would be acceptable. I will shortly write a long letter to William and Robert; Charles should inform me whether he intends to come and join me in the career of arms: I have a room reserved for him, as he must live with me. As the circle lessens, and each departs to fulfil his destiny, the thought rises to my mind—"shall *we ever* meet again round the family board?" What a moment of happiness and delight that would be. I look forward to it with hope; in the meantime I shall satisfy myself with hearing from time to time of your welfare and prosperity; and my only prayer now is, that you will write

often. My love and affectionate remembrance to all, hoping that your vexations in another quarter have come to a close, and are all again smooth. I finish, remaining for ever, my
 dearest Sister, Your affectionate Brother,

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

Hazerabagh, April 12th, 1839.

My dear Father—I delayed writing to you immediately after the despatch of my note, Overland, because I was anxious to ascertain the result of the application made in the Court of Calcutta with respect to the *subpœna*, and also to await the arrival in this place of the Overland from England, in expectation of some communication from you by that route. However, I have been disappointed—the more so as I have received no account by any chance since November, 1838. The application for the *subpœna* has been refused, as in the opinion of the judges the power of granting it is beyond their jurisdiction; this appeared in the papers some days after the first motion, the judges having referred the case to more mature consideration, and the above was the result; since then I have heard nothing further, so I suppose they (whoever they are) have let their project drop. This alarm created some little sensation here, and next day, after its appearance in the papers, I had a most unaccountable augmentation of visitors. I have been very ill, but am recovering as fast as can be expected, and hope soon to be able to perform my regimental duties as heretofore. This is a delightful spot in contrast with other places in this country; even at the present season, which is the hottest in the year, the effects on the spirits and system is by no means of that enervating kind which is so much felt every where else in the open air; however, it is very oppressive, from the prevailing hot wind, but as no one goes out here except upon urgent duty, the effect

of the wind is obviated by wet talleis fastened on the windows and doors; there is one now behind me, which affords a delightful cool air. After all, however, it makes me think of home with feelings of regret, which cannot always be stifled; indeed, my thoughts are always turned to that quarter—individually I am very comfortable and happy here. The *esprit du corps* is beginning to glimmer; the bad spirits are gradually sneaking into their shells, as they are not encouraged in their mal-practices; and the regiment is now assuming a reputable position. We are likely to remain here for three or four years; no one, however, can presume upon this as a certainty, considering the aspect of affairs around. War is the universal topic, and perhaps the steep crags and wild passes of Nepaul may soon be our destination. Operations in that quarter are likely to be most arduous, both from the warlike disposition of the inhabitants, and the actual advantages of the country itself. But what can oppose British troops, headed by British officers? The opinion as to the efficiency of Sepoy troops against sturdy enemies (not such as the contemptible Hindoos), seems to be unfavourable among the Queen's officers, and among many companys' officers too. However, this subject gives rise to many disputes; from my short experience of them I can only say, I congratulate myself that I am not ever likely to be in a situation to call for a test of their qualities as soldiers. The Company's officers are very jealous of the Queen's officers—having staff appointments, or even anything with the name of appointments, they fancy such are exclusively their own right. The English officer has quite as just a claim—he remains at least fourteen or twenty years in India (a period sufficient to break the strongest constitution), at the end of which time he returns a stranger, an outcast to his home, with the paltry pittance of half-pay, as a reward for all his services; at the same time returns the Company's officer,

wallowing in wealth (acquisitions from staff appointments), to smooth down the evening of his life in a comfortable and easy retirement. How is the one the more deserving than the other ?

The society of this place is very limited—ourselves and a few civilians comprise the whole. At present my illness prevents my improving my acquaintance with the latter; one of them kindly drives me in his buggy every evening. B—— arrived here more than a month ago, and I was only introduced to him yesterday; however, I do not think he will ever be more than a mere acquaintance of mine. I do not like his manner and conversation. His marriage is quite broken off. When he left England Miss J—— was staying in his father's house, he having refused to have anything to do with her; if this is the case, he has behaved in a manner most unfeeling. She came home expressly to marry him, and he has now gone off and deserted her. But from all accounts she has had a very fortunate escape.

I have not again been honored by any communication from L——, or from any of our kind affectionate relations. I was not able to discover anything relating to Mr. T——. I suppose you know he has set up for himself in a mercantile line in London. There is a placard on our mess table, sent by him, and to the purport, that he “will be happy to supply the regiment and inhabitants of the station with hermetically sealed provisions from England—beef, hams, salmon, carrots, &c. &c. cheaper and better than any one else.” Of course I do not own him as a relation. His wife left India with him. I believe he was a constant contributor to the newspapers here, and still acts as English correspondent to one of them. He is an active, intelligent, stirring man, and very likely to succeed in his present speculation. Major Douglas was well acquainted with him in former days, when he was a dashing extravagant fellow.

We are all monotony here. The last Overland brought no news, and we now anxiously await the next one, as it will bring us accounts of a most important period—the transactions in Parliament. I am become a zealous politician—quite a Conservative. Our ears are astounded by the reports of the insidious progress which the Catholics are now openly making even in England, and of the inhuman combinations they entered into for the destruction of all that is hostile to their projects. *What is to become of Ireland*, and its faithful ministers—the Protestant clergy?

We have received an account of Lord Norbury's murder. If you could, without incurring any expense, send out a newspaper now and then, it would be most acceptable. The Overland would be the best conveyance for newspapers, as it is not so expensive as per ship.

Our troops across the Indus have met with great difficulties; they are almost starving, their cattle are dying, and parties of the enemies daily carry off their camels, so that their state at present is not enviable. The officers are deeply involved in debt, when it was absolutely out of their power to prevent it. Government will not come forward and assist them, which it ought, if actuated by no other motives than those which duty would suggest. Their officers are discontented, and naturally so. There will shortly be a grand victory; I think we are luckily in escaping service under such disadvantages.

Now would be a good opportunity for obtaining a commission for one of the boys, if it could be in any way managed. There is not the same difficulty, and it certainly would be pleasant having two brothers in the same regiment, which can always be managed, supposing a commission was obtained in any other.

I am anxious to hear what are your future plans. I suppose you will rusticate in the country. How soon, and how truly have been verified your often-expressed remarks,

of what would be the conduct of two or three of our *loving relations*, when the time for displaying their actions arrived. I hope, however, that they will find themselves deceived in their calculations of defrauding us. There is something so unnatural in relatives, so nearly allied, goading each other on to quarrel and fight, where only that one party is actuated by sordid interest; everything might be arranged peaceably and to the satisfaction of all. How just was your opinion of them. I have written to William, under the idea that he is at college, Helena having mentioned so in her letter of October, 1838.

I shall be delighted to hear that you are all happy and comfortable in old Magheracloone, and likely to remain. Love to sisters and brothers.

Believe me, my dearest Father,

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son,

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

Hazerabagh, May 14th, 1839.

My dearest Helena—While penning this I am held in a state of suspense and doubt as to what is to be my course of action for at least two or three months after this date. I yesterday learned that the attornies of Walsh and Co. have not given up their design of *subpœning* me, if possible. They failed in their application to the Court of Calcutta, but it now appears that they intend acting on their own authority, as subsequently they wrote to Captain Smith, of this regiment, to induce him to serve me with the *subpœna*. He, however, sent Major Douglas to me, in order first to be made acquainted with my wishes on the subject. I intimated my disapproval, and he has consequently declined acting. They are, however, determined to serve me with it; as to have effect, it must be in my hands before the

29th of May; so much for their side of the question. On the other hand, I strongly suspect their mode of proceeding is altogether illegal. I forgot to mention that Major Douglas procured two papers from Captain Smith, and took a copy of each, which are now in my possession; they consist of prayer of bill and order, of Walsh and others. The contents of the first you, of course, are acquainted with; second is an order obtained from the Master of the Rolls, in Dublin, to oblige us, viz.—Mrs. Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Franco, and myself, to appear in Dublin by October next, to answer as defendants. I am, therefore, as yet, in doubt how to act.

Major Douglas, however, has written to a friend of his, a lawyer in Calcutta, for advice, when I shall be able to see my way more clearly; at present my idea is, that I should set their proceedings at defiance—the fact of minority, and having a guardian in my father at home, would, I think, justify me in so doing. However, as I know that want of experience precludes my daring to form any judgment in such matters, I must spend my time in conjecturing.

And now, my dear Helena, will you believe that the very last letter received from you is dated the same day and month as this that I am now writing—one long year and only one letter, ought I not to feel anxious. I am often tempted to tax you with neglect, but that cannot be, and I as often reassure myself by attributing the detention of letters to the mishaps of a long sea voyage. Hope, however, carries me on from day to day, until though long deferred, it finally fulfils the expectation of its dependent. I console myself, therefore, with a certainty of hearing from you, however distant that certainty may prove. The death of grandmama has excited a blaze that may involve in ruin the little fortunes of more than one individual, *fanned*, as it will certainly be, by the exertions of that great *family agitator*, L. H. T——s, and his able pupil

and son. The Walshes under such tuition are quite alive to their own interests, as I see that in their petition before the Court they speculate that the money arising from the sale of the N—— property, is to be burdened with the whole costs of the suit. I see also that Mrs. E. W—— considers herself entitled to Caroline's portion, to yours and Harriet's detriment. I earnestly hope, for your sakes, that their purposes may prove unsuccessful; but I greatly fear that the result of all these disputes will be, the bestowal of a shell to each disputant, while the oyster falls to the share of the wily *go between*. However, in this case there is no help for it, we are to become the victims *per force*—aggression calls for defence, though entailing a large amount of loss; and the chance of preserving a little, by activity is preferable to losing the whole by inactivity.

As I sit looking out from my room on the scene around, I fancy the contrast it must bear to that of sweet Magheracloone; at the same season, there, now all is in bloom; nature appears in greatest loveliness—every animated creature seems with ecstacy to be enjoying its short-lived existence, and all is happiness and joy around. Here nature is blighted and parched; languor and exhaustion reigns on all sides, and life seems for ever prostrated under the prevailing influence of that tyrant, Sol; however, he will soon have run his course of distinction, and the country will again be clothed in its former cheerful and pleasing aspect. The present year will prove a momentous period to you—and as it has begun in doubt and annoyance, may it close with comfort and satisfaction.

With me there is no local occurrence likely to affect. I, like my companions, must be contented to jog on quietly; and should I ever feel uneasy, it is only when my thoughts turn towards your present difficulties. I also could fill pages with questions, were I sure of answers to all of them. You make no mention of friends in London,

but I suppose the probability of never seeing them again, has driven the recollection of them from your mind. Of your friend in this country I have latterly heard nothing; she is still at Simla; her father is at Bombay with General Fane. Of Mrs. F. Francos, &c. &c. I know nothing. One of George Thomas's children died a few days ago at Sangor—but this is no interest to you. The monotony of our situation here never relaxes. We have had Lieutenant B—— here some time; his marriage with Miss J—— has been broken off; and since his arrival in Calcutta he engaged himself to a Miss M——, daughter to some gentleman of that name, and the match was to have taken place in the ensuing month. A few days ago, however, a letter informed him of her unexpected death; so that he is thus again released from what he is perhaps destined never to consummate;—enough of him. I would not have said so much of him, only that I knew you were interested for Miss J——. I must not omit to give you some intelligence which has just reached us, and which may change our destinies.

The death of the great chief, Rungeet Sing—this occurrence may entail a succession of difficulties upon our Governor-General; additional troops will be required to march against and take possession of Oude and Lahore. It is an immense extent of country, the numerous chiefs, of which, restrained in subjection by the power and iron rule of Rungeet, have only been awaiting the favorable moment of his death to seek in rebellion their own aggrandisement. In short, there will be a general conflagration—what the result will be it is difficult to foresee. The present resources of John Company are certainly not adequate to the coming crisis. However, things are not so bad as in Lord Clive's time, and there are still the same *noble hearts*, the same *calm endurance*, and the same intrepidity as existed in his difficulties.

When I contemplate the nature of this country, my astonishment at victories achieved over armies of fifty and sixty thousand men, by small bodies of four and five thousand, begins to lessen; however lapse of years have made them wiser, and conquest now may prove more difficult.

I long to know what you have been doing all this time; where stationed—where wandering. By the bye, you are of age—your own mistress—a fruitless attainment. However, I expected to hear that you had lost, what other young ladies contrive to lose, and regain at least two or three times in the space of time—I mean your heart. I too have no dignified sister in the family to whom I must look with awe and respect. I think I will throw myself away in sheer vexation. I contrive to be as comfortable and happy as a determination to be so can make one; and the only diminution of this feeling is caused by the being in entire ignorance of the situation of those who must always exert an influence over my happiness and enjoyments. Write me long letters; never mind about generalities. Give me all the minutæ of your life. It is only by pondering on those that I can actually feel myself among you, and thus, for a time, escape from the thought that it may be long, very long, before I shall be really present with you; indeed, that long may prove never. I expect a letter from the governor by the next Overland, which will arrive here about the beginning of June. Of course it cannot be otherwise than all I wish.

Have you nothing to tell about L——? I have received no more letters from him. I hope he is getting on well. I have not entirely given up the hope of seeing one of the boys out here: the time of provision is now at hand, as they are fast progressing towards manhood. I anxiously expect a letter from Harriet. I have nothing of interest to communicate at present. We live a sort of prison life, but in a short time the rains set in, when we shall throw

open doors and windows, and enjoy a little more freedom of action. Could you but transport yourself here for one moment, you would be overwhelmed with astonishment at the habits and manners of this country, so different from your own. However, I must bid you adieu, with my best love to Harriet, the governor, and the boys.

Believe me, my dearest Helena,

Your ever most affectionate Brother,

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

MISCELLANEOUS SCRAPS.

Not to feel misfortunes is not the part of a mortal; but not to bear them is unbecoming a man. Friends are all very true, when nothing is required of them beyond friendship; but when you come to rely on them they bend and totter, and ill brook supporting you.

I never regarded the character of a mere linguist with any admiration. Butler has hit it off with great spirit.—He that has many languages to express his thoughts, and has none worth expressing, *he* compares to one that can write all hands, but never the better sense; or that can cast any sum of money, but has none.

Correct opinions, well established on any subject, are the best preservatives against the seductions of error. He only is rich in friends, who calculates them by their worth, and not by their number.

Well arranged time is the surest mark of a well arranged mind.

THE RULE OF ACTION.

In silence mind what ills deform thy mind,
But all thy good impart to all thy kind.

THE WORTH OF LIFE.

A happy lot must sure be his
The lord, not slave of things;
Who values life by what it is,
And not by what it brings.

What you have once wisely proposed, stick to as a law not to be violated, without guilt, and mind not what others say of you.

Fix your character, and keep to it, whether alone or in company.

Remember it is not he who reviles and assaults you that injures you, but your thinking that he has injured you.

Things themselves cannot affect the mind, for they have no entrance into it to turn and move it; it is the mind alone that turns and moves itself.

It is an eminent *piece* of humanity, and a manifest token of a nature truly generous, to put up with the affronts of an enemy, at a time when you have a fair opportunity to revenge.

The rights of states, applicable to every case of contest with foreign powers, are created and limited by the necessity of preserving the public safety; this necessity is the foundation of the reciprocal claims of all nations, to explanations of suspicions, or ambiguous conduct; to reparation for injuries done, and security against injuries intended. In any of these cases, when just satisfaction has been denied, or from the evident nature of circumstances cannot otherwise be obtained, it is the undoubted right of the injured party to resort to arms for the vindication of the public safety; and in such a *conjuncture* the right of the state becomes the duty of the Government, unless some material consideration of the public interest should forbid the attempt.

Imagination is the power by which passion at its height, shakes and overthrows the spirit; but it is the organ also by which feeling carries over the gentlest influences upon the intellectual mind, and diffuses itself through all the finest channels of thought, over the whole complicated and united being.

That all men have weak points in their character, and

that those weak points will lead them sometimes to act in opposition to the impulses of their higher qualities, there can be no doubt.

Pride, which has been said to *save* man and woman too from falling, has a stronger influence on the mind when it embraces the cause of passion, and seldom fails to render it victorious over conscience and reason.

I.

Farewell to wild romance,
 With all its magic train;
 For broken—broken is the trance
 I may not have again.

II.

Oh! 'twas a dazzling dream,
 So bright, it would not last!
 It merged into that rapid stream,
 Which bears away the past.

III.

I wish not to recall,
 Even were it in my power,
 That cabalistic festival
 Which maddened every hour.

IV.

Answer spectral romance!
 What hast thou done for me?
 Thy recollections but enhance
 Thy bitter mockery.

V.

'Twas a malignant star,
 Which glittering high o'er head,
 A pallid and unearthly glare
 On life's dim picture shed!

VI.

So, guided by the light,
 Delusively that shone
 Thro' realms of dreariest, blackest night,
 I wandered darkly on.

VII.

Of happiness in search,
 With nought to show the way ;
 Till truth upreared her flaming torch,
 And turned the night to day.

VIII.

In accents soft and mild,
 She thus addressed mine ear—
 Oh ! cease thine efforts wild,
 To seek enjoyments here.

IX.

'Tis searching after gold,
 And grasping useless ore,
 An apple ruddy to behold,
 With ashes at the core.

X.

Oh ! 'tis a brilliant bubble,
 Men covet to possess ;
 Which, when attained with toil and trouble,
 Is found but emptiness !

XI.

Then, why thus struggle on,
 To waste thy fleeting breath ?
 Ah ! credit me, deluded one !
 There's no romance in death !

XII.

There's no romance beyond
 The shadowy bounds of time ;
 For in eternity is found
 Reality sublime !

Composed by a person at the age of sixteen.

To shew to hide, to seem what we are not,
 Some willing feigners, some constrained by lot;
 (For who would combat naked needs must fail,
 Where others sheath in visor and in mail).
 Lo here of half the virtues which we count,
 The mighty secret and the true amount;
 And feign they might from my poor comment free,
 Myself to criticise—enough for me.
 So each snug nestled in his borrowed skin,
 Would cease to ball forth praise with sturdy din:
 But when false claims, not timorous to discuss,
 All clamour forth for models look on us;
 More silent, since no longer I may nurse,
 And indignation vents the honest verse.

June 22nd, 1839.—

And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power,
 That can resist, if unforgiven,
 The patient search and vigil long,
 Of him who treasures up a wrong.

June 23rd, 1839.—The surest way to try the merits of any disputed notion is, to trace down the consequences such a notion has produced, and compare them with the spirit of Christianity: 'tis the short and decisive rule which our SAVIOUR has left us for these and such like cases, and it is worth a thousand arguments.—“By their fruits ye shall know them.”

June 29th, 1839, Saturday.—

Take of some bitter tree a shoot,
 In Eden's gardens plant the root;
 Let waters from the eternal spring,
 Amidst the boughs their incense fling;
 Tho' bathed and showered with honey's dew
 Its native baseness springs to view;
 After long care and anxious skill,
 The fruit it bears is bitter still.

— *Fisdoust, Persian Poet.*

June 30th, 1839. — Critics are the animalculæ that feed on the bodies of genius.—*Coleridge*.

Consciousness is an act, that of itself tends to put down the passions—these great, if not sole sources, of human wickedness. Let there be an attempt on the part of the mind to study the phenomena of anger, and its attention is thereby transferred from the cause of the affection to the affection itself; and as soon as its thoughts are withdrawn from the cause, the affection (as if deprived of its needful aliment), dies away from the field of observation. There might be heat and indignation enough in the spirit, so long as it broods over the affront by which they have originated; but whenever it proposes, instead of looking outwardly at the injustice, to look inwardly at the consequent irritation, it instantly becomes cool.—*Doctor Chalmers*.

Pleasing, when youth is long expired, to trace
 The forms our pencil or our pen designed;
 Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face,
 Such the soft image of our youthful mind.

LIST OF CLOTHES IN BOX

22 Towels	1 Flannel Jackets.
28 Shirts	2 ditto Drawers.
18 pair of Stockings	11 pair of new Stockings
2 pair of Worsted ditto.	2 Pillow Cases.
4 pair of Silk ditto.	12 Shirt Stocks.
11 Colored Handkerchiefs.	13 Cambric Handkerchiefs

July 1st, 1839.—At last off the sick list, after an illness which has just lasted four months and ten days, I have thus been prevented resuming my journal until this moment, though there is little to remark, and, therefore, poor encouragement to persevere; still there is a kind of satisfaction in keeping up a connection with fleeting time, if only by recording common occurrences; and as I am well aware how much two years have tended to work a change in my whole character, in respect of ideas, feelings, experience, upon which I am daily reflecting—so, in after times, in re-perusing these lines, I shall be able to consider what have been my thoughts and habits in the different stages in life, and thus determine whether my feelings are to be those of pleasure or regret.

Hazerabagh, July 1st, 1839.

My dear Father,—I received your letter, dated February, 1839, by the May Overland, and have delayed answering you until now, as I had written and despatched a letter to you only a day before the receipt of yours. I have, in the meantime, been endeavouring to gather some information regarding my Aunt Maria; the result of my enquiries, however, has not proved very satisfactory: all that I have been able to learn is, that she is still at Meerut, where she lives in retirement. Of the Franco's I know nothing.

Charles T—— has obtained leave of absence to visit Madras, for the purpose of applying for a furlough to Europe, on private affairs. He and George are both far removed from any communication with me, and perhaps fortunately so.

I have only now resumed my regimental duties, after a confinement of more than four months; even yet many

weeks may elapse ere I am restored to my former strength. You will long before this period have received all my former letters, in which is contained every particular as to my goings on here ; so that I must not enter into any superfluous repetitions, except that I am happy and contented—the more so within the last month, from the knowledge that your prospects are at last brightening, though still there is a cloud hovering over, in the vexatious law suit. We have just received news of Melbourne's pretended resignation—the Queen's answer to Peel—his consequent refusal of the office of Prime Minister, and Melbourne's too willing resumption of it. The accounts reach no further than the above, but it is evident that Peel is the *only man* on whom reliance can be placed in the *awful crisis* to which affairs *have arrived*. I expect, *therefore*, to hear of your *promotion in some way*. I received a letter from Harriet, dated October 10th, 1838, and was delighted to hear that she is so much recovered. Should Robert obtain a cadetship, and not yet on his way out, his plan, on arriving at Madras, (if the vessel touches there), would be to despatch a letter from that place to me, as his letter will reach me some days before his own arrival in Calcutta, and in that case I shall be able to direct him how to act in his new sphere. On my arrival in this country I have witnessed the ruin and degradation of many of these cadets ; some, I know, of whom one took the benefit of the Insolvent Act, and was turned out of the service ; another died. The results cannot but be bad, when a number of young cadets are herded together, left entirely to their own control, and *already thinking themselves men of the world*.

I must not forget to mention again, that the difficulty of obtaining a commission in a regiment serving in this country, cannot now be so great, from this fact—that our Paymaster, Captain ——, had only to send his papers to the Horse Guards, when, without any delay, his son

appeared as Ensign without purchase. It is necessary to add, that interest had no influence in this case, as the Captain could boast of none in any quarter.

In answer to the latter part of your letter, I am happy to say that I am not in debt even one farthing; so far from it, that I may be able to save from time to time, how much I cannot determine, expenses here are so uncertain. I am obliged to employ six servants, whereas, in England, one would amply suffice. Then a horse is absolutely indispensable (I live a mile from my daily duties). Walking is out of the question, under a scorching sun, or in rain, that falls not in drops or mere showers, but in floods, deluging the ground in half an hour. One of our ensigns has just arrived here from England: he appears a nice young man. You may perhaps know him, or his family, as they live in Ireland. The name is W——. He is the son of Colonel W——, who lately died.

There are but few officers present with the regiment, which tends to render the place more dull. Harriet's letter tells me they have all been staying in Dublin, for the benefit of the boys. I really hope they have passed their examinations creditably. I think William was more fitting in taste, and in that peculiar talent, for the bar than any other profession, but in a large family, expediency, not taste, must be consulted; however, we ought to have one lawyer at least amongst us. India is the worst place in the world for youth at their outset in life, unless tempered with some share of prudence, and a determined disregard for ridicule, which so often and so fatally perverts the better judgment. I received a letter a few days ago from Mr. W. B——, of Gloucester Place. Its purport was of no great consequence; merely a recommendation of a soldier who had been a clerk of his; if *deserving*, I will obtain promotion for him, and as you will see Mr. B—— in London, the intimation of my design, coming from you,

may perhaps prove gratifying to him. I intend writing to him myself. He also congratulated me on obtaining my lieutenancy, though up to this moment the confirmation of it has not reached this country. I hope no expressions in any of my letters has given rise in your mind to the idea that I have ceased—to maintain the same friendship for Major Douglas which formerly existed; so far from such being the case, that I can assure you it has more and more increased, and if sentiments and actions are proofs of sincerity, I think I have every right to affirm that no circumstance *is ever likely* to occur, sufficiently powerful, to break off or even diminish it. You may recollect that he brought young H—— to a Court-martial, by which the latter was found guilty, though leniently treated. Can you believe this fact: Major Douglas has had in his house for the last six months the daughter of Major H——. The sister of this very officer. A man whom he does not and would not speak to; his conduct has been so unnatural. The one has shown a trait, which, as it is *rare*, is therefore the more to be admired; the other has proved himself bereft of that quality which even the brute creation acknowledges and respects—I mean natural affection. I instance this to show that my partiality has not been produced from mere mutual likeness of opinions, which often change by time and circumstances. I think that a person possessing *solid qualities as above*, have not only a claim to respect and esteem, but that it must be inherent in his nature to cherish those feelings towards another, which have not been the offsprings of whim or caprice.

A calm pervades the fortunes of this country—the object of our operations having been gained; how long this is to last is doubtful. With a handful of men we have accomplished our enterprise; which, had there been a resolute skilful enemy to oppose us, would have proved a task of no little danger and difficulty.

It is consoling to know that there is a fair prospect of providing for William and Robert. It will be a great lightening of the load. Hoping that affairs will continue prosperous, and consequently conduce more to happiness and ease of mind,

I am, my dear Father,

With love and affectionate remembrance to you all,

Your affectionate and ever dutiful Son,

J. S. CUMMING.

P.S.—I hope William and Robert will each write me a long letter.

July 3rd, Wednesday, 1839.—Nothing of interest to occupy the attention. Overland expected daily; ought to have arrived a week ago. Weather is pleasant; neither cold nor hot, though more inclined towards the latter. The rains are very backward this season; it generally rains a little towards evening. Going to dine chez D—— this evening. T.'s to be there. Anticipate a treat; they are such droll people. Rather lazy, so must leave off.

July 6th, Saturday.—Nothing of consequence. Overland daily expected. Delightful weather; have begun to take morning rides—generally a large party of us—four or five gentlemen and three or four ladies. Not paid for my house, but intend doing so soon. Confirmation of my lieutenancy not yet come from England. No letter from sisters since last October, 1838; very vexatious.

Friday, July 12th, 1839.—Overland arrived, but no news. Got a letter from Mr. B——, of Gloucester Place, recommending a soldier of the regiment to my notice. Must see about it. No letter from home; very vexatious. Rains have just set in—very late. Nothing to interest one—all dulness and monotony; however, I do not feel it, having plenty of books to read. Here ends my writing.

Friday, July 19th, 1839.—A second Overland came

on the 17th, two months from England, bringing important news. Ministry out. Peel would take office only on his own terms, which were *just and proper*. The Queen obstinate—he refused. Melbourne and colleagues are in again. This is the full extent of the news. However, Melbourne cannot remain in, having lost the confidence of parliament and people. Received a letter from Harriet, dated October 10th, 1838, but not dispatched until January, 1839. She has been very ill, but now well, that is a consolation; how deeply I have been taught to sympathise with her. William and Robert in college while awaiting their commissions. William noted in February, 1839, by Lord Hill. Robert has some expectation of a cadetship to this country. I congratulate him, while I feel more than regret at the prospect of his coming out here. It is then that I anticipate the commencement of his miseries and sufferings. My congratulation arises from the fact, that he will then be no longer a burden to his family, and his departure will thus tend to increase the comforts of those whom he has left behind. No news—nothing stirring to rouse or amuse one.

Hazerabagh, August 5th, 1839.

My dear Harriet—I received yours dated October 10th, 1838, and January 19th, 1839, on the 22nd of July, which gave me the greatest pleasure from the knowledge that you have at last recovered the principal blessing here, health; I thought *ould Ireland* would still respect one of her daughters. I think since I left England there must have been existing between us a kind of what the mesmerist calls Rapport, by which the sensibilities of one person are affected sympathetically by those of another, at whatever time and distance. We have each suffered from illness at the same period, each are now again tasting the returning

pleasures of health; the fever with which you had been seized, seems to have done more good than otherwise, as is often the case, at least in this country—you can now once more participate in the enjoyment of the drive, and even take your daily walk, with an ardour increased by the feelings of recovered strength and vigour. I am delighted to know that you are so well, and I have only one wish, that of actual not ideal presence; the latter is a poor substitution, though it even proves some consolation. I can fancy you roaming over your domain, or perhaps looking around from one of the hills that encircle Magheracloone, fancying yourself the queen of all you survey. I might do the same here, but I would give the whole that comes within the compass of my glance, for the sight of one solitary acre there. However, this place approaches more to England than any other station in India, and when the time arrives for moving from it, will be a period of regret to us all. I will be exchanging an airy room for a raging furnace; here ten months of enjoyable life, there ten months of a mere existence—this is not exaggerating it, one can form no proper idea of the mode of life in India, without coming to participate in it. I am always up in the morning at five o'clock, either to perform my regimental duties, or to take a long ride in the country, which I never neglect. The hour of retiring to rest is generally ten o'clock, so that you see the active day here is much longer than in England, but many sleep three or four hours in the middle of the day; this habit I have not yet contracted, I do not indeed approve of it; books are my resources in passing the day, and having been some time accustomed to the confinement of the house, I can now never induce myself to go out during the day except in necessity. The letter dated February 1839, which came from the governor, reached me prior to yours dated above. The subpoena business proved a mere fright, but you know I should have

been awkwardly situated with regard to them had it taken effect. Many rumours are floating about of a Burmese war, and of one also with the Nepaulese; look over the map, and you will see how peculiarly we are situated with regard to them: a war with both those powers is ultimately certain, at present very doubtful, notwithstanding reports abroad. John Company has quite enough in the North West to occupy him, however, when that business is off his hands, he will then turn and crush these foes in the opposite quarters, their fate is merely postponed two or three years. I have not given up the hope that you will send the pictures; I am most anxious for them, but I suppose I must not press you at present, as you are engaged upon an interesting subject. Pray do you intend preserving the copy in remembrance of the original; you have raised, not satisfied my curiosity, so much so, that it is very troublesome; first one idea arises, then another, thoughts after thoughts suggest themselves, but in vain, I am just where I began: you at last know how to teach patience, but I am afraid I am a bad scholar, for I assure you I am on the rack for the next letter. I am glad to hear you have *joined an amusement* so congenial to your taste, the harp,—you have then discarded the piano; the latter would be to me a novelty—I never hear it. However, one of our ladies plays and sings delightfully on the guitar, she is the wife of Major —, and as I am frequently *chez-lui*, I have an opportunity of listening; she is a peculiar person, with uncommon talents, though not cultivated: she is a Dutch lady, and when he married her she could not speak, read or write the English language; but now she wonders that she has totally forgotten her own tongue, and is as perfect in that one which was before so strange to her, as if she had been taught it from childhood. You tell me nothing of friends either in Dublin or London; I like to know how the distant world are getting on; I received a letter Overland from Mr. B—— but he gives

no London news. I am glad to tell you that the present society (I mean that immediate society among the officers) forms a pleasing contrast to that which existed in Chinsura, and which you may recollect I described many months ago. The bad spirits no longer disturb the peace of the corps, some having gone to England and the rest finding themselves shunned, now only indulge their spleen among themselves. The head of this cabal was a Captain —, it is enough to say of him, that if I was inclined to employ any, even the strongest expressions, in illustration of his conduct and character, I should be fully justified in doing so; you may perhaps meet him in Dublin, as he is an Irishman. I like — much better than I thought I should, but still I am not intimate with him, I could not be; he is a lively, bustling person, never at a loss in any society, and you know such people generally get on best in the world; the fascinating man, though possessing an ugly exterior, carries away the prize from his rival, who, with more graces of person, has less lively parts; *Mirabeau* was the most hideous of men, yet the most loved,—Swift also.

You never mentioned having met the G—— (I cannot spell the name) so I suppose then the name of relation never escapes your lips, as poor Haynes Bayly says, “you are now forbid to speak, that once familiar word;” such a word is not in my vocabulary. I was reminded of it once on board ship by a lady, who claimed relationship with me through old Mr. C——, of Naples, but she is gone to one quarter, and I to another, and there is an end to it now; the only way is to do as they did in regard to titles in revolutionary France, make new relations in the world by affection and good will,—such after all are the surest. I hope, however, your answer to this will contain subjects for congratulation, as the law suit will be then at rest; you have not told me how you like Dublin and its inhabitants.

Write me a long, a very long letter—to hear of you all is the greatest consolation I have, but I must not complain of not having received letters; you say you received a letter from me dated August 1838, but I wrote many dated before that, which ought to have reached you; the Overland will arrive in a few days, by which I expect to hear from the governor in answer to my letter- dated November 1838. I have little news to give you from the midst of this wilderness; pray lose no time in enlivening this solitude. I have little else to think of, but of you all. If you should have any pretty pieces of music, old not new, and do not want them, they would be very acceptable; you might send them with the pictures, such things are scarce here. I think I must bid adieu for the present; I *enclose* my best love to yourself and Helena, governor and boys, and believe me, my dearest Harriet, with constant anxiety for your welfare and happiness,

Your ever most affectionate Brother,

J. S. CUMMING.

An exile in the land of Idolaters.

August 9th, 1839.—Nothing worth noting. Overland expected in every day, which I suppose will bring the confirmation of my lieutenancy. I have this day paid *for my house*, the agreed sum of 700 rupees, to Major Stephens, of the 49th regiment.* Received a letter from Harriet, July 23rd, 1839, which I have answered.

August 11th, 1839, Sunday.—Expediency, is the having no standard of right in one's own mind; and consistency, is having a standard never out of sight or pursuit, even when out of reach.

* This payment appears made two months within the stipulated time, and every transaction in which the amiable author appears engaged in, is surrounded with sincerity, purity, simpleness, propriety, and honor. See Messrs. Stephen's, Tronson's, and Olphert's notes in the Appendix.

The arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble mind, and such as dignify our nature, as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune. For nothing can be so unworthy of a well composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations—in snarling and snuffling with every one about us.—*Burke's Letter to Barry, the Painter.*

August 19th, 1839, Saturday.—Half the misery in this life originates in its falsehood. We conceal our thoughts and our feelings, till even to ourselves they become confused, and half our time is spent in fretting, and feverish attempts to disentangle the webs we have woven; and the strange thing is, that all this dissimulation is unnecessary. We should have done far better without it.

August 30th, 1839, Friday.—The readiest mode to corrupt a Christian man is, to bestow upon vice the pity and praise which are due only to virtue. It is by giving fair names to foul actions, that those who would start at real vice, are led to practise its lessons under the disguise of virtue.—*Walter Scott.*

Hazerabagh, September 12th, 1839.

My dear Helen—Yours, dated February, 1839, reached me on the 23rd August. I have been long in expectation of hearing from you, but knowing the necessity for a restrained correspondence heretofore, I had, perforce, learned to temper my impatience. It has, perhaps, its reward; for when a letter does arrive, the pleasure it affords seems, somehow, proportionally greater. You will have seen ere this, in the papers, the notification of Indian achievements

against the Affghans; and you will also see, that while other regiments have had their share in what little glory there was, we, the 9th, have remained calm, but anxious, spectators of the scene of contest. But do you know, I scarcely regret our not having gone with the expedition; their achievements have not been very brilliant. With the exception of the capture of Ghuznee—that, indeed, was a bold and daring act, and, very fortunately, happened to succeed. The happy results accruing from it have been enormous, in the moral effect it has had on the minds of the enemy. So much has it increased the terror of the British arms, that, that one success alone has decided the campaign, and we are in possession of all we could desire.

You mention William's name being down for purchase—that is fortunate; and I do not see what great expectations he can have in view, that he should be disposed to regret this opportunity of providing for himself, when it shall present itself. Age is a matter of no consideration—at least not in India—where promotion is rapid.

In entering upon a military life, it is an advantage, as it is supposed, to be attended with some slight share of experience: but here high flown notions soon temper down to more sober ideas; so I advise him, in place of despairing, to rejoice at his good fortune; but I suppose I may rather “preach” to the storm, and reason with despair; at all events, tell him I am in hopes of seeing him out with me yet.

September 29th, 1839.—The Overland reached this place a few days ago, by which I expected a letter from the governor, but am disappointed. I see my name in the Gazette is confirmed at home. I have been fortunate, but the next ensign is still more so. He has only been in the regiment a year, and has already obtained his promotion by another death (of Lieutenant Sanders), who died on his passage home on sick leave.

The mortality among the officers of this corps has been extremely melancholy—a reflection that we are in this world but as pilgrims, ignorant to what limit our sojourn in it may be adjudged. Even in the short space of two years, how many well known, and some esteemed faces, do I miss; but I must stop, or I shall be infecting you with melancholy ideas, when I should endeavour my all, to raise those of pleasure and satisfaction. One of our ensigns (Mac Leod), has arrived in Calcutta. He danced with you at a ball in Dublin. I shall, therefore, obtain some information of you from him. You did not even mention him in your last. I am delighted to know, from your letter, that you are not altogether condemned to solitude and monotony, but that you have had opportunities of joining in Dublin gaieties. Dora M—— I recollect well, but thought her an awkward girl; but at that time you know I had no right to judge. These first impressions and first appearances were generally more lasting, though more erroneous; however, as you appear to be greatly charmed with her, I presume she cannot be otherwise than a delightful companion. By the bye, William must take care of his heart: he is coming of age, and may be ambitious of signalling his freedom from thralldom, by some worthy act, and aspiring in all things else, he may be aspiring in this also; but he would, in my opinion, be merely changing his yoke of servitude (the last perhaps the most burdensome, certainly in his situation). My dearest Helen, do not laugh at me for thus bounding off from one subject to another, in disregard to all connection; but my only excuse is, that I write to you the thoughts that come uppermost, well knowing that you are better pleased with ideas genuine, though roughly expressed. You mention Harriet's having declared her intention of coming out: * of course, in joke. She would repent it; and I question whether every young lady who has subjected herself to the experiment,

* This she has carried into effect, as she is now in Bengal.

has not had cause to regret the trial. What does Louisa M—— say? I am persuaded, ere this, she must have given you her opinion; and, no doubt, a favourable one; but then she has had every comfort she could wish for. She felt not the misery of the climate, for she has spent all her time in a remote corner (Simla), as delightful as England; and, therefore, looking at the bright side of the picture, she has been influenced to judge in favor of an Indian voyage and of life. Indian hospitality, in its sense, some years ago, is now obsolete. I ought, I think, just to allow you a peep at my domestic affairs. Well, here I am, sitting on a sofa, writing this to you—in a house built in the form of a cone: thatched and tiled, with a large verandah in front, in which I walk for exercise. When tired of remaining in the house—walking elsewhere being out of the question, on account of the too great regard which the sun is apt to evince. This house is situated in what I shall call a small park*—*all my own*—tastefully adorned with a few tropical trees, shrubberies, &c. &c. &c. I have, moreover, a large garden—the best in the station—supplying roses, and all kinds of delightful flowers: fruit trees in abundance, and different sorts of vegetables; so that I have many opportunities of ingratiating myself with the ladies, by frequently presenting them with the productions of the garden. I cannot express to you how I am delighted at the prospect of remaining here three years, after the experience I have had of other stations. I have no wish to go back to them. I have remarked that those faces which were pale and sickly when in Chinsura, have, in this genial climate, acquired fine blooming, healthy tints. I feel the change, although I have not yet entirely recovered from the effects of my illness in February,

I am very happy and comfortable here, as far as self is concerned; and whatever uneasiness I feel, arises solely

* This now remains unsold, and useless. This is one of the injuries inflicted on Cabul officers, who are frequently obliged to purchase or build a residence on new stations.

from thinking how you all may be situated; so that you may well judge with what satisfaction I hail the receipt of news from you. I am about to lose my best friend, Major Douglas. He is appointed to a staff situation in Calcutta, where he will remain until he obtains his promotion in the regiment, which I think is not far distant.

Of the Churchill's, I hear nothing; of Mrs. F—— I hear nothing; in short, I hear and know nothing of any of my relations.

Our removal from this station is likely to be to Meerut, (far distant, I hope); and in that case, I shall, of course, see Mrs. F——, my cousin, and her mother.

October 2nd.—I wrote to Mr. B——, of Gloucester Place, a few days ago, in answer to a letter from him. I am glad that I had the power to accomplish the object of his wishes.

You appear to have given up the idea of obtaining a cadetship through his wife's means. In your letter you mention Miss J——. Poor thing! As to Lieut. B——, the opinion of his character which I have been, up to this time, able to form, (*my humble opinion, mind!*) is, that he is a very enthusiastic person in his ideas, though fickle, and volatile, restless, for constant change, and never happy, but in the turmoil of business, amusements, delighted whenever an occasion offers for a show of influence or authority. On the whole, I am inclined to like him better than I supposed possible, from the accounts previously given me of his inclinations, feelings, and principles; but I am told he is much improved from B—— of former days. He is older, and, consequently, more sober, and is not intemperate in his conduct or language, but quite the gentleman. In what concerns the heart or affections, I am not at liberty to speak: I can only say, I would not put him to the test. This is secret and confidential. I shall arraign you if you dare divulge it. I have received an Overland letter from the governor, dated June 3rd, 1839. I had

already written to him. His communication has given me the greatest satisfaction, from the favourable view in which it represents all your prospects and interests. *O sacra fames!* You, no doubt, understand that. What will not people do for the possession of money?—stifle their best affections, close their ears to the dictates of justice and honor, and are even willing to eternally subject themselves to the galling whispers and reproaches of that ever-present monitor in their own bosoms, *conscience*. So they have been defeated; but I presume that they are not yet determined to *give up* their project, while they have so able an abettor in F. T.

I will rigidly adhere to your injunctions. Believe me, your ideas as to a certain event, more immediately important to myself, *I fully appreciate*. Society here is not extensive, but sociability among ourselves has much improved. You may recollect my account of it in Chinsura—there lamentable. We have now become what we ought ever to have been—not that the seeds which were sown do not *still* remain: their growth only has been checked by the stern discountenance of the older officers, I should say, of some of the older officers. Should, however, these seeds give appearances of revigoration, which there is too much cause to apprehend, (two of our best and oldest captains being on the eve of departure, Major Douglas and Captain Hammill), I have learned so to regulate my conduct that I am in no fear of involvement in whatever may occur. I have already witnessed too much evil from the indulgence of temper, not to be convinced that a strict command over the passions and prejudices, is the only mode to insure peace and happiness to the individual, while it confers on him a claim to the respect and esteem of those with whom he is associated. I forgot to mention that a duel took place on our march from Chinsura. Young—the hero of the court-martial, was a principal, with a Mr.

R——, an ensign, who died here last January. The latter knocked down the former, the result of which was, that three successive shots passed between them, without, however, any injury to either. There the business ended; but this serves to shew you the inveterate hatred, at least of one of the party. Another duel took place a short time ago, but it was amicably settled. However, a man who chooses, can easily go through the vicissitudes of life, and still avoid subjecting himself to the above ordeals.

I must finish now, or I think I could thus talk, through the medium of fingers, until—when? until the bugle shall sound to-morrow morning at five o'clock, and rouse me from this delightful *tête-a-tête*. Love and dearest remembrance to Harriet, yourself, and the boys, affectionate remembrance to my father, happiness, and better prospects to all.

Your most affectionate brother,

J. S. CUMMING.

October 7th, 1839, Monday.—

L'absence est la mort mais la

Memorie, c'est l'immortalité.—*a good motto.*

Moulded by her, her son to manhood grown,

She now can claim his vices as her own.

October 23rd, 1839, Wednesday.—It is not by corporeal wants and infirmities only that men of the most distinguished talents are levelled, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind.—*Old Mortality.*

October 23rd, 1839—There are periods of mental agitation when the firmest of mortals must be ranked with the weakest of his brethren, and when, in paying the general tax of humanity, his distresses are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in the indulgence of his grief,

the rules of religion and philosophy, by which he endeavours in general to regulate his passions and his actions.—~~On~~ *Mortality.*

November 20th, Wednesday.—Douglas left this for Calcutta. I have lost a friend. May he be happy and comfortable where he is going. *I fear I have seen him for the last time.**

November 24th, 1839—*Influence of Attention.*—Attention is very much influenced by habit, and connected with this subject there are some facts of much interest. There is a remarkable law of the system, by which actions, at first requiring much attention, are, after frequent repetition, performed with a much less degree of it, or without the mind being conscious of any effort. This is exemplified in various processes of daily occurrence, as reading and writing, but most remarkably in music. Musical performance at first requires the closest attention; but the effort becomes constantly less, until it is often not perceived at all; and a lady may be seen running over a piece of music on the piano, and at the same time talking on another subject.

We see the same principle exemplified in the rapidity with which an expert arithmetician can sum a long column of figures, without being conscious of the individual combinations.

It is illustrated in another manner by the feat of jugglers; the deception produced by which depends upon their performing a certain number of motions with such rapidity, that the attention of the spectators does not follow all the combinations.

In teaching such arts as music or arithmetic, this principle is also illustrated; for the most expert arithmetician or performer is not necessarily, and perhaps not generally, the best teacher of the art; but he who with a competent knowledge of it, directs his attention to the individual minute combinations, through which it is necessary for the learner

* This prophetic apprehension was realized.

to advance.—*Abercrombie on Intellectual Powers, Sensation, and Perception.*

The reception of facts upon the evidence of testimony, must be considered as a fundamental principle of our nature, to be acted upon whenever we are satisfied that the testimony possesses certain characters of credibility—Testimony.—*Abercrombie's Testimony*, page 92—93.

Thus, if we find a man, who in other respects shows every indication of a sound mind, relating an event which happened under his own inspection, and in such circumstances that he could not possibly be deceived, if his statement be such as contributes in no respect to his credit or advantage, but on the contrary exposes him to ridicule, contempt and persecution; if, notwithstanding he steadily perseveres in it under every species of persecution, and even to the suffering of death, to suppose such a testimony intended to deceive, would be to assume a deviation from the established course of human character, as remarkable as any event which it could possibly convey to us. This might be maintained with regard to one such testimony, but when we find numerous witnesses agreeing in the same testimony, all equally informed of the facts, all shewing the same characters of credibility, and without the possibility of concert or connivance, the evidence becomes not convincing only, but incontrovertible.

March 22nd, 1840, Sunday.—I must not allow my conscience to accuse me of a failing in resolution, nor shall the fearful lapse of time from the last date of my journal, deter me by showing its fruitlessness, from resuming it. I cannot now recall to mind the real cause of this awful interval, but to guess is not so difficult; laziness, or something else as bad, must have been the cause; a fault, a vice, I call it, which I am fully conscious I ought at all times strenuously to exert myself to resist. December is now a blank month, January and February little better, though I

kept some account of them, they were spent in marching from Hazerabagh to Agra. We received a sudden and unexpected order in December, and in consequence the regiment is now at Agra; the regiment marched in on Friday the 6th of March. I took a house conjointly with Ensign Layard, as long as the regiment should remain, removed in and was getting settled, when on the 13th I saw myself in orders to proceed and relieve Lieut. Elmhirst, in charge of the sick and women of the regiment, on their way, by water, to Agra. I started in a boat down the Jumna on Sunday the 15th, and here I am now alone, and with the prospect of being so, at least for the next three days. I am at present some miles below the confluence of the Jumna and Chumbul Rivers. I hope to find the party at Calpee, when I shall take charge of it; and Elmhirst cuts across to Cawnpore, to join Sir E. Williams, to whom he is appointed aid-de-camp. I shall experience much trouble in command of the party, but that I must expect; I can never, and no one should think it possible or expect, to learn my professional duties, without much trouble, and much attention, and consequently, as a principle of acting, this is the best, and one which I am determined to follow; to cheerfully perform whatever, others think necessary to direct me (to a certain extent of course); to refrain from expressing any feelings of *disapprobation*, particularly in public; to show and to feel on all occasions, an honest zeal in *professional* pursuits, despite the sneers and ridicule of some, who may be unavoidable companions; the general laxity of others you must never allow as an excuse or an example to yourself; not the power of numbers of a community, but a principle of right, of honesty, still more conscience, is the truest, the best, the never failing director and adviser; by acting according to its suggestions, a feeling of satisfaction ensues, which is present under all circumstances, and gives a peace and quiet to the mind, more lasting and consoling than all the praises and good

wishes that man can or is willing to bestow; the one is durable, the other may, and often it does, change even to the reverse.

Monday, March 23rd.—Contrary to my most sanguine expectations, I have met the detachment of sick and women about the Ghaut, which leads to Secundra; Elmhirst halted the party, in order to give over to me the charge. I have arranged everything connected with the party entirely to my satisfaction, and I now anticipate little trouble.

It is extraordinary that Elmhirst has received no official notice of his appointment, nor of his being about to be released by me; and, indeed, the first intimation of it was a verbal one from myself. Taylor did not write to him, and he is now going to Cawnpore on his own responsibility, resting on the authority which I bore, which was but verbal. Taylor is evidently vexed at the conduct of Sir E. W——, who has neglected to write to him about Elmhirst's appointment, which he ought, in mere courtesy, have done; but still, this should never have interfered with the regimental duties.

Agra, May 7th, 1840.

My dear Father—I received your Overland letter containing the “power of attorney” on the 25th of April. For the last three months and a half, from the 1st of January until a few days before the receipt of your letter, I have been what I call on my travels, and have in the way of duty seen more of this part of the world than I had ever anticipated. I am now, and most of my companions, beginning to experience the more practical part of a “soldier's life;” to feel all its stern realities, its advantages and disadvantages, bringing a sober conviction, that ease and comfort should not be expected or thought of for a moment, and that contentment in a soldier, under whatever circumstances or privations, is a *real blessing* which none can so much feel as its possessor.

The regiment started on a sudden order from Hazerabagh, and entered the celebrated city of "Agra" March 6th, so that we had more than two months' of incessant marching; the tales of eastern splendour are indeed but tales. I have gone to view and admire those monuments of princely magnificence, famed in history, and talked of in the present day, but generally have seen nothing but ground covered with bricks, or perhaps one or two small buildings, called mosques; there is nothing to give one an idea of the vaunted splendour of the east, with indeed one grand exception, an immense building in this place, built entirely of marble, inlaid in many parts with gold; it is called the Jaj, and was erected by Shah Jehan, then emperor, to the memory of his best beloved; his grief and despair for her death was such, that he resolved to transmit her memory to posterity by building a monument, which surpasses in grandeur and execution anything that ever had been or could be conceived. I believe it has surpassed description. It is indeed indescribable, ages have had no effect upon it, it stands as fresh and perfect, as if but the erection of yesterday. Every vestige of the despot rulers of this country is swept away; one record alone remains, and that as if in mere mockery of their deeds, resigns them to oblivion, and tells only of the virtues and fate of an aspiring woman.

On arrival in Agra, I had in a few days procured a house, and made arrangements for the rest of our stay here, when I received an order to go down the river Jumna, and take command of the detachment of our regiment, which was slowly proceeding up the river under the command of Lieut. Elmhirst. Accordingly I was soon on the move again. Started down the Jumna, and brought back the detachment in a month's time.

Thus far I have seen something of the country. The

people of that part through which I passed are ignorant and savage, most of them never having seen an Englishman before. I consequently had a great deal of trouble with them in procuring supplies for the people under my charge. Conceive a party of nearly a hundred, men, women and children on this river, (so closely packed in boats that I am surprised they had so little sickness), proceeding at the rate of twenty miles a day, each boat drawn against the stream by eight or ten men, the heat at this time averaging 90 degrees; in my own boat the thermometer rose to 105 degrees. But the doctor, my only companion, and I, made ourselves quite at home in this wilderness, and roughed it upon whatever could be procured from the savages. Agra is, I should think, a nice station. At present the intense heat of a perpendicular sun, and the fiery winds, render it impossible to appear out of the house; inside it is tolerable. Tattleis, kept wet, cool the air within the rooms, and so we exist.

There is every probability of our going to "Cabul" next October; forces are required there, and the 9th are disposable. I hope it.

I am delighted to hear that affairs at home are at last beginning to run more smoothly, and that there is a good prospect for William in the 9th. By all means, if gazetted into another corps, an exchange could easily be managed. In the event of success, and arrival in Calcutta, his first duty will be to report himself to Major Douglas, major of brigade in the foot; let him mention his name only, and I know Major D—— will insist upon his making his house his home, and will give him every instruction and advice. I am however anticipating; though Major D—— and I am separated, still we regularly correspond, and from the aspect of things in the regiment, I think it not unlikely that he may succeed to the command. You

mention Mrs. M——. She has gone home with her husband, and is by this time in England. Mrs. C—— is, I believe, in Calcutta. I have heard little of them.

I unexpectedly met one of the sons of Sir Wm. O——, whom you knew at Boulogne. He was at that time a boy, and is now an ensign in a native regiment here; he has only been two months in the country. You wish to know whether, in the event of your coming out, India would agree with you. It is altogether unsuitable for a person of active habits, confinement to the house being absolutely necessary for the nine months in the year. At from eighteen to twenty-five years it is considered the most tolerable period for coming out to India, as at that age the habits and constitution are not fully formed, but that they may admit of change. Expenses are great. Servants are a constant source of annoyance; one is wholly dependent upon them. Force and fear only compels those people to serve—gratitude and affection are unknown among them. No confidence is to be placed in any one individual. For money they will sell anything; their conversation, from morning until night, is of money, and I have heard a respectable native say, that a *man's worldly wealth* can be esteemed by his personal appearance,—if thin, he is poor; if fat and good humoured, he is rich or getting rich. They think it justifiable to cheat and rob an European at every opportunity, detection never shames or deters them. I do not think this country would agree with you, (I mean Bengal), it requires a total change of habits.

I am now within a short distance of aunt F——. She has not taken the slightest notice of me. There is a probability of our removing to Meerut at the end of the rains, and then I shall be in the same station with her. I am living with a brother officer, (L—— by name), we have a large house between us. Houses are at so high a rent here that the single men are obliged to live together by twos and threes. This part differs much from Bengal; the

latter is damp, covering every thing with mould, and consequently very unhealthy, the former is extremely dry and healthy.

This is an immense station, and in the cooler months there is much gaiety.

There is a Miss Reed here, but I have not yet seen her to learn whether she knew Harriet and Helena. I will take means to effect what you desire relating to making a will; the power is enclosed.

I have already told you how I am situated. I can manage to save something every month, (though for the last three months my expenses have been double), and if I had not been laying up for a rainy day, I might now, like others, have found myself in debt. When ordered on any detached duty, (such as mine down the river Jumna), you are expected to provide yourself with all necessaries without delay; your means are never considered; in some cases you are allowed certain sums to defray expenses incurred, but these are not given until perhaps some months have elapsed, and then they are generally inadequate to your expenditure.

I am very anxious to see William's name in the Gazette. It is a long time since I have received a letter, and I am in daily expectation of one. Love to Harriet, Helena, and the boys.

Believe me my dear Father,

Your ever affectionate Son,

J. S. CUMMING.

May 19th, 1840.—

I.

To sit on rocks to muse o'er flood and fell,

To slowly trace the forests shady scene,

Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,

And mortal's foot hath ne'er or rarely been.

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen

With the wild flock, that ne'er needs a fold,

Alone, o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean.

This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold

Converse with nature's charms, and view her charms un-
rolled.

II.

But midst the . . . , the hum, the shock of men,

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along the world's tired denizen,

With none who bless, none whom we can bless.

Minions of splendour shrinking from distress ;

None that with kindred consciousness endued.

If we were not, would seem to smile the less

Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued.

This is to be alone,—this is solitude !

—*Byron's Childe Harold. Canto 2nd.*

From the wreck of the past which has perished,

This much I at least may recall.

It hath taught me that what I most cherished,

Deserved to be dearest of all.

In the desert a fountain is springing,

In the wide waste there still is a tree,

And a bird in the solitude singing,

Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

—*Byron to a Sister.*

Agra, May 23rd, 1840.--- A youth who has spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man, but by philosophical information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise, utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence,---blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone. He first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim that all mankind are virtuous, or vicious in excess, and he has been long taught to detest vice, and love virtue ; warm therefore in attachments, and steadfast in enmity, he treats every creature as friend or foe, expects from those he loves unerring integrity, and

consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds, and here begin his disappointments. Upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives that he should have moderated his friendships, and softened his severities, for he often finds the excellencies of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failings—none so infamous, but has somewhat to attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters. He now, therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent—that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendships with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even with the wicked; every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken, if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect, more than retaliate the injury. At length therefore he is obliged to confess that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.—*Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.*

Agra, July, 1840.

My dearest Helen,—I received a short time ago two letters from you, one by ship, the other Overland, dated Christmas night, and March 29th respectively, and according to your promise anxiously expected to hear by the last Overland. Now that the Overland conveyance has contracted the distance between us, and that postage in England has been at the same time lessened to a penny rate, I propose writing always by this channel. You will have read ere this of our having been again on the wing. We are at present taking a short rest at Agra—the far famed “Agra,”—and I doubt not that the ensuing cold season will be spent in marching; it is said towards Cabul.

Glance your eye over the map, direct it to Calcutta, thence to Agra, and from that place to Cabul, and you will be aware of the immense extent of country we shall have traversed. We meet with different characteristics in the inhabitants the higher we go. One thing I observe, however, that a spirit of low cunning and selfishness is universal and inherent; I have not discovered one single exception. You little thought that at the very time of your writing to advise change of air, I, with the regiment, had been in the progress of doing so. Now that the time of my illness is past, I may as well tell you that it was in serious contemplation with the doctor to send me home to England for the restoration of my health. Some endeavoured to persuade me of the necessity of it; however, I myself thought that great care and regularity would effect every thing, and I am consequently quite well again.

I am now more than eight hundred miles from Calcutta, all modes of communication are immensely expensive, and indeed, I may say, we are removed to another part of the world; you can form no conception of this country, it has no society, every one is too much taken up with his own little interests, to care much about others; but places always changing the inhabitants cannot have any society, to this Calcutta is the only exception in India.

It would be a source of the utmost happiness to me, in having my own dear sisters near me, but I fear it might be short lived, for a month or two hence I may be making preparations for a march into a wilderness, my all packed on the back of a camel, and not daring to cast a look behind, with the feeling that we are to be in a manner shut out from the world to live among savages, creatures bereft of everything human, but the mere form of man; the married officers of course look at the prospect with proper resignation, as for myself I like the idea of such a trip.

We have had no active service as yet, and I naturally³ am averse to remaining idle.

A roving people (called Belochees) are very troublesome in cutting off detachments of our troops, and the 9th regiment may be ordered to subdue them. I have no right to claim the name of soldier yet; I am such but in theory, the best is practice. By the bye tell Mrs. Grady (who is she?) that now that I have a prospect of seeing the Himalay's, I shall be able to procure, though not a living, a stuffed turkey; as to your allusion to marriage, I reply I have seen enough to enable me to make a determination not to *commit* myself; a *subaltern* cannot support an establishment; I am sure a married life *with sufficiencies* is, in this country, preferable, but for a subaltern, situated as he is, it must be occasionally actual misery and constant anxiety; now, if after this I should be found guilty, you have full right to scold me: however, as I wish *tomentare sospetto*, I must remind you that the little god is generally so rapid in fixing with his arrows, little time is reserved for reflection.

I have read Harriet's letter, and I think on its contents; still afflicted with lameness—I had flattered myself with her total recovery, but I still live in hopes. I will write to her by the next Overland, in the interim will attend to her wishes;—your strictures on loyalty I will digest, remarking that I am ever honest and true. I leave you, my dearest Helen, to your own confidence in me, to believe how deeply and how sincerely I can enter into and reciprocate those ever to be cherished feelings expressed in your last letter. I have seen the hollowness of those around me, and my appreciation of it teaches me ever to fix a steady regard upon those objects of affection, though far distant, with this firm and buoyant conviction, that in them *I shall never be disappointed*. Being the brother of

such sisters is my proudest boast, my most elevated feeling; through them I learned to respect myself, through them I have avoided running with the stream, and the thought of them *shall still keep* me unchanged.

Mrs. M—— (L——) has left Bombay for England. C—— is ill in Calcutta, he intends starting for Bombay and thence for England; Mrs. C—— accompanies him, she cannot stay away from her daughter. I have heard nothing of aunt F——, I am in the way of hearing soon. Powel T—— has obtained the adjutancy of his corps; I am not likely to meet with him. I believe I have no other relations in this part of the world. I fancied there might be a chance of William's getting his ensigncy, and accordingly was all anxiety for the arrival of the May mail, but I am disappointed; however I do not anticipate seeing him in the Gazette until the end of the year. A cadetship I suppose is expected for Robert; on his way out he should endeavour to make himself master of the elements of the Hindostany language; should he not possess books of his own, others on board ship would willingly lend him theirs. In the Company's service an acquaintance with the language is the ladder to every preferment; it is absolutely necessary to know a smattering of it to explain one's wants and wishes; but *it is the strict duty* of all officers who (as in the Company's army) are in command of native soldiers, to make themselves capable of explaining all orders. Should either or both be coming out, they will meet with a steady friend and adviser in Major Douglas, who is at present in an official post in Calcutta. I earnestly caution them against exposure to the sun at any time, the example of others should not induce them. I have witnessed many and many daily exposing themselves, but they have since suffered for their fool-hardiness and temerity. You do not mention a word of Mr. B——. The governor mentioned him briefly. There is a protégé of his in the regiment whom he has placed under my protection, and whom I

hope to see soon promoted, as he is behaving himself well; tell this to Mr. B——.

We are likely to see great changes in the 9th regiment ere long. Many of our higher officers are old, and perhaps unfit for any arduous expedition, and, in consequence, are aware of the necessity of returning to England. The Identicals will leave Agra soon, with I believe the determination of selling out. I have no local accounts—all here is “hum drum” monotony. There is a Miss R—— here. Did you know her? She is a tall large person.

Your account of Father Mathew's doings is astonishing; * the bubble I suppose will burst after a time, and give rise to something else, as has *always been the case in poor dear Ireland*. Your castle balls resemble those given here. Your account amused me much. I went to the Lieutenant Governor's, (a person, in these provinces, resembling the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), a few days ago. It was but a dinner and evening party; and, as an exception, was the most agreeable I have enjoyed since leaving England. Do you hear or see nothing of E—— S——? I suppose you are at daggers drawn—it is indeed melancholy. I give you no description of this country as yet, for if I had once commenced, I should not have left room for anything else. The season is approaching, when one can with safety view the country around, and examine the extensive remains of ancient splendour. Write to me by the Overland per Falmouth—it is less expensive on your side of the water, and to me not expensive at all. I find it no hardship, but a delight, in the payment, so write as often as you can, and

* Few of those who knew Ireland and its people well, were “imposed upon by this *novel* movement. Temperance was the ostensible virtue, said to be its object: But it has been for above 2000 years, not only recommended but required, as a duty, by *Him*, who knows all things; and if His *awful* authority failed in *its effect*, what good could ensue from a scheme, enforced by *superstition*, *enslaving the human mind*. *The real object* did not, nor could not, escape those, who watched with a steady, religious eye, the course of events.”

tell William I am not to be put off. I certainly expect at least an answer from him. Robert also appears to have forgotten that his brother James ever existed: he is a great man now I suppose, but surely not too great to subscribe his name to me.

A young gentleman here has been making polite enquiries about the Misses C——'s.

It is Mr. O——y, the boy of Boulogne—now no longer boy. He called upon me the other day. He has only lately arrived in the country.

I am sorry you see nothing delightful in Ireland, and shall be delighted to hear that you are enjoying the pleasures of the continent. I am sure it would benefit Harriet much to take some trip, that would afford a pleasing occupation to the mind.

I long to possess your portraits; however, your last letter forbids me to wish for them for some time to come. I request Harriet not to write, if it causes her the least pain or suffering. I shall be delighted to hear of her through you, my dearest Helen, and I hope good reports from every succeeding letter. Tell her the world is not always deceived; however, direct your letters, Agra, India. Love to the governor and boys, and remember me to all who cares anything about me. The truest affection to Harriet and yourself, my dearest Helena, and

Believe me, ever and ever, your Brother,

J. S. CUMMING.

Agra, August 9th, 1840.—*Infidel Perplexity*.—I am affrighted and confounded with that forlorn condition in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, I foresee on every side dispute, contradiction, and distraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, or what? To what cause do I owe my existence? and to what condition shall I return? I am confounded with these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition

imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness.—*Treatise of Human Nature, by David Hume.*

Presume not in thy conquest over any particular moral infirmity, lest, perchance, thou shouldest relapse under some circumstance of severe trial, and subject thyself to the well-merited scorn and derision of those who love to keep a narrow watch on true actions. The consequence of such a relapse, instead of humbling of natural pride, and redoubling our future vigilance, is too apt to put a stop to all endeavours, to sour our tempers, and to incline us to murmur against the Divine Author of our existence.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power. Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered? I looked, and seeing the gulf of intemperance before me, started and awoke.—*Voyage of Life, Johnson.*

Agra. September 28th, 1840.—

Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see,
That light for ever flying.

Is doubtless very pretty poetry, but very poor philosophy; for myself, and some glimpses of sunshine this fair world has afforded me, fleeting and passing, enough, in all conscience, and yet I am not so ungrateful as to repine at my happiness, because it was not permanent, as I am thankful for those bright hours of "Love's young dream," which, if nothing more, are, at least delightful souvenirs; they form the golden thread in the tangled web of our existence—ever appearing amid the darker surface around, and throwing a fair halo of brilliancy on what, without it, were cold, bleak, and barren. No, no—

The light that lies
In woman's eyes—

were twice as fleeting, as it is ten times more brilliant than

the forked lightning, irradiates the dark gloom within us, for many a long day after it has ceased to shine upon us; as in boyhood, it is the humanizing influence, that tempers the fierce and unruly passions of our nature, so in manhood, it forms the goal to which all our better and higher aspirations tend; telling us there is something more worthy than gold, and a more lofty pinnacle of ambition, than the praise and envy of our fellow men; and we may rest assured that when this feeling dies within us, that all the ideal of life dies with it, and nothing remains, save the dull reality of our daily cares and occupations.—*Lorrequer*.

Agra, October 8th, 1840.—But alas! the delicate and precious links of affection may be eaten away by gradual corrosion, as well as violently sundered, and the rupture so effected, may be equally complete. Oh! remember this; take heed of this, all ye whose hearts are linked together by the holy bonds of nature, love, or friendship; we know too well that offences will come, for it needed not the demonstrative power of Fletcher of Madely, to prove that we are all, nay, every living soul, of woman born, under the ban and curse of fallen nature; but woe unto those who, presuming on their vested rights of affection, wilfully, wantonly, or carelessly irritate the excitable temper, grieve the tender, wound the sensitive, or try the forbearing spirit; woe to those who think it a light matter, provided they fail not in *weightier observances*, to defraud the heart that loves them of its *minor dues*, those small sweet courtesies and tender allowances, and finer sympathies; that like the fairy *maimomia's* magic threads, weave together a train of holier, *but as marvellous* power.

It is not timber, lead, and stone,
The architect requires alone,
To finish a fine building;
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget,
The carving and the gilding.

And woe especially, and above all, to that love, that friendship, that union, whatever it may be, from which truth and confidence are excluded, or not maintained with the whole soul, and given with the whole heart.—*Wilson*.

Oh! how true it is that when those we have adored are gone, when those lips we have loved are sealed in silence, and can no longer speak a pardon for our indiscretions or omissions, we reproach ourselves with inattentions and unkindnesses which, at the time, we then fancied them committed, would perhaps have been matters of indifference or even jest.—November 21st, 1840.

December 2nd, 1840.—

The camel through the dreary waste
Of Arab sands, with ready will,
Plods on in long enduring haste,
And bears his burden patient still.
Though gems and gold his load encloses,
Far o'er the gloomy desert borne,
Amidst the bed all filled with roses,
He asks no guerdon but a thorn.

—*Translation from a Persian Poet, Khodja Wessaud.*

December 3rd, 1840.—

The rock was bleak, and wild, and bare,
Where the sad pine-tree stood alone,
Rooted in dreamy slumber there,
A shroud of ice around him thrown.
He dreamt a stately palm arose,
Far in a distant eastern land,
Immured like him, amidst its snows,
Lone in the desert's burning sand.
Thus loved they, thus together pined,
Their sphere unlike, but like in mind,
And heart to heart may thus reply,
Joined by the power of sympathy.

—*Heine, Sympathy.*

December 19th, 1840.

My dear Harriet—It is very long since I last wrote to you, but I assure you I had intended to have done so before this; however, many were fearful of trusting to the last two or three Overland mails, and would not dispatch any letters—I was one of the number. I believe we have acted rightly, as the last Overland dispatched from this, has not succeeded, I believe, in arriving at its destination; the last from England has been detained at Malta. However, rumour reports all disturbances to be subsiding, and Mehemet Ali to be becoming less warlike every day, so that I think I shall dispatch this under favourable auspices. I have not expected a letter from you, I am sufficiently content to hear of you; I knew from Helena how ill you had been, and ardently do I long to have it in my power to offer you consolation. I am powerless, but I rejoice in cherishing the thought that you possess that, in your own self, which ever gives you comfort, and is ever ready to bear you up under the extremest afflictions.

The 9th regiment is now at Meerut, again on the move, and again settling down. The regiment has been sent here with a view to its co-operating in a grand movement upon the Capital of the Punjaub, should such be deemed necessary. However, I think our services will not be required, and I look forward with pleasure, to remaining two years or so in Meerut; it is a delightful station, the best in India, notwithstanding its great distance from Calcutta. We are fortunate, I, perhaps more than any. Aunt M—— and Cousin E—— are here, and I know and have learned to like them; the former is a very lady-like person, the latter reminds me of my own dear sisters; she is married to a man much older than herself, he is, however, by *no means* old—I like him much. I had not been in this station half an hour before I received a note from Mrs. F——, begging me to come and see them; I did so, and have found friends

and relations in those who had been hitherto strangers. F—— has the best civil appointment in this place; he knew the C——s, the T——ts, the B——s, indeed he has lived so long in this place, twenty years, that he knows every one.

Helena's last letter mentions your having returned to Dublin. And so you utterly detest poor Ireland. Oh! you have become too refined for so savage a spot. However, no doubt you will find the polished Germany agreeable to your taste. After your return, imbued with its philosophy, and given to its theories, I fully expect from you long metaphysical disquisitions; one thing I shall most desire to know, that you have reaped benefit from the change. A portion of last Overland reached, from which it appears that England is becoming more and more disturbed. We isolated beings look out from time to time with anxiety for some fresh intelligence. What a business this of T——'s is; what an unbearable character Lord C—— must be. He is well known out here, and is described as a vindictive, harsh man, though a good officer. T——, however, has long been in the habit of scribbling in the journals; he did so in this country, and a man that does so, must sooner or later draw down retribution on his own head. The Court-martial on Captain R—— interests all out here, and we cannot but sympathize with him, inevitable as is *the loss of his commission*. Helena mentions Miss J——; are you aware that her "*faithless one*," B——, has gone to Copenhagen to be *married* to a young lady. He is likely to leave the regiment, of which I am glad, for he certainly is no ornament to it.

Could William procure a commission now he would insure very rapid promotion. I mean in the 9th regiment. I have looked anxiously at the Gazettes, but as I am by no means sanguine, I have not been disappointed. Why does he not write? Has he forgotten me? Ah, you can

little conceive how deeply I cherish the hope of seeing you once again.

Where are all our *dear considerate* relations? Chewing the bitter cud of disappointment from their late defeat! Helena does not mention them. We have at last reached a station in which there is much society; it is consequently very gay, and also involves the necessity of increased expenses. Officers of regiments are called upon to be promoters of gaiety; each is required to lend assistance, and none can refuse with any good grace; the consequence is, that in a station where two Queen's corps meet, a constant succession of balls and parties takes place, which only ends with the arrival of the hot winds. At the commencement of this season, all those who can obtain leave of absence, desert Meerut for the hills, where the climate is comparatively delightful. On a clear morning, I can see the hills rising in the distance, their ridges covered with snow, reflected by the rising sun, and plainly visible seventy miles off.

I am longing to hear from you, and hope to receive a letter as soon as the Overland passage is open. Should you meet Captain M——, of the Queen's 13th Light Infantry—an old friend you said of the governor's—you must recollect that he is soon about to start for India, and cannot avoid seeing me on his way up to re-join his corps.

I suppose you are reconciled to Naas Castle, although a ruin. I remember visiting the place before leaving Ireland, and it then bore the appearance of a *good house*; it may then, however, have been in a dilapidated state. Describe to me your trip to Tunbridge Wells; it is, I believe, a delightful place, and very healthy. Poor Mrs. B—— has been very unfortunate. What is the cause of his becoming a lunatic? Has Mrs. B—— given up her endeavours in procuring a cadetship for one of the boys? Next Friday is Christmas-day, and may you spend it

happily, is the wish of your *brother*, who often and often recalls your memory, and has learnt what he has lost in being cut off so long from you, *perhaps never to return*.*

To the joy of us all, we suddenly received an order to march from Agra to Meerut, where we hope to remain: however, so uncertain is the Government, we may yet march into the Punjaub to conquer that country, and possess the capital, with its mountains of wealth. The papers will have told you how many conflicts the English have already had in Affghanistan, and of the cruelties imposed on many of our officers by those savages. All is now subsiding, and I trust the 9th regiment will not be required.

Ladies are increasing in number in the regiment: there are now the two Misses McCl——, and another young lady. Much rivalry among us younger heroes, and, no doubt, one or two are marked out as “Benedicts;” however do not fear me, I am not of the number. I will give you timely notice when my case is pending. By the bye, I will come home and propose for my “tall Irish cousin,” and so set all the contending families smiling and smirking at each other.

How are the boys? What do you intend doing with them? Robert and Charles must have grown fine fellows—I hope they are all you wish. Tell Robert I will write to him, but I hope he will not treat me so contemptuously as William has done. I have not as yet met any of your schoolfellows. One of Miss B——’s brothers is here; I do not know him. He has a sister married to a Mr. N——, in the civil service, whom I met on my way to Meerut. Where Miss B——, or rather Mrs. D——l, is at present, I know not.

The weather at this time of the year is delightful;

* Always prophetic, sadly prophetic.

it lasts, however, but a short time, and the succeeding weather is frightful.

I have no news but local news, and that would not be interesting to you. This is the last day for despatch by the Overland, and I say *Adieu!* My affectionate love to yourself and Helena, the governor and boys. I wish them a many—many happy Christmas-day—and may no long time elapse, before I am at home to enjoy it with them. Write soon, and let me know what benefit your health has received, for I am most anxious to know.

Believe me your most affectionate Brother,
Dec. 19th, 1840. JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

January 23rd, 1841.—

O'er the desert of life, where you vainly pursued,

Those phantoms of hope which their promise disown,
Have you ne'er met some spirit divinely endued,
That so kindly could say, "you dont suffer alone."

And however your fate may have smiled or have frowned,

Will she deign still to share as the friend and the wife,
Then make her the pulse of your heart, for you've found
The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life.

Does she long to recall the past moments so dear,

When the sweet pledge of faith was confidingly given;
When the lip spoke the voice of affection sincere,
And the vow was exchanged and recorded in heaven.

Does she wish to rebind what already was bound,

And draw closer the claim of the friend and the wife?
Then make her the pulse of your heart, for you've found
"The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life."

—*John Philpot Curran.*

Meerut, February 19th, 1841.

My dear Father—I received yours, enclosed in one from Helena, last month, but had not time to answer it, as the Overland was on the point of starting. I am delighted that affairs are at last settled so favourably. Had you not been on the spot, all of us would have suffered; and a debt is owing to you, which nothing can repay. Remote from the turmoil and strife in which you have been engaged, I long for the time when I can participate in the peace and comfort which, I earnestly flatter myself, will gradually approach you. However, such a pleasing prospect is yet far distant, and I must content myself with hearing of your welfare. Mrs. F—— does not appear to have any knowledge of transactions at home. I will tell her how much she is indebted to you, and what she is to expect from our affectionate cousin F——. She told me Ellen was at present staying with her sister, Mrs. W——, and intended passing the summer with L—— F——, at Cambridge.

Mrs. F—— is a very simple minded person, quiet, and unaffected. I like her very much. I know nothing of her husband's family, or whom she married. Will you let me know all about her, as it is awkward to be ignorant of one's own relations. F—— holds the highest civil appointment here, and necessarily sees much company. I have, therefore, only dined twice *privately* with him; though frequently, when there were assembled large parties. Mrs. F—— told me she had been educated at Mrs. Mc——'s. I should have judged so from her appearance and manner, they are so very superior. They are gone to "Agra," to pay a visit to the Lieutenant Governor of these provinces: I shall see them frequently on their return. F—— has been twenty-three years in the country, and at the end of another year will be entitled to *return* to England upon a salary of a thousand a year; he must,

however, have saved a good deal, as his allowances have always been good. They know nothing of England, and will find themselves quite lost when they arrive in Europe; however, they have no intention of returning home just yet. A writership is certainly one of the best appointments a young man sets out in life with—his pay increases with his years, and at the end of a certain time, he returns home with a large fortune. I hope I am not chimerical in supposing that the obtaining of such for William or Robert is possible. I see all the great advantages attending such a profession, and I state them to you, anticipating the *chance* of so good a situation being some day offered to one of the boys. By the bye, I must call them boys no longer. I suppose I should be *unable* to recognize them, they must be so changed from growth of person, and, I hope, of ideas also. I wrote to William, but I must take it for granted, he has forgotten me, as he does not deign to notice me; however, I am anxiously looking for his name to appear in the Gazette. We have had two or three vacancies lately in the regiment, and I am, therefore, becoming more sanguine of *William's* success.

We are settled for a short period at this place. At the close of the rains, there is no doubt of our starting to the direction of the north-west. We have heard of our successes in that quarter, but I fear, as the "Duke of Wellington" says, "all this is but *le commencement de la fin*."

The Punjaub is much disturbed, and will provide some stirring employment for the 9th regiment before long: though this is a large place, containing seven regiments, there is little society. The evening is the only time of recreation, at which time people issue from their houses to the usual promenade, to enjoy a sight of each other. Walking is not tolerated—riding and driving is the custom; and woe to the man who has no horse or buggy; he must mope in the house from sunset to sunset, and wear away

with ennui. This complaint is most prevalent in India, and I do believe has killed more of its victims than any disease. People in India no longer shew that hospitality for which, twenty years ago, they were so famous. Selfishness has taken a strong hold upon the heart, and everything is made subservient to the one aim of gathering a sufficiency to return to, and live in comfort in England.

Since my illness my health has much improved; the hot weather exhausts the constitution, and the succeeding cold only renders this climate bearable. We are so near the hills, that should we remain here, I think I will take a trip to them. We are anxiously expecting a brevet, as it will give an important step in the regiment, which may lead to two or three more, and so cause some promotion.

Have you accomplished an exchange of livings, about which Helena mentioned you were negotiating? It will be most convenient for you, being so near the Naas property, and within a few miles of Dublin.

I enclose you an order upon Cox and Co. for £25., which I have saved; and I hope that, although small, it may be of some use. I will write soon again. The Overland is just going. Give my most affectionate love to my dear sisters, and to the boys, and

Believe me your most affectionate Son,
J. S. CUMMING.

April 15th, 1841.—The virtues of others often serve as a light to illumine our own mental darkness, and to incite us to goodness.

Meerut, April 18, 1841.

My dear Harriet—Repentance never comes too late, and I intend that my acknowledged remissness shall banish from your—I know indulgent heart—your just indignation at my neglect. You are the same sister, whom

I left four long years ago. As I then often experienced your forgiveness, for which my gratitude, I fear, was but scanty—I know that in this instance I can plead with every assurance of success. My remembrance, my daily thoughts of you, of your happiness and welfare, are as fresh as when I first learnt to feel the loss sustained in parting from a sister. Distance draws together the bonds of sympathy and affection; and it is one of the greatest blessings of man, to be able to picture, even in the midst of bustle and turmoil, the images of those most dear to him, and to sketch all their little enjoyments, in which absence has denied him a participation. In such innocent and consoling fancies I often indulge, and thus beguile many—many a happy moment.

The greatest delight I feel is, in contemplating the period when I shall once more meet all your smiling faces, and join in your fire-side happiness. The prospect is distant, but ever before me: may it not prove delusive, as the desert mirage, urging me to hopes and fears, which are never to be fulfilled. Four long years of absence! What a superannuated old creature shall I be! I fancy I can detect the insidious approaches of a yellow tint in my Indian countenance; and, I am in doubt, whether I ought not to adopt the manners and habits of *Qui-husm*—assume a tone of complaint against England and English—and so wed myself for life to the gorgeous land of the East. Gorgeous it is, and unparalleled in deceit, in hypocrisy, and in every wickedness under the sun. Might is right, and stamps a thing, just or unjust; black is white—white is black! truth and falsehood are one. At a moment's notice, heads part company from shoulders—man is destroyed with the same indifference that is felt in crushing a musquito. The wretched dependent drags on a life of misery and terror; subject to daily extortion, and ground down to a state worse than the brute. This has been the

case for ages, and fully accounts for the mean and despicable character of the natives.

Right, and justice, and mercy, appear simultaneously with English rule, and where that rule prevails, there the galling chain of degradation is broken.

This place is the best station in the Bengal Presidency. I fear, however, that we shall have "to go where glory waits us." I am in a good house, too large for two modest bachelors. (We have made an agreement, that he who first embraces the happy state of "Benedict," turns out his more unlucky brother). Officers' houses are built upon pieces of ground, three hundred feet square, surrounded by mud walls, seven feet high, (mud attracts the heat of the sun less than brick or stone). This gives a dreary appearance, and is very ugly, but it is for comfort. In this small place a colony exists. My bearer, Hidmutgar, water bearer, (or beast) groom, (or syce) grass cutter, and two or three other servants, keep their wives and families in small cabins near the house. Fancy my having eleven servants, all absolutely necessary. From the prejudice of these people, in their distinctions of what is called *caste*, in the very hot weather I have two other additional servants to pull punkas, and throw water on the tatties. You will smile in reading, that a single man should require so large an establishment; it is necessary, although a perfect nuisance. At dinner parties, each individual brings his own servant, who stands behind his master's chair, eagerly attentive to all his wants. At a dinner party, consisting of twenty people, fancy the addition of twenty black men, without shoes or stockings, and the thermometer at ninety.

I am glad to hear of William's good fortune. Lord Hill has been very kind. I suppose William is all impatience to be off. The sooner he starts the better, as we are all preparing to march in October next for the Punjaub,

where, no doubt, there will be much fighting. He should by no means go to Chatham. On arriving in India, he knows to whom to apply, in order to be assisted and guided in his griffinage. The Overland will arrive here in two or three days, bringing, I hope, intelligence of his promotion. He is entering a profession, in which a man soon finds his level. Fine notions, good opinions of one's self, self-will, are soon subject to every sarcasm and ridicule that can be devised; their unfortunate possessor finds himself the mark at which every pleasantry is directed; he finds himself among a set, whose bond of society is mutual forbearance and good feeling, and discovers that, to gain it and have peace, an altered demeanor is necessary. In the Punjab, anarchy and confusion reign; the inhabitants are slaughtering and murdering each other; there is no safety for life or property. Preparations are making to send an army of twenty thousand to that country. The 9th is marked as one for service, and you may be sure we are full of anxiety to be off. Lahore, the capital, is the richest city perhaps in India. It possesses the famous "Lo-e-nor," the largest diamond in the world, and valued at a million of money. Now, if Dame Fortune should in her lottery portion it to me, recollect I promise it to you, and then you may set Rothschild himself at defiance. By the bye, I shall also take a trip to Cashinere, (but a short distance), and give you a description of its valley, and of the angels who inhabit it; and, perhaps, when I tell them of my *angels of sisters* at home, they may present to me some of their exquisite shawls for their use. Tell William he shall command the first forlorn hope; that I have planned divers little expeditions for him; and that I have already made him (in theory) a *hero*. He must confirm all this, however, by practice. The governor's last letter gives a full account of everything concerning you. I have not yet had an opportunity of telling F——

that part concerning Mrs. F——, but I told him before what she was to get, and he said she would be glad of anything. He says he is quite ignorant of parties at home; he manages all concerns for Mrs. F——; he completely exonerates Ellen from any intention of doing us an injury. She is so inexperienced in matters of law, that she was altogether in the power of *Frank and others*. E—— sent me her love the other day, and excused herself from writing, under the plea of her having nothing to say; however, I told Aunt F—— I would not take that as an excuse. The F——'s knew the Churchills. He must come out again—there is a post kept open for him. I have seen and spoken to L——, “the discarded one.” He is a fat, pock-marked man, and not such as the romantic L—— C—— *of that day* would fall in love with. I suppose Helena keeps up the correspondence of old; youthful friendships are not always lasting. Theirs, however, is an exception, and a happy one. *May nothing tend to interrupt it* to the end of their lives; however, should it so happen, I am confident Helena will not have to reproach herself as the cause. I have learnt to appreciate its blessings, in having so true and dear a friend as Douglas. Some days ago I received a letter from him, full of grief, for the loss of a brother, killed in Afghanistan, who, had he lived, would now be filling one of the first stations in this country, and soon have been a Member of Council in India. I hope the boys do not forget me. Give my love to them all, to the governor, to Helena, and

Believe me, my dear Harriet,

Your most affectionate Brother,

J. S. CUMMING.

P. S.—Enclosed, and placed at your disposal, is a bill on Cox and Co., for the sum of £40. The note accompanying is one of advice, and must be first forwarded to Cox

and Co. The governor writes that you are going to take a second trip to Tunbridge Wells. Write and let me know what benefit your health has received—never mind a long letter.

April 27th, Tuesday.—The man, whose disposition is of sterling excellence, despite the few foibles which it may have contracted, in comparative solitude and inactivity—when he is compelled to mix indiscriminately with the great family of man, oh! how patient and tolerant becomes he of the weakness and errors of others, when though constantly reminded of, and made to feel his own. Oh! how pitiful—how very pitiful is he: how his heart yearns and overflows with *love*, and mercy, and charity towards his *species individually*; whose eyes look on their grievous privations—their often incurable distress and misery! and who penetrates even to those deserted quarters,—“Where hopeless anguish pours her moan, and lonely want retires to die!”

May 29th, 1841.—Once make the human being feel that there is more in things around him than he can understand or penetrate; and he will acknowledge a mystery; with mystery will come the sense of his own weakness, humility, and self distrust, and the still better consciousness of the presence of a greater Power; then follows necessarily *faith*; for, in the midst of doubt and darkness, man cannot live without *faith*! If he has no ground for it, as the Christian has, he will invent and imagine a ground for it.

Meerut, June 6th, 7th, 1841.

My dear Helena—I have no right—I feel it would be a sin—for me to complain, when there are others dear, most dear, whose sorrows are far greater. From hints in your last letter, I anxiously expected to hear by the Overland; nothing came, but at least I shall not be disappointed this time. The same dull routine goes on here, as in other Indian

places; the same harsh features of country covered with sand; the same glowing heat; the same close confinement to the house; the same constant struggle with discomfort and uneasiness, which at times amounts to positive suffering. The same faces meet you wherever you go; you hear of the luxuries of the East. Why any one of us would willingly exchange all such for a single mutton chop and pint of beer, in any chop-house in London. You will be surprised to read, that we have ice in this hot climate—this is a luxury. In the cold season there is no frost, and the ice is made by artificial means. Water is placed in small earthenware platters, resting on straw, in order to allow free circulation of air beneath. In the morning these platters produce small pats of ice, which are immediately collected, and put into deep pits. In this manner, an immense quantity is reserved for the heat of the hot season, when each inhabitant is supplied with any quantity he may wish.

Thus the thermometer at 90°, 95°, or 100°, we'll have cold water, cold wine, *ices*, jellies, &c. &c. &c. It is only when the ground is impregnated with saltpetre that *ice* can be produced. Another luxury, is that of doing nothing yourself, and allowing your servants to do everything. The result of living a length of time in this country, is the adoption of the customs and habits of the old Indians. Apathy, and a want of energy, steals over the man; intellect and powers of exertion become weakened; and there are many instances, in which the European differs little from the native, except in the skin; however, this country is an admirable school for teaching patience. It will smooth down the most intractable.

My partner in house taking, joint stock, and company, has only been out a year and a half, yet he has been very ill from liver complaint, and has gone to the hills for six months for his health. I am, therefore, alone, in a large

house; however, in September, I intend getting leave of absence for a month, and I will pay him a visit in the Himalay mountains. By the bye, I must not forget to procure a turkey for Mrs. G——. Do you not recollect asking me to do so? I dined at the F——'s yesterday; I like them the more I see them; F—— *particularly, he is such an honest, sincere, sensible man.* I live a long way from them, and this hot weather prevents me seeing them so often as I should wish. F—— when young, ran into debt, and has for years been gradually freeing himself. Whether he is now his own master or not I cannot say—I should think he is. He gave me a long description of T——t and family; she must be an estimable woman, and he an execrable man. The F——'s and T——t's did not for some time *acknowledge each other*; however, when Mr. T——t arrived at *Meerut* with their regiment, Mrs. F——n wrote to them to forget all past discussions, and to be again on speaking terms, which they accordingly agreed to. There was no disagreement between the sisters—T——t was the cause of all; and though he behaved very ill to his wife, she clung to him throughout, and showed herself patient and affectionate.

Your account of your short fortnight of happiness with your friends, the B——'s, quite delighted me. I shall be in anxious suspense until I hear something more decidedly from you as to your plans. How did you first become acquainted with the B——'s? They must be very nice people.

William is, of course, quite downcast at his ill luck; however, there will be three or four vacancies in the 9th regiment in a short time, and he may, perhaps, obtain one of them.

What are you about Helena? I cannot bear to be always addressing my letters to Miss H. C——g—some more dignified term is necessary. I hope you will take the

hint. I may, perhaps, follow your example. Ah! there are no stars in this gorgeous hemisphere bright or attractive enough to enslave even so humble a suppliant as myself. I await some more propitious day—seven or eight years hence, should I live so long—a change may come o’er the vision of my dream. Fancy paints to my view, one of my own fascinating countrywomen, in my own fresh and lovely land “*Emerald Isle*,” and I leave you to finish the picture. I am glad to think that Harriet is quite restored again. I trust she will honor me with her *notice*. She must have sympathy left for the poor exile.

Do you *still correspond* with Louisa M——! * or has she

* In reference to this enquiry, as a proof of the enduring friendship of these ladies—when the sad accounts of the author’s early fate arrived in England, his sister was, at the time, staying on a visit at the barracks, at Deal, where the 6th regiment was then quartered, as will appear from the following sad notes received by her father, from his daughter Helena:—

“ Deal, June 20th, 1842.

“ My dearest Papa—I should have written before, but indeed—I indeed I had not courage—since the receipt of the intelligence of our *irreparable loss*; and it reached me at the moment, when all here was in a state of great anxiety on poor Mrs. Churchill’s account. She had a very severe attack, which confined her to bed, and after intense suffering, terminated her existence, on Sunday evening, the 12th. We have all been in the deepest affliction, and thus sadly has terminated, what to Louisa and me, was to have been a meeting of infinite pleasure and happiness. It would be some consolation to have my dear brother’s things—any trifle would be of infinite value, at least to me, or any particular relative to his fate; and, where buried, I should like to visit the spot; and yet I cannot even now believe that it is true. *I still hope* there may have been some mistake—it is so terrible—that he so young, so good, should be the *only officer* to have fallen. I have just had a visit from Mr. Layard, of the 9th, which has given me painful and sad pleasure. He was staying at Ramsgate, and since the sad news of poor James’s fall has reached him, he has been making vain enquiries in every quarter for your address, as he felt anxious to pay the last tribute in his power, to one who (as he expresses himself) was dear as a brother. They lived together for a long time at Meerut—everything was in common, as if brothers; and the grief he labours

proved herself of that class, who deem friendship but an empty sound? I hope not; but from what I have heard, she must have passed through a fearful ordeal in *India*.

You say nothing about Robert or John. I dare say "Bob" is a very steady fellow. Tell him so famous a player am I at chess, that with all his cleverness he could not beat me. Why does he not write?

I cannot say whether the 9th will go into the Punjaub or not. The people are very unsettled in that country, and our Government are making preparations for a move after the rains, that is in September next. With every wish for your happiness, my dearest Helena,

Believe me your most dear and affectionate Brother,
With love to Harriet, the governor, and the boys,

J. S. CUMMING.

under, can alone be equalled by our own. He says he never had so dear a friend; he describes James as of a very sweet temper, cheerful, and animated, but steady and quiet in his habits; never entering into the dissipated pursuits common to young men. He was in the habit of reading the Bible every day, quite unusual among men. He was beloved by all his brother officers, and better respected by them; for in every dispute among the officers, he was *peacemaker*. He says he shall never cease to regret him. He said, 'any other we could have spared but him, though I knew no one so well prepared to go.' He was anxious to accompany James in the campaign, and sent some of his baggage on with him from Meerut, but the Medical Board declared him unfit for service. He rode a day or two's march after the regiment, to 'take leave of James,' and came home Overland, and arrived in England in April. He is still in very delicate health, and the sad news had a severe effect upon him, and came over here on Saturday, to see an officer of the 6th, who came home with him; and while talking of Indian war, Mr. Layard observed he had lost his dearest friend J. Cumming. Mr. Finley then said—'Strange! his sister is now here on a visit with the Colonel's lady.' Mr. L. immediately requested to be introduced to the Colonel—when he wished for permission to visit and see me—who fixed to-day, when he came. He is about James's age, and seems to know us all well, and begged me to let him know when you arrived in town, as he should go up to see you. He staid a long time,

June 18th, 1841.—Creatures of imitation and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support and countenance, even in our virtues. We recur for them most securely to the example of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth—the stamp has not yet been put upon it, which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no service, which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow creatures, better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example; if he does not confer upon them this benefit—if he leaves a character dark with vices in the sight of *God*, but dazzling with shining qualities in the sight of man, it may be, that his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed inactive, and unnoticed through life.

and I need not tell you how painful was the interview. Oh! this saddest and most *real* affliction makes all on earth appear trivial in comparison. It must ever be a *painfully agonizing* subject to us all; and I most earnestly entreat of you, my dearest papa, not to give way to grief without hope. Our beloved James has found a soldier's grave; and though early—too early taken—there are many alleviating circumstances attending his death; and though I feel how incompetent and vain all consolation must be, I pray God to give us all strength and patience under the sad trial. I know well that I am not the only one who has sustained a severe loss on this occasion. You have lost an excellent son—one who did honor alike to his family and profession, and to the name of *Christian*. Yet I cannot find the consolation that others hold out to me. The very knowledge of his being good and excellent as a man and a soldier, increases the natural regret of a sister; and while I feel a satisfaction in hearing of his excellence, I also mourn that he should be so early removed; nor do I see any wrong in so doing. Our Saviour wept over the remains of his earthly friend, and next to grief for the dead, should be attention to those who survive, and should be the objects of our love and tenderness. Louisa desires to be kindly remembered to you, and

Believe me to be your ever affectionate Daughter,

HELENA."

The true Christian liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself; and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.—*Norton*.

June 20th, 1841.—Rains set in on this day. On the 7th of this month, in the year 1837; just four years, one week, and six days ago—I put foot in this country.

June 22nd, 1841, Tuesday.—The great agents of change in the world may be divided into two principal classes—the aqueous and the igneous. To the aqueous belong rivers, torrents, springs, currents, and tides; to the igneous volcanoes and earthquakes. Both these classes are instruments of the Deity, as well as of re-production; but they may also be regarded as *antagonist* forces; for the aqueous agents are incessantly labouring to reduce the inequalities of the earth's surface to a level, while the igneous are equally active in restoring the unevenness of the external crust, partly by heaping up new matter in *certain* localities, and jointly by depressing one portion, and forcing out another of the earth's envelopes.—*Lyel's Geology*, Book I, page 259.

CONCLUDING LINES OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Inspiring thought of rapture, yet to be,
 The tears of love were hopeless but for thee;
 If in that frame no deathless spirit dwells,
 If that faint mourner be the last farewell—
 If fate unite the faithful but to part,
 Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
 Why does the brother of my childhood seem,
 Restored awhile in every pleasing dream!
 Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
 By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?
 Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime,
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time.

Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade,
 When all the sister planets were decayed ;
 When rapt in fire, the realms of other glow,
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
 Thou, undismayed, shall o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

Music is an instrument and gift of God, yet it does not belong to the highest order of blessings which are granted to necessity, and amongst which we count our daily bread, the word of God, and the like.

It may be classed with the fragrant flowers and delicious fruits that surround us. We cannot call it a gift of paternal providence, but rather of the bounteous kindness of Jehovah—a gift that shall serve to glorify his name, and to adorn and enliven our temporal existence ; it is the universal and intelligible language of the heart. It weaves a robe for the softest sentiments, the subtile existence of which would perish under the weight of words ; it breathes ethereal loveliness upon the tenderest emotions of the soul, the tones bear the same relations to words as to purified bodies which shall arise from the tombs of the saints on the last day, when the trumpet shall sound to the hut of clay which we now inhabit. Music is the most wonderful, profound, and impressive of all the arts. Where its harmonious sound is heard, it proves itself not unfrequently the uncontrollable ruler of the heart—it penetrates with magic influence into the deepest recesses of the heart—with the rapidity of lightning it imparts to the mind whatever sensations it pleases, and prompted by its almost miraculous breath, the buds of feeling expand, and, even like those of flowers which are opened by the warm exhalations of spring, it awakens the passions which slumber within us, and soothes them when developed,—it opens in an instant the fountains of our hearts, and fills us with

unutterable anguish, and then it suddenly ravishes us with exulting joy, and bears us aloft on the chainless wings of inspiration. Therefore it is a dangerous art when used in the service of vanity and sin; it is impossible to describe what mischief it can cause, and to what a fearful out-blaze it can fan the dark flame of carnal passions. But when it is employed in its original calling, and dedicates its solemn harmonies in simplicity and purity to the praise of the Lord, or celebrates the works of his hands, the beautiful objects of nature, and gives utterance and expression to the nobler feelings of the human heart, how much assistance does it not afford of the adorning and ennobling of this life, and how much that is pleasant, good, and heavenly does it not weave into our existence.

Music, (says Luther, the spirited panegyrist of the elevated art), is one of the best and most glorious gifts of God, for driving away temptations and evil thoughts; it chases away the spirit of melancholy, as we see in the case of Saul; and is a soothing cordial to calm, to refresh, and to strengthen the heart.—*Elisha*, by the Rev. F. W. Krummacher, D. D.

Meerut, June 26th, 1841, Friday.—Received orders from Major-General Sir Robert Arbuthnot to hold ourselves in readiness to start immediately to Cabul, with a view to distant service beyond the *Indus*.

The Kohistanes and Kuzzilbashees had risen *en masse*, and had attacked, simultaneously, our troops in the City of Cabul, and in the cantonments adjoining. The attack proved unsuccessful, though attended with loss on both sides. Sir A. Burnes, and brother, three officers of the 44th regiment, and four or five of native corps were killed. In the confusion, Colonel Shelton, with a company of the 44th, made a rush, and gained the Bala Hissar, (a fort in the centre of the city), in which he secured himself. The whole country is up in arms. The passes are closed, and

the enemy appear to have determined on a steady resistance. These transactions took place on the 2nd of November. The 9th, Queen's, 3rd Buffs, Queen's, 19th N. I., the first from Meerut, the two latter from Carnaul, start about the same time; all destined for service in Cabul.

Two regiments N. I. which started from Ferozepore on the 25th of November, are now making forced marches, (thirty-six marches in eighteen days), in order to reach Peshewar with all possible dispatch. Rumours are increasing daily. Expresses constantly passing down to Lord Auckland. Officers and men of the 9th in high spirits.

July 3rd, 1841.—Wherein lies the grand difference between Protestant and Popish belief—Protestants rely on the bible only, Papists on their own devices. To the twenty-two books of the Old Testament, they add those that are *apocryphal*; to a heaven and a hell, they add purgatory; to the remission of sins by the merits of Christ, they add the merits of *Saints*; to the worship of God, they add the worship of *Saints*, of *Virgins*, and of *Angels*; to the mediation of Christ, they add the mediation of the *Virgin*, *Saints*, and *Angels*; to our Lord's real spiritual presence in the *Eucharist*, they add his corporeal presence by "*transubstantiation*;" in communion of saints, they add invocation of them; they add supremacy of Pope over all Priests and Bishops; to the three creeds, they add a fourth, the creed of Pope "*Pius*" the fourth; they adore the consecrated bread at the Lord's supper; they worship *images*, (first sanctioned in the Nuedero Nicene Council, in the year 787).

July 4th, 1841, Sunday.—There is one blessed sign which never deceives, let them to whom it is given rejoice, and cast away all their cares; but let none deceive themselves. This sign is not for every one. Is gold or wealth this sign?—No, in truth! Is it honor and renown? these

were possessed by the bay-tree spoken of in the "Psalms," but after a short time it stood withered by the way-side. Is it understanding and genius? Understanding cannot avert trouble, death, and the judgments of God's wrath. Does this sign consist of distinctions derived from services rendered to society? I tell you that these merits can avail you nothing in the sight of Him who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell. Is not rectitude of conduct then the sign? It is not. Where the holiness of *God* sits on in judgment; nor is even christian knowledge the sign. Judas possessed it, and destruction hung at his heels. The sign that we mean, the glorious sign, is of an entirely different nature—it is that which is spoken of in Psalm 86, verse 17, "Show me token for good." It belongs not to the outward, but to the inward man; yet one may behold it glimmering through him—no one bears it, it is his nature; it must be bestowed upon him by grace. This sign, in the first place, is a wound. A wound? Yes, and of the heart. It is the result of self-knowledge,—a wound that no herb, no balm, gathered from the fields of this earth can heal. The publican had this sign when he smote his breast; the thief had it when he said, "Lord remember me;" Mary Magdalene had it when she washed the feet of her master with her tears. Whoever has prospered in time and eternity has had it; and those who have had it have been prosperous, though we may not have seen their prosperity. Is the wound then the consciousness of sin? Yes, it is,—the deep heart-rending feeling, that we are condemned in ourselves, and unworthy in the sight of *God*—is the wound I mean. An apparently unimportant sign, but nevertheless a sign of unspeakable worth—a sign little esteemed by the world, but the only one that intimates salvation. The word of God is witness. Yet the wound does not constitute the entire sign; something else is combined with it: that which the Lord commanded to be

imprinted on the foreheads of the people for their deliverance. "Set a mark upon them," says He to the angel—the last letter of the Hebrew alphabet upon their foreheads. But this letter had the form of a cross, as may still be observed in the Greek and Latin T, which was framed from it. Therefore you know the true meaning of this sign. It is a cross, not painted upon the lip, not formed of word, nor pictured by the fancy—no, it is engraved and brandished indelibly on the heart and vitals by the Holy Ghost; so that a man may consider the cross of Christ as the dearest and most glorious object which he beholds in the horizon of heaven and earth, and that his inmost love springs forth from this bloody tree, and twines closely round it; so that he suspends his whole hope and salvation on this single nail, and must confess with Paul, "I will know nothing but Christ and him crucified." Where these two are combined together, the wound and the cross, the poor sinner and faith in the Lamb, the broken heart which relies exultingly on the sacrifice—there is the good sign, but there alone and no where else. It does not glitter like the golden chain, the star, or the princely mark of honor; but how will the lustre of these signs wear away before it? It is not highly valued in this world, nor does it confer any title in society; but the angels of *God* behold this sign, and joyfully stand still and respectfully salute him who possesses it, and consider themselves bound to serve him.

Thanks be to *God* some amongst us are adorned with this sign in the heart, though the mantle of frailty may envelop it.

The sign confirms their nobility, and verifies their adoption. They need not ask after any other propitious token. This single one, the wound and the cross, is certainly sufficient to cause them prosperity in time and eternity.

July 23rd, 1841, Friday.—If you are conscious that you

are naturally rough and austere—that disappointments have soured, or prosperity elated you—or that habits of command have rendered you quick in expression, and impatient of contradiction—or if, from whatever other cause, you have contracted an unhappy peevishness of temper, or asperity of manners, or harshness and severity of language—remember that these defects are by no means incompatible with an aptness to perform services of a substantial kindness. Remember that the Divine Agency is promised “to take away the heart of stone, and give a heart of flesh,” of which it is the natural property to be tender and susceptible. Pray then *earnestly* and *perseveringly* that the blessed aid of Divine Grace may operate effectually in your behalf. Beware of acquiescing in the evil tempers which have been condemned, under the idea that they are the ordinary imperfections of the best men—that they show themselves in little instances—that they are occasional, hasty and transient effusions, when you are taken off your guard; the passing shade of your mind, and not the settled color.—*Wilberforce's Practical Christianity.*

July 28th, 1841, Wednesday.—Despite Gibbon's assertions to the contrary, there is much truth in the common place remark, that our school days are the happiest of our lives. At no other period is the capacity of enjoyment so much on the alert within us, or the material drawn from so many resources. With manhood comes a consciousness of responsibility, deepening as years steal on us; regulating our feelings by the square and rule of discretion, and qualifying the pleasure of to-day by the thought of to-morrow. But, in boyhood, there is no such drawback upon happiness; impulse prompts us to unleavened enjoyment. We have no past to regret, no future to distrust. The present is all in all with us; and if we ever venture to look beyond, it is with the eye of hope, who spreads before us a prospect steeped in the hues of *Paradise*. Then the

friendships which we form at this sunny unreflecting season! How disinterested their character! how enthusiastic the spirit that suggests them! They seem entwined with our very heart strings. But, alas! they are new impulses; generous, but short lived—that fade and become extinct, as experience draws on the mind. Engaged in after years too much with ourselves, to bestow a thought on others, our attention is solely occupied in bustling through the crowd, that everywhere checks our progress. Though we see the friend of our youth pressed and trodden down beneath our feet, we gaze with indifference at the sight—perhaps, at that moment, a recollection of past times dims our eyes. But the CROWD thickens—the troubles and hazard of interference increase. So we just cast a cautious glance about us, sigh out “poor fellow,” and then pass on, leaving the object of our early love to perish or escape, as may happen—*such is Human Nature.*

October 10th, 1841.—Prosperity and adversity have equally the effect upon an inferior mind and heart, of generating selfishness—the one encourages it, the other forces it. Misery is apt to think its own sufferings greater than those of any one else; and naturally, the eye, as it were, is filled with the object—distress and danger that is nearest, that is in such fearful contiguity, obscuring from view all remoter objects; at once scaring away presence of mind, and centering its hopes and fears on *self*. Not so, however, is it, when a noble nature is the sufferer; and more especially when that nature is strengthened and brightened by the support and consolation derived from philosophy, and, above all, religion. To a strong spirit, destitute of such assistance, alas! how often under similar circumstances, have come ghastly visitants—“*despair and madness,*”—with their hideous attendant—*suicide*—to do their bidding; but a Christian will pass through the most fearful storms with an unexpected calmness and sense of

security. What would have become of the three youths cast into the burning fiery furnace, but for the presence of the *fourth* awful being, the sight of whom, confounded and affrighted Nebuchadnezzar? but, accompanied by whom, his intended victims walked unhurt and undismayed amidst *the furnace, heated one seven times more* than it was wont to be heated. Though a spectacle so terrible and sublime is not now vouchsafed to mankind, the memorial of it is designed to have the like effect. The *endearing* and *inspiring lessons* of Christianity may be learnt by all who will. One who has this faith, hears amidst perplexity and danger a voice before him, bidding him to run with patience *the race that is set before him*; and he knows that in due time he will reach the goal. Animated by thoughts such as these, he need not have resort to such secondary sources of consolation, as the comparison of his own with the greater sufferings of others. It is enough for him that his Master wills him to endure, and unto *the end*; and while thinking this, he feels fresh vigour infused into his fainting frame.

*Colonel Gardiner's Excuse for not fighting a Duel,
when Captain of Dragoons.*

What! you are afraid then?—yes, you are quite right—
I am afraid to sin—but not to fight.
My country claims my service, but no law,
Bids me in folly's cause my sword to draw.
I fear not man, nor devil, but, though odd,
I'm not ashamed to own—I fear my God.

Meerut, October 18th, 1841.

My dear Helen—There has been a long interval in our correspondence. This has been partly occasioned by a trip I made to the Himalaya Mountains, from whence one

poor woman. At the sight of Europeans, the natives here generally run away; and, one morning, having with my servant, gone in advance of my party, I came to the banks of a broad and noisy stream, and sat down. A woman, however, saw me, and, notwithstanding the assurances of my servants, ran off as fast as she could into the jungle (which was very thick) where not one hundred yards from me, though out of sight, she suddenly found herself in the embraces of a bear, who also was on an errand of flight. The bear was too hurried to give her more than a squeeze, though a rough one, and left her behind in a sad state. The noise of the stream kept me in ignorance of what was going on so near. Next day the poor woman was shown to us, and we acted as her doctors, to the best of our power. These people place great reliance on our medicinal knowledge, and think that we are able to perform any cure. We are all on the alert, most anxious to know who are to direct for the future the interests of the country, whig or tory—more properly, liberal or conservative. The election of a *black man*—a nigger—and one remarkable *for his want of attainments*, has set the white population of India into an uproar, and justly. It is an act that stamps disgrace upon England. *Dyce Sombre* lived much in Meerut a few years ago, and then was considered a poor, mean spirited fellow. But behold, to our shame! what sordid mammon can effect in *degenerate England*. I am glad to hear of Robert's industry and attention to his studies. I must write to him. I hope he will not imitate William's cavalier treatment of me. Tell William to treasure up all his stores of patience—he will require such a rare commodity in the army. Long years of hope deferred—juniors purchasing over his head—they progressing upwards, he remaining stationary, and other annoyances, are the trials a poor subaltern has to undergo. I am as yet no example of this, for I have been fortunate; but in the 9th, I have seen three old lieutenants,

one of sixty, and two of forty years—men that were not born, when these entered the army, have passed *over their heads; but yet the finest profession is the army.* I find time is up—Overland just on the point of starting. So good-bye. Love to Harriet and yourself, to the governor, and the boys, and Believe me, my dearest Sister,

Your most affectionate Brother,
J. S. CUMMING.

November 30th, Tuesday.—Rumours: Our troops at Cabul are said to have defeated the Kohistanecs, and to have recovered two guns, captured it appears by the enemy.

The various movements of troops are made at the requisition and on the responsibility of Mr. Clarke, (Resident at Lahore). “Sale” is well off at Jellalabad. General Avitabili having sent him eighty thousand rounds of ammunition. The Passes are usually shut up by snow until April; thus, the regiments starting from Meerut and Kurnal, on arriving at Peshawar, will have to delay there, and can effect nothing at least before April.

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How to take an elevation above the sea by the thermometer.—Immerse your thermometer in water, which must be kept boiling on a brisk fire; leave it for some time to let the mercury find its level, and then observe the highest point it has risen to. On the present occasion it rose to $193\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$, which deducted from 212° , the boiling point at the level of the sea, leaves a difference of $18\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, and the product which is eleven thousand two hundred and ninety feet, was our present elevation, which multiply by 620 feet, the difference for each degree, and the product as seen above.

Started on Wednesday morning, the 1st of December. Saldhama our first halting ground. Rain poured down until day light, so that it was late when the regiment set out; the road was very bad. At this place are a palace and large church belonging to *Dyce Sombre*, (a member of the British Parliament). I was actually gothic enough to neglect visiting them; however, I was prevented by the dinner being unusually late. Next day, Thursday, the clouds had cleared away, and the air, during our march, felt most refreshing. At this place nothing of interest. We crossed a broad stream while walking in the evening. L——d rode up on his pony. The medical board oblige him to go home, notwithstanding his anxious wish to accompany us. Friday—a delightful march; road bad.

December 4th, Saturday.—L——d parted from us this morning, on his way in search of health in Europe. May he find it! though he is his own enemy. The Buffs are ordered to stand still at Kurnaul; this, I suppose, because they are so weak. The country, up to this point, is uninteresting—very flat—chains of trees here and there, and very highly cultivated. I observe the people are clothed better, and more with regard to warmth, than the inhabitants lower down the country.

Halted at Shamli. This is a walled town, though now falling into ruins. In the morning walked to see the canal, the only public work performed by the company since the commencement of their rule in India. What blindness to their own interests. This canal is intended for irrigation alone, and from the lowness of the bridges over it, renders it unfit for navigation. It is shaded on both sides by long rows of trees. We halted here Sunday.

Monday—A long march—full sixteen miles; road bad; air cold, and every appearance of rain. Just received an invitation from the Buffs to dine with them on the evening of our arrival in Kurnaul.

Many complaints are made of the miseries of life, and indeed it must be confessed, that we are subject to calamities by which the good and bad, the diligent and slothful, the vigilant and heedless, are equally afflicted. But, surely, though with some indulgence to groans extorted by inevitable misery, no man has a right to repine at evils, which, against warning, against experience, he deliberately and leisurely brings upon his own head; or to consider himself debarred from happiness by such obstacles as resolution may break, or dexterity may put aside—*Rambler*.

December 7th, Tuesday.—Started at half-past six o'clock. Crossed the Jumna on a bridge of boats. The river here, when confined to its actual bed, is narrow, but the extent of sand, from bank to bank, is great. Received an invitation from the 3rd Light Dragoons; accepted it for Thursday. Additional news from Cabul: Our troops again attacked at Cabul by the enemy, who were repulsed. Sale very well off, and in high spirits.

December 8th, 1841, Wednesday.—Started at seven o'clock. Arrived at Kurnaul; aspect of the place very unfavorable; swamps around the cantonments. Entrance to the town very filthy—smell bad. Officers of all the corps in the place came out to see us. Dined with the 3rd Buffs in a large tent; nothing particular. Met a clergyman—a fellow passenger in the vessel from the Cape of Good Hope—Rev. Mr. Brookes. He did not recognise me at first—so greatly was I changed in the course of four years; however, old recollections soon refreshed his memory.

December 9th, Thursday.—Halted this day to change carriage. A scarcity of every kind—one camel only to each subaltern.

Dost Mahomed's encampment within five hundred yards of *ours*. No officer allowed to visit him without an order from the General. Government seems uncertain what to do with him.

December 10th, Friday.—Marched out of Kurnaul at six o'clock for Leilak-Heree. 33rd N. I. marched into Kurnaul as our rear guard was leaving. The towns, as we go upwards, all are enclosed by walls not calculated to resist artillery.

Items paid to pay-master B——h, to the credit of Lieutenant L——d, on the 8th and 9th of December, 1841 :—

John, bearer for his father . . .	30
Due from B——n	6
Cumming, for Cox and Co. . . .	6
Young B——h, for sundries . . .	10
F——r, for holsters	5
Cumming, for share of pall . . .	10
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	67

Wrote a note to L——d 9th of December.

December 11th, Saturday.—Started for Thamesir at six o'clock. Encamped near a walled town—ten or twelve of us set off after dinner to visit this place. The only thing of interest was a very large tank, across which ran a long bridge. In this tank are sacred fish.

Sunday, 12th.—Regiment started for Shahabad at six o'clock. I was officer of rear guard, and had an unpleasant duty to perform. About the first tap of the drum an alarm was given that a soldier had fallen into a well. The guard cut two of the best ropes and ran to give assistance; too late however. On reaching the well they could neither see or hear anything. I received orders to remain behind, in order to find and bury the body if possible. Having procured the necessary assistance from the town, we commenced our attempt. A native, holding by a rope well secured by the soldiers, descended the sides of the well. Nothing appeared above water except a cap; however, the native suddenly disappeared below the surface of the water, and after the lapse of a few seconds, rose with the body of

a man. A rope was let down to him, with which he tied the legs, and the men above immediately drew it out. The body was that of Serjeant Ryan; he had been on the sick list, and it appears was proceeding from the hospital tent to the elephant, where he missed his footing and toppled over. His cloak being on him at the time, must have rendered him perfectly helpless. He was not even bruised; having dug a grave, we wrapped him in his cloak, and laid him in it, without a prayer,—without a stone. Poor fellow!—he has left a wife and four children. I did not leave the ground till nine o'clock, and it was nearly one ere I reached our encampment. I fear I have not spent the sabbath as I ought. *But do thou, oh merciful Father, of thy great goodness, vouchsafe to an erring creature thy forgiveness.**

Monday, 13th.—Halted this day. Went with B——n through the town to examine the fort. Can no longer be called by that name, (like most we have seen up here), the natives having occupied every spot with their mud huts, stables and dunghills. The only things worthy of remark are the door ways and windows. In some of the houses they are most tastefully and minutely carved, and form a surprising contrast to the dirty, paltry looking mansion in which they are placed. In looking through these doorways I have often beheld cows and donkeys in quiet possession of the space within.

Tuesday, 14th.—Started at seven o'clock for Rote-Kuchwar. Nothing very interesting.

Wednesday, 15th.—Started at seven o'clock for Umballah. This is a very nice town. It has the cleanest and neatest bazaar I have ever seen in India. To see a clean town in India is so rare a sight that I must not forget this place. A regiment of irregular horse are stationed here. They

* Oh! how beautiful.

are a fine set of men, of independent spirits, and take a pride in the efficiency and order of their corps. Each man is allowed twelve rupees a month, out of which he provides both for himself and his horse. They are considered far superior to the native regular cavalry.

Here I received letters from L——d and F——r.

Umballa, December 15th, 1842.

My dear Father—I must write you a few hurried lines to apprise you of my destination. My regiment started on the first of this month from Meerut, its final destination Cabul. At a distance of one thousand miles, at the moment that Lord Palmerston was expatiating on the tranquillity and submission of the population of Afghanistan, the flame of rebellion was ready to break forth over the land. It has broken forth, and the whole country is up in arms; so sudden is the exigency of affairs that we were on our road five days after the order was received.

A desperate attempt was made on our troops at Cabul, but the enemy were at last beaten off. A great number of our officers were massacred, and a rising man, Sir Alexander Burns, murdered. Many of our detachments have been cut to pieces in the Passes leading from the Punjaub to Cabul. Our regiments have had desperate fighting. *We have no longer the puny Hindoo to contend against.*

A little war, it has proved, as the Duke of Wellington prophetically remarked, “*Le commencement de la fin.*” We have all to do over again, at an enormous expense. *British bravery and endurance will eventually overcome all obstacles; but at an immense cost of life.* The warfare is of a more trying and harassing kind than any before experienced in this country. *Every eminence, every crag shelters an enemy.* Such a warfare is *calculated to try, to its utmost stretch*, the fortitude of man. We are all in the highest spirits,—*delighted* at the prospect of actual service.

The regiment is most efficient, both in *officers* and *men*. After three years suspense our wishes are about to be fulfilled.

I doubt not my next letter will communicate descriptions of a new people, a new country, and new scenes. We first march to Ferozepore, (on the Sutlej), there form part of a brigade, and then move on through the Punjaub to Peshawar. I will manage to send you a newspaper, that you may have some idea of affairs in this country. I took leave of my aunt. My cousin, Mrs. F——o, had gone to *Agra*, on a visit to the Lieutenant-Governor. She made me promise to write to her from time to time, which I intend doing. There are few post-offices in this part of the country, so I have taken this opportunity to say that I am in health and spirits, to send my love to Harriet, Helena, and the boys. I am going to a country where one has often to wait for months the receipt of *letters*. At present all communication is cut off.

Believe me my dear Father, though in haste, still and ever,

Your most affectionate Son,

JAMES S. CUMMING.

Thursday, 16th.—Moved out of Umballa at a quarter past six—a long march of nearly fourteen miles to Ragh-pore; all the towns up here are walled—forts close to them. I visited this evening a serai, now deserted, but once the great resting place of many a wearied traveller. It has ramparts, with strong gates, and is loop-holed, showing that even these places were once formed for defence; even *those works* still remaining of the former rulers of this country are fast disappearing—such must be the results of a spread of European manners and customs.

Friday.—Started at seven for our next halting place, Patarsee. Nothing of any note here.

Saturday, December 18th.—Reached Sirhind; this was once a flourishing city, now a paltry village; bricks strew the ground in all directions, and ruins of buildings may be seen here and there. The Sikhs took this place and destroyed it in the year 1712.

Sunday Evening.—I traversed the ruins of this once famous city; its extent is indeed immense. Not a perfect building remains standing; here and there are to be seen broken arches, cupolas, tombs, gateways, all evidently of a most massive construction. These, however, are scattered sparingly, and in mere fragments. In half a mile there were no less than ten or twelve wells—melancholy evidences of the once populousness of this now dreary waste. There is nothing but the sterile plant, which grows at intervals among the deeply buried bricks. The desolation around is complete; silence, disturbed only by the scream of the jackall, reigns over this solitude. *How awful the destruction!* when this wealthy and flourishing city, with its thousands and ten thousands of souls, was swept from its foundations—scattered into one wild desolate waste.

Monday, 20th, 1841.—Our halting place this day was Kunka-ke-Serai. Nothing worth noting here—a paltry village.

Tuesday 21st.—Started at six o'clock on a long march of fourteen miles; reached our encampment at a quarter past ten o'clock, halting three times. The men march very well; none fall out. B——n and I make a point of rising from our beds about an hour before traps, in order to gain a good start for our camels, and we thus manage to have our traps up at a reasonable time; indeed, our tents are generally ready ere breakfast is finished. This has been my practice for four successive marches, and has proved most comfortable. On our arrival this morning, we found Elmhirst awaiting us, (aid-de-camp to Sir E. Williams). He has resigned his appointment, and has come to join with

the intention of partaking of the glory of an Affghan campaign. It threatens a stormy night (now ten minutes past seven)—thunder and lightning in the *south-west*.

There is here a large serai ; also a large well, of great depth. A long flight of steps leads down to the water's edge. There are four chambers, two above, two below, which appear to be meant for habitations ; however, now they are deserted and falling into ruins. This well was doubtless built by some wealthy prince, to supply the wants of the hundreds of travellers, who, in former times, put up at the neighbouring serai.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Started at six o'clock ; reached Loodianah at half-past ten o'clock. This station stands on a rising ground, and is very healthy. The country below stretches into a sandy plain as far as the eye can reach, and nothing intervenes to relieve the monotony of the view, except indeed (and it is indeed a grand exception), the snowy range of the Himalayas towering in majestic grandeur. They are to be seen along the whole line of our march, and lie to the north-east. The Sutlej flows within five miles of this place, and affords a plentiful supply of good fish.

The cantonments contain two native corps and a troop of artillery. Though the country around offers but a sorry appearance, still I should like this place as a station. A cold wind over this table land, cooling the air and counteracting the power of the sun. It reminded me of a March day in *dear old England*.

The inhabitants of this part of the country appear different in the form of the countenance ; they possess longer features, and more robust persons. There is a mixture of the Kashmeer, Sikh and Hindostany stocks ; and though an air of comparative manliness is apparent, yet they are not improved in cleanliness or decency.

Thursday, 23rd.—Halted at this place. Every necessary can be procured here, particularly warm clothing.

Friday.—Our next halting place was Humber, ten and a half miles from Loodianah. The day was very cold—a strong hoar frost on the ground. These provinces are much colder than Bengal, or even Meerut and Kurnaul. This is the first appearance of decided hoar frost I witnessed in India. The thermometer, in tent, in the morning at seven o'clock, generally stands at 41° or 42°. The road leads over gentle undulations, and now and then through sandy spots. A small stream, a branch of the Sutlej, runs parallel nearly the whole distance. The Sutlej flows five or six miles to the north.

Saturday.—Started at half-past six for Sidham. The road good,—now and then deep with sand. *This is protected Sikh territory.*

Sunday.—General McCaskill, on account of the halt at Loodianah, determined not to halt on Sunday, so we marched to Indgurah. Yesterday was Christmas-day, and all made the most of it on such an occasion.

Received a portion of the Overland to-day. Lord Ellenborough governor-general of India; Lord F. Somerset of Madras. The former will have an *arduous task* in rectifying the present disordered state of Indian affairs. The Queen has not been confined yet.

Monday, 27th.—Nothing.

Tuesday, 28th.—Nothing.

Wednesday, 29th.—News of Bertin's having been promoted to his company, vice Ker, (instead of Thompson of the 26th, who was appointed by the Commander-in-chief,) was received yesterday. Taylor was also promoted to the lieutenancy, and Serjeant-Major Burden to the ensigncy, (the latter the first appointment of the kind in this regiment). Three of our officers just joined—Vigors, McCloud,

and Dent. I have just returned from putting out a fire which was spreading over the country through the dry grass. This is a fine sight in this country.

Thursday, 30th.—Marched in to Ferozepore. This is a new station, about six miles from the Sutlej. It was marked out three years ago. The houses are built of Kucha-brick. In the rains the whole place is inundated—not a solitary tree in cantonments; however, as a beginning, young plants are growing along both sides of the course. A long time will elapse ere any improvement can be effected.

ROUTE from KURNAUL to FEROZEPORE, from Friday, the 10th of December up to 30th December, 1841.

Decem-ber.	Nos.	STAGES.	Miles.	Furlongs	Yards.
10th	1	Leelokheree	11	0	3
11th	2	Shanesur	12	0	1
12th	3	Shahabad	14	3	0
14th	4	Kot-Kuch-Wa	8	0	2
15th	5	Umballa	8	0	1
16th	6	Ragpore	13	6	0
17th	7	Patorsee	8	4	0
18th	8	Surhind.	9	0	0
20th	9	Kun-Ka-Ke-Serai	11	0	0
21st	10	Doura-Ka-Serai	14	0	0
22nd	11	Loodianah	14	0	0
24th	12	Humber	10	4	0
25th	13	Sidham Aliwal *	13	0	0
26th	14	Indgurah	19	0	0
27th	15	Julwondee, now Buhar, near Kote est Khan	11	6	0
28th	16	Man-Sing-Walba	12	4	0
29th	17	Kool	12	2	0
30th	18	Ferozepore.	9	0	0
Miles			202	6	0

* Here Sir Henry G. Smith, K. C. B., gained a signal victory over the Sikhs, on the 29th January, 1846; the 16th Lancers broke through their squares.

**FROM KURNAUL TO FEROZEPORE, December, 1841, according
to HOUGH.***

Dec.	No.	STAGES.	Miles.	Furlongs	Yds.	REMARKS.
10	1	Leelokheree.....	11	0	0	Road good; plenty of water.
11	2	Shanesur.....	12	4	0	Ditto ditto
12	3	Shahabad.....	14	2	0	Ditto—Stage Bungalore
14	4	Kot-Kuchwa....	8	0	0	Cross the Humber, leaving Shahabad large town, plenty of supplies.
15	5	Umballa.....	9	4	0	Water, three miles from Umballa.
16	6	Raghere.....	13	0	0	Cross Ruggur, a river, two feet and a half deep—bad fords for guns.
17	7	Patorsee.....	8	4	0	Road good, water.
18	8	Surhind.....	9	0	0	Ditto ditto.
20	9	Kun-Ka-Ke-Serai..	11	0	0	Ditto ditto.
21	10	Doura-Ke-Serai..	14	0	0	Ditto ditto.
22	11	Loodianah.....	14	0	0	Ditto ditto.
24	12	Ghouspoor.....	10	0	0	Large town.
25	13	Bondree.....	7	0	0	
26	14	Tehara.....	11	0	0	Sikh territory, Aliwall.
27	15	Dhurnuikote....	10	0	0	Ditto, Kurnack-Sing.
28	16	Theerah.....	15	0	0	Ditto, Shere-Sing.
29	17	Mallewallah.....	12	0	0	
30	18	Ferozepore.....	16	0	0	
Miles....			205	0	0	

January 4th, 1842.—Remained at Ferozepore five days in consequence of the Sikh Government having delayed in sending the usual permission to enter their country. It arrived yesterday, and we started this morning at nine o'clock, and halted on the right bank of the Sutlej, at a distance of about eight miles from Ferozepore. The bri-

* The route pursued by the regiment appears shorter by nearly three miles than that pointed out by Hough.

gade is composed of Her Majesty's 9th Regiment, three guns, 10th Cavalry, 26th Regiment N. I., and two *Rissalas* of irregular horse—about three thousand men in all. There is also a company of the 60th N. I., attended by a number of officers, proceeding to join their respective corps in Afghanistan. All our officers and recruits joined us on the 2nd of January, Sunday, and the strength of the regiment at starting is, officers 35, men 866.

Pollock is on his way from Agra, with the intention of taking command of all the troops at Jellalabad.

Our troops at Cabul are in a very precarious situation, completely isolated by the surrounding snow, and constantly attacked by determined enemies.

Major McLarren's brigade, endeavouring to make its way from Candahar to Cabul, was compelled to return. The Passes on the Jellalabad side are all closed up, and communication cut off. It is rumoured that our troops in and about Cabul have surrendered. This last, though *little worthy* of credit, shows how deplorable our affairs are in this quarter. The expense incurred for conveying our baggage, &c. &c. from Ferozepore to Jellalabad is very great; each camel, thirty-two rupees, paid in advance.

January 5th.—Encamped this day to the west of Kusoor. A large detachment of the 44th and 13th, under Major Johnson of the former corps, joined us late last night.

The following, viz., is the disposition in camp: On the right, six guns and 10th Cavalry; 9th in the centre. On the left, detachments of the 44th, &c. &c. and 26th N. I. We march with Europeans in front, 10th Cavalry second, 26th N. I. third, and guns in rear. The road is jungly, but good. The weather, for the last two days, cloudy. The ruins of Kusoor are spread over a large extent of ground, and to a great depth. There is a small native fort here mounting about four pieces, which are very small.

January 8th, 1842.—Gungatec; this day the regiment

all lost their way, and wandered in different directions. However, the country being covered with low jungle afforded an extended view, and the mistake was of no great consequence.

General Pollock joined the brigade this day. He does not take command, but merely accompanies us until we reach Peshawur.

January 9th.—We halted to-day some way below the town (Choony) marked in the route, on the banks of the Rahee. The 26th went over, this day, to Surruckpoor, a distance of eight miles from the right bank of the river. They received no orders to go so far, and were thus separated two days from the rest of the brigade. Part of the 10th Cavalry's baggage went over also, and proceeded to the proper encampment, about three miles from the right bank.

January 10th, Monday.—In the morning one hundred men of the 9th proceeded to the river, and were employed till one o'clock in dragging the guns into the boats. About this hour the whole regiment arrived. The right wing was immediately sent across to unload the boats on the right bank. The left wing remained to load them on the left. The quantity of baggage of every kind was enormous, and it appeared impossible to pass them over before night. However, Europeans, not natives, were at work, and every thing was transported across by half-past four o'clock.

The 9th passed over, and the guns, ammunition, commissariat stores, some of the 10th Cavalry horses, &c. &c., without any assistance. At half-past four o'clock the officers dined in a tent which had been erected on the right bank, after which the regiment started for a place three miles distant, which it reached at a quarter-past seven at night. The 10th Cavalry had proceeded us in the morning. Their horses, ridden mostly by naked Syces, crossed at what was called the ford. The sight was very fine. Some horses would plunge at once from the bank, leaping as they went

forward in the water with the greatest glee, others would refuse the water, swinging round and rearing perpendicularly, yet without unhorsing their naked riders. Some, on getting into the water, would struggle desperately, (in one or two cases throwing the Syces, who, however, skilfully managed to mount again), and regardless of the rein, force their way back again up the bank. In two instances, two horses were with difficulty saved from drowning in their struggles; they got into deep water, and the Syces, in their efforts to stick, tightened the reins, and disabled the horses from swimming. They were at last thrown off, but the horses were so exhausted as to be incapable of further efforts, and would have been drowned had not the spectators on the bank caught the bridles and held their heads above water. Though the officers of the 10th cavalry were on the spot, they took no active part in the proceedings, and from the part played by them, as a body, on this occasion, I should place no confidence in their future exertions.

This, though called a ford, is nothing of the kind, as all the horses were obliged to swim, and could not cross without doing so.

January 11th, Tuesday.—Marched to Surrückpoor this day, a distance of six miles; here we rejoined the 26th N. I.

January 15th, 1842, Saturday.—Marched to Shabool this day. Our hour of starting is now fixed at six o'clock. No baggage is allowed to proceed over night for fear of plundering on the part of the natives. Our mess baggage starts each morning with the 10th Cavalry, which precedes the brigade by an hour, and reaches the next halting ground so as to prepare breakfast with as little delay as possible. Yesterday and to-day the accounts from Cabul have been gloomy, but far from desponding.

Our Envoy is murdered. He went to a conference with the native chiefs, and on entering their tent was shot dead by the son of Dost Mahomed. The account went on to

say that the troops were to leave Cabul next day, with the intention of falling back upon Jellalabad. They expected to have to undergo great privations, particularly from the intense cold.

Up to this place this country has not fulfilled the expectations which I had been led to form of its extensive cultivation; it displays one continued plain, generally covered with byr-jungle. In the vicinity of villages this monotonous prospect is somewhat relieved by tracts of land cleared and laid out in cultivation. On this morning's march we came in sight of mountains stretching to the N. E., and which I fancy are the lower range of the Cashmeer, the valley being situated just beyond them. They are covered with snow almost to their base.

January 19th, 1842, Wednesday.—Reached this day Parreewalla, a small village, about eight miles from the right bank of the Chenaub. On the 17th we marched from Nyewalla to the left bank of the river, about three miles beyond Rummuggur. This is a large town. Warm clothing for servants and horses procurable here. We also passed, on our route, another large town, by name Akaleegurgh. The inhabitants of this place, called *Akâles*, are a peculiar class of people, and are held in great dread and estimation by the Punjaubs. They used to form Runjeet Sing's body-guard, and led on his soldiers into battle, *careless of their own lives*. They receive a plentiful supply of artificial, in the shape of Bang; they paid no tribute to government,—*an anomaly in any country*,—but such is the force of superstition. They hooted at some of our men as they passed along the road. Akaleegurgh is about four miles from Rummuggur. Just without the walls of the latter place I witnessed the first evidence of an arbitrary government: On the road-side, hanging from a tree, was a man, almost entire, who apparently could not have enjoyed that situation longer than two days.

From hence to the left bank the road is through heavy sand, what, in fact, constitutes the river Chenaub in the rainy season.

Of the brigade, the 10th Cavalry stopped short at Rum-muggur, and were to cross two days afterwards, on the 19th, and then proceed to Pareewalla. The 26th and 60th Companies N. I. passed over at once to the right bank and encamped. The next day the 9th and Artillery passed over. The river was much deeper than had been anticipated, in consequence of the snow having melted on the hills. From hence are seen the Affghan, or salt hills, towards the north-west, and the Cashmeer mountains, covered with snow, towards the north-east. The country produces the following crops: wheat, barley, mustard, sugar-cane, cotton, flax.

Friday, 21st, 1842.—Started from Deengce at six o'clock, and arrived at Koar at eleven o'clock; the distance full sixteen miles. Yesterday's march exhibited no great change in the country, except that our near approach to hills was evident. To-day, the first four miles ran through dank jungle; the next two, through cultivated ground in the vicinity of villages, after which the country assumed a different aspect. A succession of sandy beds crossed the roads, (hill torrents in the rains), after which, ridges of hills, covered in all directions with water-worn pebbles. From the highest hill is afforded a most extensive view of the Punjaub, to the south; the course of the Chenaub, at the distance of thirty miles, could be traced. The whole face of the country looked as smooth as a bowling-green, without the slightest apparent undulation. On surmounting this ridge to the north side, there appears a striking contrast in the prospect—below lies a narrow valley, intersected by a small stream or mullah, beyond which, in the distance, another low ridge of hills arises to view. To the north-east run the Salt Mountains, and to the north-west

the Cashmeer, although at a very great distance and scarcely visible. I felt imbued with fresh spirits to-day, and I believe the picturesque generally has this effect on the feelings of most people long accustomed to the tiring monotony of dull plain, spreading now into sandy desert, now into low jungle, now into flat, though fertile fields.

To night all heavy baggage is to proceed at twelve o'clock to the left bank of the Jehlum, under a guard of four native companies, in order to crossing the river next morning ere our arrival.

January 22nd, 1842, Saturday.—Started at six o'clock from Koar, and arrived early on the left bank of the Jehlum. The 26th N. I. went across at once to the encampment, under the town of Jehlum.* The 9th piled arms, and were disposed in fatigue parties throughout the day. After hard work every thing was transported to the right bank before six o'clock in the evening. The 10th Cavalry were ordered to cross next day, and to follow us to the next encampment. The ford was very shallow, and all the camels easily crossed.

Sunday, 23rd.—The four first miles ran through a flat country, the next four through the bed of the river Kasee, which passed through a ridge of hills, and formed of itself a kind of pass, being lined on both sides with abrupt rugged hills about two thirds of the way. The Brigade (with the exception of guns, &c. &c. &c. which continued their course through the river's bed) filed to the left, and ascended a narrow pass running close under the walls of the fort, called Khotas, and only practicable for men and horses; in many parts the men were obliged to proceed by single files, and it was more like a sheep tract than anything else. We encamped in a low plain beyond the fort, and on the other side of the Kasee. In the evening, Captain Bluntish, Barton, Powell, and myself, set off to see the fort from

* Here ends the Punjaub.

the outside. We re-crossed the Kasee, and Powell sat down to sketch the north side. While idling here we amused ourselves by exciting the delight of the natives at the power of the telescope; they crowded round in little groups, anxious for a peep, and could not contain exclamations of wonder, when an object far distant appeared so close to them. As we were thus engaged, the *Vakeel*, (a nobleman of the Sikh court), who accompanied the brigade to arrange whatever may be required, kindly offered to procure us an order for entrance to the interior of the fort. We thanked him, and forthwith proceeded, with his guide, to visit it. It is a large fort, but greatly dilapidated. It contains 2,000 Sikh troops, besides other inhabitants. Its walls, in some places, are built to a great height in crossing deep ravines, &c. &c. Indeed, so abrupt are the rocks, that the obstacles thrown in the way of building, must have been enormous.

The view of the surrounding country, and of the snowy range, is magnificent in the extreme.

January 24th, Monday.—A forced march this morning to a place named Bukrola. There were two roads,—one of eighteen miles, the other of about eleven miles. The 26th N. I. and artillery started at three o'clock by the former, which ran through the dry bed of a river. The 9th Foot and 10th Cavalry proceeded by the latter, which led over a range of hills the whole way, sometimes presenting deep ravines, and at other times abrupt rocky cliffs. The ascents were very steep, and the pathways so narrow, as to admit of only two going abreast. At the end of our march, the road (or goat path), dropped suddenly to a dry bed of a river, on the banks of which was our encampment. The baggage and cattle were arriving until six o'clock at night. I forgot to mention that we started at five o'clock, but losing our way, wandered about until six o'clock, when

we found ourselves close to the camp from whence we had started. After this, all went on right.

January 25th, Tuesday.—Proceeded through the bed of a river, with high rugged cliffs on both sides—(an enemy might stop the passage of an army through this place). At the end of nine miles we turned off to the left, and ascended a steep cliff, above which our camp was pitched on a rising ground. From hence was afforded a magnificent view of the snowy range, stretching along the north-west. For the last three marches little cultivation has been visible. The soil looks barren and rocky.

Wednesday.—Some part of the way a fine table land. At the commencement and end of the march we encountered ravines.

January 27th, 1842, Thursday.—Started for Muneekyalla; first part of the road interrupted by ravines; then succeeded table land, and again ravines, Encamped at Muneekyalla,* a small village. Here stands a very ancient building, supposed to have been built by Alexander the Great, in commemoration of his victories in this country. It is erected in a round form, and of solid masses of stone. General Ventura, after many trials, succeeded in effecting an opening through the top downwards, and found at the bottom a silver vase full of coins; also a bottle, containing some dark fluid. On climbing to the top, I found that the opening had not been closed up. It is about five feet square, and seems to have originally been intended as the only mode of entrance.

Friday, 28th.—The road to-day ran through ravines; now over table land; finally through the bed of a river. The aspect of the country appeared more bleak and sterile. A sharp cold wind swept over the country for the whole of the day, and rendered the use of a cloak most necessary. Encamped at Hoormuck; there is a hot spring here.

* Alexander the Great's Tower stands here.

Saturday, 29th, 1842.—Just out of camp; crossed river Sawn, passed up its lofty banks, and proceeded along a table land, a good road to *Rawul-pindee*,* through which we marched, and encamped to the north of the town, on the banks of a stream. This is a famous place for blankets, and is a large town: it contains a small fort. I saw plenty of apples in the bazaar. The cold for the last four days has been increasing; the puddles on the sides of the road were frozen to the depth of a quarter of an inch.

Sunday, 30th, 1842.—From Rawul-pindee onwards; camp followers were ordered to keep together, for fear of the hill plunderers in this part of the country. The road on the whole good to Janee-Kasung; the country hilly, and covered with water-worn stones. The following is the substance of a letter received from Jellalabad, and dated January 20th, 1842:—

“General Elphinstone and the politicals were induced to make the best terms with the new King of Cabul (Mahomed Akbar Khan). Accordingly six hostages, and the withdrawal of all troops from the country was settled upon; the first part of the agreement was immediately carried into effect.

“In execution of the second all the disasters occurred; on the 5th of January, 1846. The whole force, consisting of Her Majesty's 44th, 37th N. I., 5th N. I., 54th N. I., 6th Shah's Light Infantry, Nichol's Troop, Horse Artillery Troop, 5th Light Cavalry, Anderson's Horse, three guns, Mountain Train, the Shah's (Sappers and Miners), marched out of cantonments. A heavy fire was opened upon it from all sides. Lieutenant Hardyman, of the 5th Light Cavalry, was shot dead. The force, however, fought its way to Kuft-Kotil, and here the disasters commenced. It

* Famous for blankets.

appears that General Elphinstone allowed himself to be kept at this place *three days* to no purpose.

"The cold was so intense, that the Sepoys were rendered quite helpless. The enemy rushed down upon them, and almost all the native troops perished. Lady Sale was wounded in the arm, and her son-in-law shot dead. At the demand of Akbar Khan, all the ladies were given up, and, *together with their husbands*, escorted back to Cabul. The 44th, and stragglers of the native troops, pushed on to Tezeen, where a desperate fight took place.

"Elphinstone and Shelton were both taken prisoners. The 44th finally reached a place between Jugdulluck and Gundamuck, beyond which little progress was made. The men, fearful that their officers would desert them, kept them back with their firelocks, and otherwise ill treated them; in fact, became beyond all control. A fearful state of confusion ensued—the men, in disorder, were soon cut up by the enemy. A Lieutenant Souter, the Serjeant-Major, and eleven of the 44th taken prisoners, remain to tell the particulars of these fearful catastrophes. At the last affair, Doctor Bryden, 5th N. I.; Captain Hopkins, Shah's Force; Captain Collier, 5th Light Cavalry; Doctor Harper, 5th Light Cavalry, fled towards Jellalabad; these three were killed—the first escaped with two wounds into that place: this has been a *shameful business* from first to last, and calls for a *rigid investigation*. The hostages are Lieutenant Airey, 3rd Buffs, Aid-de camp; Captain Johnstone, Paymaster; Lawrence, Madras Infantry; Conolly, Webb, Shah's Force; "Walsh," ditto.

The prisoners now at Lughman are Captain and Mrs. Anderson; ditto Boyd; Lieutenant and Mrs. Eyre, Artillery; ditto Waller; Lady McNaghten; Lady Sale; Mrs. Sturt; Trevor; Mainwaring; General Elphinstone; Colonel Shelton; Brigadier Anquetil, Shah's Force.

Monday, 31st.—To Vah, fourteen miles; country, ravines. Passed through a causeway; cut through a range of hills, then through a large valley, in which were counted no less than seven villages; the prospect very fine. At the end of the march proceeded through a gorge, and encamped on the banks of a stream, at the base of a rock, eight hundred feet high, on the top of which stood a Facquer's house.

February 1st, 1842, Tuesday.—To Boorham; a short march of eight miles and a half. Crossed a rapid stream—the Chum-lah; through ravines. Encamped in a cotton field. Hence the General proceeded to Attock, to meet Captain Lawrence, Principal Agent, intending to accompany him next morning to Peshawur. The irregular horse went with him as a guard.

News by the Overland received. The Queen *gave birth to a son!* hurrah! on the 9th of November, 1841. Brevet appeared on the 23rd of November. Taylor, Lieutenant-Colonel; Barnwell, Major; Edmonds, Captain, and McCaskell, Lieutenant.

February 2nd, Wednesday.—To Shumsabad, twelve miles and a half. Ravines; small streams. A defile, and river Haroo. Some parts were sandy at the end of the march. Descended into a plain at the foot of low hills, which hid Attock from view. Inhabitants of the villages were very inquisitive, though inoffensive.

Thursday, 3rd, 1842.—To Attock instead of to Kyra-bad, as in route, about nine miles. We encamped about two miles short of the fort; this delay was caused by a force of eight or nine thousand Sikhs, who were crossing the river. This force is proceeding to Peshawur; they are in a mutinous state, and cannot be relied on—a “very cowardly set.” It rained all this day. The Rajah of this district sent an order for our admittance into the fort. It was sent to the authorities within, who answered that the

Killedar, or head man, was not present, and that they would see the Rajah and ourselves hanged before admitting us. This is a specimen of good government to be witnessed throughout the Punjaub. About two miles to the north runs, or rather rushes, the famous Indus, sweeping under the walls of the fort of Attock. The Indus flows in several streams until it is joined by the Cabul river, when it rushes past the fort like a torrent. The fort, though picturesque, is incapable of defence, being commanded by hills on all sides.

February 4th, Friday.—Started from our encampment on the left bank of the Indus at ten o'clock. A cold raw day; first two miles over stony hills to the bank of the river, under the walls of the fort. Crossed over a bridge of sixteen boats. Proceeded through Geedur-Gullees Pass, two miles long—literally Jackall's Pass, figuratively so narrow as only to admit of a jackall—thence the road ran over dry nullahs and water courses.

Passed through the village of Akorah, and encamped to the north-west, a mile or so on the banks of the Cabul river. The hills around are inhabited by plunderers, called Kakurs, Afredees, &c. &c., and we are in consequence more on our guard.

February 5th, Saturday.—Halted this day, in consequence of the baggage having been left at the last encampment. The camel drivers of No. 7 Company, 9th Regiment disappeared with their camels, and the rear guard remained all day and night to protect the baggage—they slept in their cloaks.

February 6th, 1842, Sunday.—Marched along the right bank of the Cabul river. Distant hills on our right and left—tops covered with snow. Passed through the village of Noushera, near a small fort, square, with four towers. The long range of Affghan hills, covered with snow, presented a beautiful prospect.

February 7th, Monday.—Started at six o'clock, over a fine plain, cultivated. The hills closing rapidly around, and to all appearance there is no outlet. Snow-topped mountains seen on all sides. Camels go out grazing, protected by a guard.

Our encampment lying at the foot of the Affghan range, individuals cannot proceed beyond limits without risk,

February 8th, 1842, Tuesday.—Marched through the city of Peshawur this day, and encamped to the west of it. This city is built in the most picturesque manner. It consists of three or four octagons, opening into each other by gateways. The houses are three stories high, the walls of which are wood frame work, filled with small bricks, and present a very light and elegant appearance. Painted representations of soldiers, beasts, and flowers, cover every disposable spot. I observed a great number of people engaged in running off silk. Apothecaries' shops and fruit stalls laid out as neatly as in England. Cashmere cloth and gloves. A contrast to this soon met our eyes. On the right of the road, issuing from the town, stood two gallows, on a high mound, from one of which hung three criminals; from the other twelve criminals. Some were in the last stage of decomposition—exhibiting their fleshless bones—dangling in the air. Others had apparently been but a short time hanging. General Avitabili (an Italian), is Governor of this district, and adopts this wholesale practice, as the only means of restraining the lawless spirits under his rule, and he succeeds wonderfully. I fear, however, that he is a ruthless man, and holds the life of a human being and brute in equal estimation. He has built a fort, commanding the city, and strong enough to resist any attacks from the disaffected.

The situation is very fine. The hills are in the form of a grand amphitheatre, in the midst of which is Peshawur.

It is the great mart between Cabul, Cashmere and Hindostan. Its population is immense—about 100,000 souls.

Started from Meerut on the 1st of December, 1841.

Reached Peshawur on the 8th of February, 1842.

STAGES.	MILES.
From Meerut to Kurnaul . . .	75
From Kurnaul to Ferozepore . . .	202
From Ferozepore to Peshawur . . .	357
Total	<u>632</u>

Made two haults at Kurnaul—four halts at Ferozepore, and two between that place and Peshawur. Made one forced march. Crossed six large rivers, viz.—“Jumna,” “Sutlej,” “Ravee,” “Chenaub,” “Jheelum,” “Indus,” besides many small streams. In view of the highest range of mountains in the world—the Himalays, of the Cashmere range—beyond which lies the celebrated valley of the Affghan Mountains; beyond which towers the lofty peaks of Hindoo Kosh, as yet unexplored, and supposed to equal in height the Himalays.

ROUTE from FEROZEPORE to PESHAWUR.

Jan 1942.	Nos.	STAGES.	Miles	Furl.	Yds.	REMARKS.
4th.	1	Right bank of the Sutlej	10	0	0	
5th.	2	Kussoor	10	0	0	First part of the road jungly Camp east, close to the town.
	3	Sulliance	13	7	0	Half way the village of Aphur, across hence to Lahore, atten miles Nud- deepoor—camp a quar- ter of a mile west of vil- lage.
	4	Gunjatee	11	4	0	First part across two dry nullahs. Half way a great expanse of plain, of des- ert, low jungle. Camp a quarter mile east. Crossed the Ravee-ferry and good ford. Camp on the left bank.
	5	Surrukpoor—three miles across the Ravee	13	0	0	
	6	Dhurgee	13	7	0	
	7	Mulligan	15	6	0	Over a large plain. Camp S. W.
	8	Mutta	8	4	0	Ditto, ditto, Camp N. W.
	9	Shabool	10	6	0	Road good—country open Camp S. W.
	10	Naeewala	12	5	0	Half way is the town Aka- leegurh Camp half a mile south of the village.
	11	Rum-Muggur— left bank of the Chenāub River.	10	0	0	Two miles to Ghat on the right bank, crossed, and camp two miles N. W. of town, after crossing one mile and quarter of heavy sand. Five miles through dwak jungle—a ravine one mile and a half from camp.
	12	Pareewala	11	4	0	
	13	Dheenggee	14	1	140	
	14	Khoar	12	2	0	Five or six miles over a sandy road, through dwak jungle. Camp a quarter of a mile south, road crosses seven or eight beds of sand—(hill torrents in rains)—half way ascend and descend a ridge of hills Camp a quarter of a mile north of Khoar.

Jan. 1842.	Nos.	STAGES.	Miles.	Furl.	Yds.	REMARKS.
	15	Jheelum on right bank of Jheelum. Here ends the Punjaub	12	0	0	Three miles through the bed of the river—ferry opposite town—ford mile up the river, dangerous and deep.
	16	Khotas, right bank	8	5	20	Road along the bed of river, some ravines, camp N. W. of Khotas.
	17	Udhurana	8	0	0	Road along bed of river—camp S. E.
	18	Bakerala	9	5	40	Road through the river; best water in the Punjaub, in a well here.
	19	Tameehak	14	9	0	Cross Kasee River—road along bed of it, dangerous ravines—camp N. W. of Tameehak.
	20	Seraee Pukkee ..	12	5	0	A deep ravine—three or four ravines—camp E., River Kasee, close.
	21	Munneekyala	10	1	0	Ravines for two or three miles, then country open. At six miles Robat-Ke-Seraee in ruins.
	22	Hoormuck	9	0	0	Road good for five or six miles, thence bad ravines cross the River Sawm.
	23	Rawul Pindee....	13	6	0	Road through jungle and difficult ravines—cross "Seel," partially dry; cross "Leh" River—camp N. of town.
	24	Janee-Ka-Sung ..	14	0	40	Two roads left for Hackeries. Half way is "Kallee-Ka-Seraee," to this a byr jungle. A stone bridge—at ten miles a stone causeway, last four, a thick jungle.
	25	Vah	8	0	140	Cross the Shumlah River, two fords, left ford best; "ravines."
	26	Boorhan	13	1	0	First part good, then sandy, at seven miles, a defile—River Haroo knee deep.
	27	"Shumsabad" ..	9	6	0	Sandy, cross two beds of streams.
	28	"Attock"	10	5	0	At six miles from Akorah, the narrow Geedur, Gullee Pass—cross the Indus over bridge of boats.—Camp beyond fort.

Jan. 1842.	Nos.	STAGES.	Miles.	Furl.	Yds.	REMARKS.
	29	"Akorah"	11	7	120	Road, rough and stony, runs close to Cabool River. Camp close to the village, on right bank of the Cabool River.
	30	Noushera	9	7	170	
	31	Bubbee	12	1	30	First part of the road swampy,—cross two bridges.
	Total . . .		347	1	40	

ROUTE given by POLITICAL AGENT, *January 1842.*

Jan.	No.	STAGES.	Miles.	Furl.	Yds.	REMARKS.
4	1	Right bank of the Sutlej	8	0	0	Direct to Surruckpoor,—four miles and a half by Surruckpoor—distance is sixteen miles.
5	2	Kusoor	10	0	0	
7	3	Looleanee	10	2	0	
8	4	Jungatch	14	0	0	
9	5	*Left bank of Ravee Dingha	7	0	0	
11	6	Surruckpoor . . .	14	0	0	About two miles beyond "Noorickwalla."
13	7	Barrea Mullea . .	14	0	0	
14	8	Mutta	13	0	0	
15	9	Shabool	9	4	0	
16	10	Nyewalla	11	2	0	
17	11	Ranee-Nuggur . .	10	0	0	Brigade encamped close on the left bank of the Chenaub, three miles beyond "Ramnuggur, three miles from Ranee Nuggur—full sixteen miles.

* On the 9th of January, instead of going to "Choony" (no supplies), went to the left of it, a long way—next morning passed over all baggage, and in the evening proceeded to a village, about three miles from the river. On the morning of the 11th, marched to Surruckpoor; on the 21st, marched to Dingee.

Jan.	No.	STAGES.	Miles.	Furl.	Yds.	REMARKS.
19	12	Parea-Wallah . . .	11	4	0	On the right bank of the Jheelum River. For Infantry, a shorter road by the fort; direct road from Khotas to Bukkrola, about eleven miles (except for wheeled carriages).
20	13	Dinga	12	0	0	
21	14	Khawar	14	2	0	
22	15	Jehlum	11	2	0	
23	16	"Khotas"	12	0	0	
24	17	"Ooderana" . . .	9	0	0	
	18	"Bukkrola" . . .	9	0	0	
25	19	* "Dhurmnuck" . .	9	0	0	
26	20	Serrai-Pukka . . .	14	0	0	
27	21	Manikyala	12	4	0	
28	22	Hoomuck	11	0	0	
29	23	"Rawul Pindee" . .	9	0	0	
30	24	"Janee-Ka-Sung" .	13	6	0	
31	25	"Vah, or Wah" . .	14	0	0	
Feb. 1842.						
1	26	Boorhan	8	4	0	On the right bank of the Indus, opposite Attok.
2	27	"Shumsabad" . . .	12	6	0	
3	28	Khyrabad	12	0	0	
4	29	Akora	10	4	0	
6	30	Nushera	10	0	0	
7	31	Pabbee	9	0	0	
8	32	"Peshawur	11	4	0	
Total Miles . . .			357	0	0	

* This place is "Tamechak, and not "Dhurmnuck."

February 14th, 1842, Monday.—Koulsir, this is now the first week of our sojourn at this place. The brigade left Peshawur on the 9th, and having marched eight miles, took up its present encampment, distant about six miles from the Khybur Pass. Of the four regiments, comprising Wild's Brigade, two thousand Sepoys are in hospital, and the rest dispirited.

February 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th.—Still encamped at Koulsir. Wild's Brigade has joined and encamped on our left; the men are rapidly recovering. On the 18th, I accompanied a party to the fort of Jumrood, distant about four miles. This is a strong place though small; four regiments of Sikhs are encamped under its walls. We proceeded some little way beyond the fort for the purpose of reconnoitering—discovering some Khyburees in a ruined village, about half a mile off, at the foot of the first hill, overlooking the Pass. The Sikhs very anxious to know when we should enter the Pass, and sneered at any attempt we might make.

Saturday, 19th, 1842.—This day will be remarkable from the circumstance of the province having been visited by an earthquake, which lasted full two minutes; the effect it had was extraordinary. I had just thrown a quoit, when a sudden giddiness came over me, and I was near falling to the earth. Another officer who happened to be standing in the open air felt the same effect. Scott and the Colonel caught hold of each other for mutual support; Field and "Harthill" did the same. Of those in tents, some rushed out, others called out, desiring their servants not to agitate the tent. Bullocks proceeding with loads stopped, and began to oscillate from side to side. On recovering from the shock we cast our eyes towards Peshawur, and beheld an immense cloud of dust hovering over the city, and over villages to the right, which indicated that the visitation had proved disastrous at those spots.

From the reports of some of our officers who had set off for Peshawur, and reached it just after the calamity, it appears that every house was more or less injured; that all the buildings on a hill overlooking the town on the left, are one mass of ruins. General Avitabili's house is rent from top to bottom, and he is now living in a tent. General Pollock had a narrow escape; he occupied a house belonging to Lieutenant Mackeson, and at the first shock left his writing-desk, and rushed out; soon after a beam fell upon the desk and smashed it to atoms. Lieutenant Mackeson, and others in the house, escaped also. The loss of life is said to be great. A tower on the Peshawur road was seen to totter and fall; the puddles of water assumed a wavy motion; the dozen criminals on the gibbet were thrown into an extraordinary agitation; the air was still, and no noise accompanied the shock. It seemed to pass from the west to the east. Many who had experienced earthquakes before, were of opinion that the shock was severe, and long in duration. It took place at eleven o'clock in the day.

February 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th.—No prospect of any movement.

February 29th, Sunday.—Received accounts from Jellalabad. The earthquake had proved more violent at that place—throwing down two bastions and parapets, which it had taken months to build. General Sale, however, writes in spirits, and states that the damage would soon be rectified. No lives lost. Colonel Monteith was buried up to his neck in the ruins, and rather seriously injured. Akbar Khan, with some horsemen, approached to reconnoitre, but was immediately driven off.

A few days ago, three Khyburrees conveyed from General Pollock three thousand rupees to Jellalabad, for "Sale," for which service they were to receive no less a sum than three thousand, viz.—a rupee for every rupee they deli-

vered to "Sale." Negotiations for the purchase of the Pass have been going on for the last three days, and are expected to be closed to-day; the terms are a bonus of sixteen thousand rupees, to be paid when troops (including the brigade in our rear) shall have passed through the Pass, and ten thousand rupees monthly payment. The only difficulty lies in their demand, that arrears due to them should be paid up, although they are not entitled to any arrears, from their having broken their engagement in closing the Pass against us. This, in all probability, will be satisfactorily settled. The weather is becoming hotter, but continues very pleasant; the snow is disappearing very rapidly from the mountains.

About one o'clock, a report having been made that some camels had been carried off by the Khyburrees, two troops of regular cavalry, and one *ressalla* of irregulars, went out to recover them. Some officers, prompted by curiosity, accompanied them. No trace of camels was seen, as the cavalry swept under the slopes of some hills. Fifty or sixty shots were fired at them by Khyburrees above without effect. However, four Khyburrees, who were at first taken for friends, fired at the troopers as they passed, killed one, wounded another. Lieutenant Tytler, a young officer of the 35th N.I., received a severe wound in the thigh, the man who fired being within ten yards. Cornet Vibort of the 10th cavalry, immediately dashed at the man to cut him down, but the fellow closing in warded off the blow, and inflicted a severe slash across the thigh; three of the men were eventually killed; the fourth, in the confusion, crept into the brushwood, and remained unnoticed; he was badly wounded. This is a most absurd affair, and places all concerned in a ridiculous light.

March 7th, Monday.—Hour, midnight; half-past twelve o'clock on picquet. Wind blowing lustily, threatening to sweep away my frail pall. Bright starlight night;

fires to be seen around on all sides, particularly in the Khybur hills. Pollock received dispatches from Sale; he is well off. Akber Khan, with fifteen hundred cavalry, approached Jellalabad; fired twice at them, and killed many with shrapnell. Akbar sheered off, and is somewhere in the direction of Lallpoorah, awaiting our arrival. This news, it is thought, will delay our advance, as we have no cavalry that can be relied on to bring against him. The 3rd Dragoons will join us before the end of the month, and then we shall move on. Within the last week strange hints and whispers have been creeping from ear to ear, to the effect that the regiments comprising Wild's Brigade were resolved on refusing to proceed to Cabul, and that the feeling was rapidly spreading. Accordingly, Pollock, having summoned the commanding officers of the corps, 60th and 34th N.I., put the question to them. The answer from each was, "I stake my commission on their obedience." Afterwards the adjutants, calling out their men, singly demanded if they were prepared to go on. All answered in the affirmative. Notwithstanding this, a party of Sepoys, belonging to one of these regiments, was ascertained to have conferred with a detachment of the 33rd N.I., just arrived, with stores from Ferozepore, soliciting them to sign a paper, pledging themselves to proceed no further. The 33rd refused—declared they would follow their officers. The Sepoys then went away, and being strangers could not be identified. How precarious is the state of affairs when a spirit so dastardly is evinced!

Secret communications pass between Pollock and Sale, by means of slips of paper, sometimes baked in a cake, sometimes inserted into a quill, which is concealed either in the beard, or in an unusual receptacle behind. The knife used by the Khyburees is two feet long, two and a half inches broad at the handle, and gradually lessening to the point; it is about a quarter of an inch thick—most formi-

dable weapons. The juzzail is a long rifle, with a carved stock. It is reputed to carry eight hundred yards, but this I doubt; they are loaded with iron balls. The Khyburree generally aims from a rest; he is otherwise a bad marksman.

Our whole force were on the alert last night. During the day a Khyburree gave intelligence that our friends in the hills, fancying that a large treasure was in camp, had determined to attack us at night. Their plan was to make a false attack in front, and fixing our attention on that quarter, by showing divers lights moving to and fro, while a real attack was to be attempted in the rear, with hopes of bearing off the booty. Every preparation was made to receive our guests, from whose visit we anticipated some solid entertainment. The alarm was false, for our friends never came.

Camp, eight miles to the north-west of the city of Peshawur, and six miles from the mouth of the Khybur Pass.

March 8th, 1842.

My dear Harriet—I am far beyond the boundary of Hindostan and of British dominions; a glance at the map will show you our present situation, and the country through which my regiment passed. In consequence of the Cabul catastrophe, the 9th, with some Sepoy regiments, were pushed on with the greatest dispatch to the assistance of those troops which yet remained in jeopardy.

We started from Meerut on the 1st of December, 1841, and arrived at Peshawur on the 8th of February, having marched a distance of six hundred and thirty miles, and crossed six large rivers (larger than the Thames), namely—the Jumna, Sutlej, Ravee, Chenaub, Jhelum, Indus, besides smaller streams. In view to the north-east, the highest mountains in the world, the Himalaya, the Cash-

mere range, beyond which lies the celebrated valley; to the north-west, the Affghan hills; and far beyond, the lofty peak of the Hindoo-Kosh, as yet unexplored, and supposed to equal in height the Himalaya. The prospect is very fine—a grand amphitheatre of hills, in the midst of which stands Peshawur; those in our front are called “Khybur,” and are inhabited by two tribes, who have refused us a passage through their country. However, in a short time, we shall advance *and force our way*. Our present force consists of five thousand men; and our object is to relieve General Sale, who is cooped up in Jellalabad.

Jellalabad is about one hundred miles from this place, the road lying through a most difficult country. The Pass in our front is twenty-eight miles long, and in some places only twenty yards wide, with rocks almost perpendicular on both sides. The Khyburees possess long rifles, called juzzails, which can command any part of this Pass. They could annoy an advancing enemy much by planting parties behind *breastworks*, thrown up on the heights, and by casting down masses of rock and stone. By these means they have already succeeded in repulsing four Sepoy regiments. Notwithstanding all this they are by no means formidable to an European corps. A Briton (a Feringhee) is held in the greatest fear, and no native will dare to face him. These Khyburees, like the Irish, are constantly burning signal fires in their hills, and parties of them can be frequently seen by aid of the telescope. We shall, in all probability, advance from our present position in ten or fifteen days. Jellalabad is our first object, which attained, circumstances will direct further movements. Two days after, I received my father's letter, dated November 29th, which fully accounted for the non-appearance of William's name in the Gazette. The cutting off all communication,

or an event *still stronger*, may render this letter "my last," and I shall express my feelings and wishes as fully as possible.

However, in my present situation, exposed to the changes and chances of war, it would be folly to provide for the future, with that which I do not now possess. Upon this subject I think I have said all that is required, and I shall conclude by remarking, that in my October letter I made no admission nor promise which I cannot perform.

You will by this time have read the paper accounts of our disasters in this country. The causes which led to those disasters were these—our communications not being kept up, in direct violation of every principle of war; a general, crippled both in mind and body, at the head of the troops; the infatuation of politicals; their blindness and contempt of repeated warnings; and the absence of a systematic espionage. Our Indian possessions have occupied little of the attention of British legislators. This catastrophe is the result of their neglect; it will come upon them with the force of a clap of thunder—the wealthy peer will start from his ease, and the stockholder will tremble for his very subsistence. However, it will have the effect of rousing energies long dormant, and instituting an inquiry long needed.

This Whig farce comes with a vengeance, and ends in a Whig tragedy. The loss of human life is supposed to amount to fourteen thousand, including camp followers. The army, on its retreat from Cabul, had to cross passes, running over hills five, six, and seven thousand feet high, with snow, knee deep, on the ground. The Sepoy regiments were soon cut off, principally by the intense cold, not by the enemy. One regiment of Europeans, and the only one with the force, the 44th, still held on, driving back the enemy in all directions, and had actually reached a distance of sixty miles, having overcome the most formi-

dable obstacles, and had arrived within forty miles of a place of safety, when, in an evil hour, the men broke into small desperate bodies, selecting their own leaders, and of course were soon easily overpowered by myriads of the enemy; one officer escaped into Jellalabad. The Sepoys are not fit for this service, at *such a season*; the cold was so intense that they could not use their muskets, and they were totally incapable of acting. About forty officers lost their lives.

If you see Captain Meredith, of the 13th regiment, tell him that his regiment is behaving gallantly at Jellalabad, and that the 9th are advancing to their rescue, and that a meeting is anxiously wished for by both parties.

This country seems by nature subject to commotions. On the 19th of February, we experienced a violent shock of an earthquake—the effect was extraordinary. While in the act of throwing a quoit, a sudden giddiness came over me, and I was near falling to the ground. Those who were standing were alike affected; of those in tents, some rushed out, some called to their servants, desiring them not to agitate their tents. Bullocks with their loads came to a stand, and oscillated to and fro. On recovering from the shock, we cast our eyes towards Peshawur, and beheld clouds of dust hanging over that place, and over villages to the right of it. Every house in the city was more or less injured—some a complete mass of ruins. General Pollock, who commands our forces, left a desk at which he was writing, and rushed from the house, a moment afterwards a beam falling smashed the desk to atoms. The loss of life in the city amounted to thirty or forty. A tower on the road to Peshawur was seen to totter and then crumble into dust; puddles of water were strangely agitated; a dozen wretches strung up on gibbets, overlooking the city, seemed in violent contention; and yet there was a perfect stillness in the air. The earthquake took place at eleven o'clock in the day,

and lasted two minutes. I could give you long descriptions of this country and of the different places I visited. The city of Peshawur is built in a most picturesque manner; it consists of four octagons, opening into each other by lofty gateways. The houses are three stories high, the walls of which are wooden framework, filled in with small bricks, presenting a very light and elegant appearance; painted representations of soldiers, animals, and flowers, cover every disposable spot. I observed a large number of people engaged in running off most beautiful silk; apothecaries' shops (rare things); fruit stalls laid out as neatly as in England; Cashmere cloth and gloves. I witnessed the same evidence of absolute government. On a high mound, commanding the city, stood two gibbets, on which dangled no less than twelve criminals. General Avitabili, an Italian, is governor of this district, and adopts this wholesale practice as the only means of restraining the lawless spirits under his rule. Peshawur is the grand mart between Cabul, Cashmere, and Hindostan, and is said to contain 100,000 souls; it belongs to our allies, the Sikhs, of the Punjaub, who are as blood-thirsty and treacherous, and as faithless as the Affghans themselves.

So you are again at Kingscourt. I am glad Robert is getting on so well. Charles was not mentioned in the last letter; as a study I would recommend mathematics and trigonometry above all. I hoped that William might have partaken of the glories of this northern campaign, but now I will *reap them all myself*. My friend Douglas is still at Calcutta—the commander-in-chief could not spare him from his office. C—— has arrived in this country. My aunt gave me a —— on leaving Meerut, and begged me to correspond with her. You must direct all letters, “Affghanistan.” Write, my dear Harriet, it is long, long since you wrote, and now it is more necessary, as I shall soon be cut off in a manner from the world. If you get no letters

for a long time, be not anxious. Communications pass through this country by means of slips of paper, sometimes baked in cakes, sometimes inserted into a quill, and concealed in the beard.

Love to father, Helena, and the boys.

Believe me ever your affectionate Brother,

J. S. CUMMING.

March 11th, 1842.—Weather becoming hotter—thermometer 80°. It seems now almost certain that no advanced movement before the arrival of the 3rd Brigade, under Colonel Richmond. Of the two Khybur tribes, the “Usuckgies” (that at the other end of the Pass), have acceded to our terms; but the Effredees (that in our front) remain obstinate. The Sikh soldiers were in the habit of lounging through our camp, peeping into tents, and otherwise behaving in an offensive manner. General Pollock gave an order that the picquets were to prevent their entrance into camp, so that now we are rid of their annoyance. On the night of the 9th, at about nine o'clock, the report of a musket was heard in the direction of the main picquet, succeeded by others in rapid succession. Instantly were bugles sounded, drums beating, every soldier in the camp started to his feet, and rushed to the appointed spot; fires were immediately extinguished, and the different regiments disposed so as to face the supposed danger. On reaching the front, a few dropping shots were still kept up by our picquets, but from the darkness no enemy was visible to us—our men all loaded. However, the firing soon ceased altogether, and all was again silence. It appears, that a number of horsemen approached the sentry on the right of the main picquet; the sentry challenged, and receiving no answer, fired; the firing was taken up, and ran along the whole line of main picquets from right

to left; the party or parties then retired. One sentry, who was posted about sixty paces from the bank of a dry bed of a river, perceived something appearing above the bank, and apparently approaching his post. He challenged, and was answered by three bullets, all of which missed him; he sunk upon one knee and fired to the front, in the direction of the flashes; and it was ascertained afterwards that he had shot one man. The camp again retired to rest, and were again called up at three o'clock. Upon this occasion three or four shots were fired upon a party who had returned to carry off the body, which in the confusion of the first attack had been left behind in the dry bed. It was a general remark how quick the 9th turned out—every man seems to be endued with a spirit of adventure. Some Khyburrees, who came into camp, reported that a chief with a hundred men, hearing that there was treasure in the camp, was induced to come down from the hills in hopes of plunder, but being met so spiritedly, thought fit to retire; they also said that the chief and one follower had been killed. The Sikhs, however, pretended that they had made the attack, which no one believes.

Saturday, 12th, 1842.—At about half-past twelve o'clock last night a succession of shots from the main picquet again called us to the scene of action. On this occasion the Captain of the picquets extended his men, who began firing (or rather the Sepoys did, not the Europeans); the enemy did not return the fire but retired, and we could see the lights of their matchlocks glimmering in the distance. We turned in again, and were not disturbed for the rest of the night. One or more are supposed to have been killed, though the fact cannot be ascertained, as these people invariably carry off their dead.

This is a very wet day—the air cold. It seems that wonders are never to cease in this country. About two

o'clock, a rushing sound as if wind approaching, was heard towards the west ; it was a hail storm, exceeding anything of the kind I had ever witnessed ; for about ten minutes a dense perpetual shower of hail stones poured upon the earth ; the stones were a half and two-thirds of an inch in diameter, and some of full an inch. Some officers who happened to be exposed to the storm for an instant or two, described the blows they received as quite painful ; the horses appeared to feel it much, as they had no means of protecting themselves against the continued pelting. The storm was accompanied by thunder and lightning.

On Friday night, a party of marauders (Khyburees it is thought) attacked our sick, who are in tents, close under Peshawar, supposing that the baggage of the regiment had been sent with them. They were driven off by the Juz-zailchees, who, however, lost two men, killed. This was in consequence of the stupidity of their femadar in not serving out ammunition to the men. A dispatch was received from Sale ; he is closely invested, and anxious that we should move forward to his assistance. This, however, is out of the question till the arrival of the 3rd Brigade ; the principal reason is a want of confidence in the native troops. Seventy Sepoys have deserted, many of whom are supposed to have been cut up by the Sikhs. It is now most unsafe to go beyond the limits of the camp, as plunderers are scattered over the plain in all directions.

March 12th, 1842.—Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth—rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the blossom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.—*Landor, Peshawar.*

Sunday, 13th, 1842.—All last night and to-day a cold strong west wind has prevailed.

Tuesday, 15th.—A Khybur-Synd, entrusted by General Pollock with the transmission of 15,000 rupees to General

Sale, contrary to the expectations of many, arrived safe at Jellalabad.* This man is a pleasing exception to most of his race, a false and treacherous set—he has returned and is now in camp. A price has been set upon Captain Mackeson's head (political agent in this place); and a man of some note is said to have offered to assassinate him. General Pollock has accordingly desired that he should encamp in the European lines for greater safety. News received this morning that Lord Ellenborough had arrived in Calcutta. His first act was to write with his own hand a letter to Pollock, approving of all his measures. This promptness on his part speaks well.

True friendship necessarily requires patience; for there is no man in whom I shall not dislike something, and who shall not as justly dislike something in me. My friend's faults, therefore, if little, I will swallow and digest; if great, I will smother them; however, I will wink at them to others, but lovingly mollify them to himself.—*Bishop Hall, March 18th, 1842.*

Thursday, March 24th, 1842.—The force is still at Kowsalsir; our movements uncertain. All negotiations with Khyburees had been broken off, but the day before yesterday were again resumed. In the first instance, they demanded three lacks of rupees; they then came down to one and a half, which General Pollock refused, and broke off. He will not give more than fifty thousand, but should the 31st Queen's join, will give nothing. Sale is not closely invested; a few checks given to the enemy, together with the circumstance of Akbar Khan having been wounded by one of his own men, have occasioned a cessation of attacks on his part.

* It was known by the enemy, through their spies, when and by what road he was going, and people were accordingly stationed to intercept him. At one place a party hotly pursued him, and he only escaped by taking refuge in his own village, from whence he safely reached Jellalabad.

Thursday, March 31st, 1842.—The 3rd Dragoons, 1st Cavalry, and one troop of Horse Artillery having joined us yesterday, General Pollock determined upon advancing. Accordingly the army of the Indus moved this morning from the encampment of Kowsalsir (having been in tents at this place from the 9th of February to the 31st of March, 1842), and advanced in regular order of march about six miles, a mile beyond Jumrood, and two miles from the mouth of the Khybur Pass. The ground is much broken here, consisting of alternate hillocks and water-courses. Some of the Khybur tribes have received money to keep open the Pass—thirty thousand rupees is already paid down, and twenty thousand on reaching Jellalabad; but treachery is much apprehended, and with reason. We shall, therefore, advance with the greatest caution and vigilance.

Jumrood, March 31st, 1842.

My dear Douglas—I write you a hurried note to say that we are at last in movement. The 3rd Dragoons, 1st Cavalry, and Horse Artillery, arrived yesterday, having pushed on by forced marches; and the army of the Indus made their first advance towards Jellalabad this morning. I enclose you the order of march, which I believe to be correct. General Pollock hopes to arrive to Sale's relief about the 7th of April, as R—t rations in the fort will only last up to that day. It contains, however, plenty of "attah." As the Pass is in a manner bought, and the Khyburees promise largely, but treachery is suspected, the troops will proceed as if an enemy were in front. We started this morning from our old encampment, and proceeded about six miles to within two miles of the mouth of the Pass. Though the amount of baggage is small in the extreme for such a large force, yet the rear column did not start for two hours after the front column; fancy, then, the diffi-

culty of entering the Pass so encumbered! Serious opposition is not expected to be made. Ali Musjid, which is said to be occupied by some hundreds of Affghans, sent by that villain, Akbar Khan;—however, a shell or two will dislodge them, after which we shall encounter no great opposition until we come up with Akbar Khan. He has about twelve hundred cavalry, more formidable than any native horsemen in our service; with these and his infantry he will most likely make a stand, ineffectually, of course, against our overpowering force. Should he be forced back, his intention is to retreat across the hills to the north, taking with him the captives in the fort of Lagman. Pollock, however, is endeavouring to frustrate this intention, by persuading the chief in charge of the fort to shut it against his master, and thus protect the captives until our arrival to his succour. It is thought that the relief of Sale being accomplished, we shall return immediately to Peshawar—I fervently hope not, but I believe no one knows excepting Pollock himself. Our baggage small indeed. B —n and I have a pall between us, nine feet by seven, and six high; a carpet-bag is my share; three sattoos carry all our things. We sleep on the ground. Thermometer yesterday 89°, to-day 85°, increasing daily, yet we are in health, because in spirits. The army enters the Pass to-morrow, all hands carrying two days' provisions. A parade has been suddenly ordered, and I am obliged to stop short. Blunish, Scott are left behind at Peshawar. Pollock is much liked, proving himself a man of energy. He considers the 9th his great stay; the 31st has not joined us. Adieu! Adieu!

Yours ever sincerely,

J. S. CUMMING.

Saturday, April 2nd, 1842.—The army halted yesterday, to allow of further arrangements being made as to baggage,

at K——r. Officers and men had confined themselves to the merest necessaries, and stores had also been curtailed, yet it was found necessary at this place to put a further restriction upon the generality of stores, and upon the baggage of the two cavalry corps lately joined; and all were yesterday removed into the fort of Jumrood. Besides the force, at present comprising the army, there are also a body of Juzzailchees, under Captain Ferrais, and a regiment of Uzukies, under Lieutenant Thomas.* The Sikhs are to co-operate, by forcing a pass to our left, but little dependance can be placed on them. The first ridge of hills before us are very steep, presenting only two apparent openings, which are very narrow; high ridges rise successively beyond these. Since our arrival at this place yesterday morning, the Khyburrees have been busily engaged throwing a sungha across the mouth of the Pass, and are determined to resist us. It appears that twelve thousand rupees had been advanced them, and twelve thousand was to be paid on our arrival at Ali-mus-jid. However, they sent into camp yesterday to say that they must at once have the second instalment, which has been, of course, refused. They consequently intend offering their best resistance, and twelve thousand rupees have been expended to no purpose. It is said they possess a gun. They burn fires all night on the sides of the hills, right and left of the Pass, and have erected their white flag, signifying—"victory or death." The army moves on to-morrow, the men taking two days' supplies of cooked provisions.

* Cousin to the author, and son to the late General Thomas.

LIGHT COMPANY.

ALPHABETICAL ROLL of the above Company, of which
I am Senior Subaltern now, with the Regiment
Khybur.*—4th of April, 1842.

RANK AND NAMES.	RANK AND NAMES.
1 cs Robert Allen Isaac Coatman
1 1 Alexander Allen Thomas Cook
2 1 Thomas Ball	20 ... Maurice Cummins
3 1 Edward Waymen Edward Dark
1 c William Banbury Patrick Dawson
2 c James Price James Dickinson
3 c William Taylor Joseph Dunbar
1 d Henry Edward	25 ... John Fitzgibbon
2 d John Kilboy Cornelius Foley
1 p Thomas Adams Francis Gallaher
... 5 Edward Adlam William Gillan
... .. John Allen	30 ... John Gorman
... .. John Atkinson William Hawkins
5 ... Richard Barrs John Hill
... .. George Bateman James Hawksworth
... .. James Birmingham John Hogarth
... .. Evan Bishop	35 ... Daniel Hoult
... .. Robert Bottomly Richard Huiley
10 ... John Bown James Hutteridge
... .. John Brown Michael Jones
... .. Joseph Brown Thomas Jordon
... .. Michael Brown	40 ... William Kinch
... .. James Button Thomas Floyd
15 ... Robert Byrur Primrose McCaun
... .. James Cadick	43 1 William McCormick
... .. Joseph Chambers William McPrath

* The author was, however, removed, and posted to the command of Company No. 6. one of the two companies which led the Brigade under Colonel Taylor.

RANK AND NAMES.		RANK AND NAMES.	
45	... Francis McCrusty John Shearing
...	... William Mains	70	... Joseph Sismith
...	... Charles Middthurst William Skinner
...	... William Moran John Smeetow
...	... John Morripley Joseph Smith
50	... James Mullhalland Peter Smith
...	... Denis Murphy	75	... William Smith
...	... Garrett Murphy William Snow
...	... Thomas Murphy Henry Stannard
...	... William Nowlan George Steadman
55	... Robert Nursey	80	... James Aginases
...	... John Callaghan Robert Thursthill
...	... John Parker Robert Turner
...	... Peter Pender Alfred Wain
...	... Thomas Perham	85	... Joseph Walker
60	... George Plant John Wallace
...	... John Gotter Thomas Warnock
...	... James Price John Warren
...	... Michael Mara James Weston
...	... Thomas Maus Joseph White
65	... William Rerad John Wheatley
...	... John Richmond	90	... Charles Watkins
...	... James Robinson Charles Winstone
...	... John Sessions	93	...

Ten miles from Peshawur, April 4th, 1842.

My dear Father—At the date of my last letter, we were in expectation of advancing within a fortnight through the Khybur Pass. One whole month has, however, elapsed, and we are still here. The tribes of those hills, instigated by Akbar Khan (one of the rebel Cabul Chiefs), have, until within a few days, refused to allow our troops

a passage through their country. Money has at last gained them over,* and the "Army of the Indus" accordingly will advance to-morrow morning. General Sale, with 2,000 men, Europeans and Sepoys, being closely invested in Jellalabad, (a place at a distance of one hundred miles), by Akbar Khan, our first object is to liberate his force—to chastise Akbar Khan—and to make arrangements for an advance on Cabul. Our road from this to Cabul lies through a succession of Passes—the most formidable perhaps in the world. The whole distance is two hundred miles; yet although the Sepoy corps are not fitted for such warfare alone, still backed by the pluck and *bull-dog* courage of the men of our regiment, and of other Europeans, *I have no fears as to the result*. The troops have every confidence in their General (Pollock, a company's officer), and *I think* with justice. Our present force consists of about five thousand Infantry and fifteen hundred Cavalry, Artillery, &c. &c. Additional troops are now marching through the Punjaub to join us. The weather, unfortunately, is not favorable to our operations; the heat increases rapidly; and, in less than a month, the wind will be sweeping over the land with Asiatic intensity. I hope, however, ere this, that we shall have made ourselves masters of the mountain ranges, and be in the enjoyment of a more genial atmosphere. Fancy English troops crowning heights, with the thermometer at 100° or 115°, or even more—*yet they can and will do it*. In consequence of the difficulties before us, our baggage, though small, has been curtailed, and placed for security in the Peshawur fort, in the hands of the Sikh Government (a precarious security), for we are not sure of their fidelity for a single

* They have broken their agreement, and demanded immediate payment, which Pollock very properly refused. They are determined to resist us, and we to force *our way*. Of our success I fear not, although it must be with considerable *loss*.

moment. Our situation is by no means enviable—an enemy in front, a doubtful ally in rear; the latter are only held to us by their deep hatred to the Affghans; and on any reverse on our side, would be inclined to pillage our baggage, and massacre our sick and small detachments, which will remain in Peshawur. The Sikh troops are most insulting; indeed the whole population lose no opportunity of showing their aversion to us. Many camp followers, straggling too far from camp, have been murdered; officers grossly insulted, and indignities shown to all parties—yet these are our allies, and four Sikh regiments actually accompany us on our march, not to fight, but to witness our fighting. *The course of events* * may yet place in our possession the Punjaub, forcing upon them a change in their demeanour; and many Sikhs are of opinion that the day is not far distant,† as our Indian empire will not be complete, until bounded by the deep and rapid Indus. In co-operation with us is a large force on the Candahar side, beyond the Boland Pass, towards the southwest. If you can procure a map of this country, you will be able to trace our progress.

The Candahar army advances on Cabul, succouring Kelat-i-Gilzie and Guznee on its way, and meets the army of the Indus at the former place. Both armies will have to cross ranges of hills, five, six, seven, and eight thousand feet high. We hope to reach Jellalabad about the 9th of April. At this place Akbar Khan will oppose us—feebly I suspect—as he has *lately been wounded* and is dispirited. On being driven back, he intends crossing the hills to the north, beyond our reach, *taking with him all the captives who are imprisoned* in a fort close by. I tremble for the unfortunates in the hands of this ruthless man, as he

* How truly prophetic.

† This again truly prophetic; such was the fact.

would not scruple to murder every one of them. In the Affghan's revenge is the strongest passion, and may in this wretch overpower his love of money. All my baggage is contained in one carpet bag, and a little bedding rolled up and thrown across a pony. A little tent, nine feet by seven and a half, and six feet high—this between two, myself and a brother officer, (Captain Borlon). We sleep on the ground—the thermometer at this moment 89°. I am sitting on a little stool, with a small writing desk on my knees; my companion in a similar position, a yard from me; and thus we scribble away to our friends—I may say quite contented with our lot:

I find it just past time, and I must now close, *for I know not where I may be to-morrow*. Accept, my dearest and best of fathers, a “soldier's farewell.” My love to my dear sisters, and to the boys, and believe me

Your most affectionate Son,

J. S. CUMMING.*

Extract of a Letter from Captain ———, of her Majesty's 9th Foot, dated Camp Jellalabad, 24th of April, 1843.

“You begged me to send you a line, if the regiment was employed in really active service. I hasten to do so more particularly, as he to whom you would most likely have looked for intelligence is, alas! now no more. Yes, our poor dear friend Cumming, from whom you so recently parted, full of health, and zeal for the service in which we were about to engage, now lies, alas! on the Khybur Hills.

* This was the last which appears to have been written by the all amiable and heroic author.

“ At length, as the 31st regiment could not arrive and join us before the 15th, and Sale's resources were known to be failing him, the 5th was fixed for our advance, and at half-past two A.M. the tents were silently struck, and the grey dawn found us drawn up some hundred yards in front of our late camp, and opposite the several points of our intended attack; however, the numerous alarm fires which blazed along the sides of the hills, showed us that our enemies were also on the alert. The plan of attack was as follows. The ranges of hills, on each side of the Pass, were to be crowned in three columns, and as they were successfully cleared of the enemy, the main body, with treasure, ammunition, baggage, &c. &c. to enter the gorge. The sketch annexed, will give you a general idea of the entrance to the Pass, and may facilitate explanation. The attack on the right was known to be most difficult of ascent, and was led by Colonel Taylor, in person, and made at three points, with as many columns, himself on the right, with the Light Company, under Captain Lushington and Co.; No. 6, under Cumming, and four Sepoy Companies. The centre led by Captain Graham and Sepoys; and the left led by Major Anderson, 64th N. I., consisting of my own company; and half of No. 5, under Lieutenant Powel, and Sepoys. The moment that day broke we advanced, over ground broken and intercepted by deep ravines, each of which afforded formidable means of defence. We found the Khyburees occupying, in detached parties, the spurs which projected from the foot of the hills, beating tom-toms, screaming like fiends, and brandishing the long knives, with which they had so frightened Wild's poor Sepoys. We soon drove them from these exposed situations, and they retired to the several well known rocks, under cover of which, they could deliver their fire in greater security. Our men, however, pressed



Warton & Hood Litho & C. Newport 50

KHYBER PASS.

Scale about one inch & a half to a Mile

- A. Main Height, their strongest hold... commanding all the ground in its rear
- B. Small point submitted to it & exposed to a galling fire from a spur, which projected from its summit & turning nearly parallel to the main height.
- C. Cumming fell from a shot fired from B whilst retreating from thence.
- D. Shoulder attempted by the Grenadiers

on with a *determination*, which soon led our enemies to conclude, that they had to contend with a more dangerous force than the Sepoys. The balls flew briskly among us, yet the casualties were not so numerous as the previously earned reputation of the Khyburees led us to expect; and after toiling for above an hour, over ground of greater difficulty than we had supposed, from observation, we crowned the long wished for summit. When we reached this point, it was an exhilarating sight to see the rascals streaming *pell-mell* down the still more precipitous face, which lead into a river-bed on the opposite side. While this was doing, a most unsuccessful attack was made by the Grenadiers, to turn the enemy at the shoulder overlooking the Pass, who were ordered by Pollock over an impracticable path at *D*, where they became exposed to rocks, which the enemy *threw from* above, killing Colour-Serjeant Whiteside and three privates, and wounding Captain Ogle and nine men; whereas, had he waited a little patiently, the descent of our advancing party, under Taylor, the enemy would have been taken in reverse, *without any loss*. Taylor, with his advancing party, now descended the hill, to dislodge the enemy, from the next hill on the right of the gorge, and then moving along the chain of heights, to protect the head of the column in the Pass. A similar movement was made on the left, and Anderson's party forming the right rear, had, of course, to occupy the main height *a*, until the whole of the baggage and rear guard had passed through the gorge. Cumming should have descended with Taylor, but when we reached the summit, "Cumming," who had been occupied in bringing up a wounded man to the shoulder, found that some of his men had fallen behind, and mixed with others, without order, went back to chide and bring them together; which, having done, and while bringing his company to *A*, from which point we could, without exposure, effectually check every

advance of the enemy, *he was unfortunately ordered to B,** where his men could not show themselves without being fired upon at a short distance; while doing this, the enemy re-assembled in very considerable numbers in the rear, attacked him in his exposed position. Intelligence soon reached us that he was hard pressed, and required support. He was then ordered to retreat, while I was sent forward with a force to support him; but ere I had reached him, I was shocked at hearing, that while coolly and gallantly retiring in the most soldier-like manner, with the last of his men, he was shot dead—a ball passing through his temple. A man of mine, seeing Cumming fall, ran forward and raised his head; while doing this, a second ball passed between his arms, and through Cumming's scull, putting his immediate death beyond any doubt; while we retreated in turn, the Affreedes poured showers of bullets upon us, and, shouting for victory, immediately mounted their standard. I had not much time for reflection, for Anderson, seeing all this, ordered us all to advance, and again drive them from *B*, which we did, and occupied the point for about a quarter of an hour, when he ordered me to retire to *A*, which I effected, with one officer and three men wounded. While we occupied *B*, I caused search to be made for the body of my friend—but in vain. I heard afterwards, that the body was seen by one of the men at the bottom of a precipice, about thirty feet down, partly stripped, but not mutilated. You must conceive how much it pained me, to be unable to rescue my poor friend's remains from an enemy, notorious for their brutal treatment of the dead. However, when we have the inesti-

* This proved a fatal error, to dispatch from the strong hold at *a*, an officer with fifty or sixty men to *B*, an exposed post in the rear, and of no value; and to this oversight is attributable the loss of this young officer and some men.

mable consolation of feeling assured, *as in this instance*,—as far as human beings can judge—that the spirit rests with God, *the fate of the clay must be a matter of minor importance*. Powel had a very narrow escape while retiring. A ball struck just under the shoulder-blade, pierced the cloth, and passing round between it and the lining, lodging in the padding over the breast. Towards evening we were glad to find that the numbers of the enemy were gradually decreasing, and at sun-set we descended the hill without opposition, and immediately occupied and bivouacked on the next hill over the gorge—the baggage not having been able to advance farther during the whole day. The advanced column reached the camp near Ali Musjid, on the 5th, at about four p. m. In some hours afterwards, the right rear arrived there. The Khyburees, with whom were some of Akbar Khan's best troops, were so licked the first day, that not a man was to be seen: On the 6th, Ali Musjid was evacuated without a blow, and no opposition was made to our advance, beyond barricading and cutting up the road. A few bands of robbers attacked the baggage, and carried off everything belonging to Smith and Edmonds. Khunder-Khan, a Pass, where a few school boys, armed with stones, could do infinite mischief, was undefended; and it is now impossible to look to places of immense strength, through which we, though amongst our bitterest enemies, passed in safety, without attributing it to a special *interposition* of Providence *in our favor*. We reached Salpoora on the 10th, and the Artillery forthwith amused themselves by pitching shells into it, with a view of making it too hot for a Chief, who had driven from the Musund his brother, our staunch friend, Ali Turbay Khan, who befriended Ponsonby and Herries, in their escape from Pesbolak. On the following morning, Taylor went with a strong force to cross the Cabul River, which intervened between a fort at some

distance from our camp. The rascally Jez Jolchies, presuming on the security derived from the river, fired some long shots at us, without doing any damage, during the first day ; and when they heard of Taylor's approach, they decamped, having carried off all their moveable property to the mountains. Taylor's party having two troopers drowned at the fort, enjoying the pleasures of wet and starvation, reaping no laurels, did not join us until the 13th. On the 16th we arrived here, having previously heard the somewhat unpleasant news of Sale's having sallied forth with his gallant little band, without waiting for us, and totally routing Akbar Khan, burning his camp and recapturing the guns, we lost during the Cabul massacre. Poor Colonel Dennie was killed in an attempt to force an impracticable breach in a small fort, which might, without danger, have been left uncaptured in the rear. We found the garrison much better off than our own ragged selves in every respect ; and they hardly looked as having stood a five months' siege. The fort, over the walls of which donkeys were driven when they first occupied it, we found in a high state of defence, and it is most creditable to all concerned ; the garrison also was animated by an admirable spirit. They had constant work in the ditch, and no grog, consequently scarce any crime or sickness ; and in this instance, the Sepoys, 35th N. I., emulated the Europeans. A Brigade has been sent back to escort the 31st and 6th N. I., and a troop of horse, through the Pass, which is unbought, but partly occupied by our allies, the Sikhs. No carriages could be procured to bring our baggage with them. We still occupy small palls, and suffer much. The thermometer 106° at three o'clock, p.m. ; mornings and evenings cool. We had hoped ere this to have moved towards Gundamuck, a cooler and healthier climate ; but the General as yet dare not move so far from the chief district, from which we draw our supplies. These

at first came in such small quantities, that it appeared impossible to avoid retiring—now they are more plentiful; but I doubt much whether we shall be able to establish magazines for so large a force to fall back, in the event of an attempt to reach the Cabul tragedy during next winter. All well amongst us. Old B—— has borne the work better than we expected. Old Taylor, a fine soldier-like fellow on service, he leads his regiment into action with a will which must have its effect on the soldiers. Davis—*cum multis aliis*—desires to be remembered. It was a great disappointment not having the pleasure of licking Master Akbar.

Extract of a Letter, dated Horse Guards, June 8th, 1842.

Sir—I have seen General Pollock's report, and observed with deep concern, that your son had fallen in the attack on the Khybur Pass.

At such a moment I ought not, perhaps, to intrude upon your grief, and yet, having seen two of poor Lieutenant Cumming's letters, and remarked the propriety of feeling they displayed—his anxiety to do his duty, and his confidence of success, I cannot refrain from expressing to you my sincere participation in your affliction, and my regret that an officer of so much promise should have been lost to his country at so early a period of life.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most faithful servant,

To the Rev. P. M. Cumming. FITZROY SOMERSET.

Copy of Lieutenant L——'s Letter, of Her Majesty's 9th Foot, dated Cambridge, 21st July, 1842.

My dear Sir—I regret much that I had not the pleasure of seeing you, for I should have been better able to

express my sentiments concerning one, now no more, to whom I was linked in no ordinary ties of friendship.

I know not whether your late son ever mentioned my name, or the intimacy that existed between us, but if we had been brothers we could not have been more connected together in everything.

I had, therefore, full opportunity to know and appreciate those qualities which adorned him. It will be a consolation, I know, my dear Sir, for you to learn, that as far as we poor mortals are able to judge, not a man living was better prepared to meet his death, come when it might, than your lamented son; he was a Christian in every sense of the word. His Bible was his constant companion, and never day passed that he did not consult it. You ask me, whether he was ever despondent, and whether, if so, it produced any unhappiness? Feel assured, that he was far too happy a disposition, and much *too religious*, ever to be downcast or unhappy at an imaginary evil, which he ever looked upon death to be; having been once at the point of death from serious illness, as I dare say you are aware of, he felt that his health had not been very strong, and that he was ever liable to a fresh attack, which might carry him off, and would, therefore, sometimes say to me, I fear I shall never return home; but it produced no despondency, for he ever felt that his life was in the hands of the Almighty, and would cheerfully resign it when called upon.

The death of my esteemed friend is an irreparable loss to me. I valued and loved him as a friend, admired and respected him as a man; and there are many in the regiment who will feel his loss deeply.

I but lately received a letter from an esteemed friend, a Captain — of my corps, a particular friend both of your late son and myself, who mentions our loss, and gives the description of the passage of the Pass. I have also received a

letter from a brother, who informs me that he received a note from my poor friend the day before the engagement, that he wrote in high spirits, and was looking forwards to the next day's event with a soldier's glee. My brother wishes to know whether he should send the letter home, as I might wish to see it; if, therefore, you would like to have it as some further *memento*, pray let me know. I am now again about to leave Cambridge for some time, as I am going to stay some time with a relation in the country. I shall be most anxious to hear that my letter has reached you in safety,—I hope, therefore, you will write me a few lines; I shall ever feel happy to answer any questions, or give you any further information upon a subject so interesting to us both. I wrote to the regiment by this mail, to enquire if I could but get any little *memento* of my friend. I shall be glad to learn when you expect to be in town, as I shall certainly endeavour to be there then also. Any letters for the next month, directed to me, care of my relative, Right Hon. the Earl of Lindsey, Uffington House, Stamford, will reach me—and will make a point of writing if I remove to any other part of England. Having, I hope, sincerely afforded you some consolation, and thrown some light upon your excellent son's latter life—“*my ever dear and ever to be lamented friend*”—let me take my leave, assuring you that he holds a place in my estimation which *no length of time* will efface.

Believe me, my dearest Sir,

Yours sincerely,

A. L——.

To Rev. Mr. Cumming,
Magheracloone House, Kingscourt.

From Ensign William Cumming, of Her Majesty's 25th Foot, to Ensign Robt. Gordon Cumming, H.M. 9th Foot.

Poonamallee, Madras, Sept. 16th, 1842.

My dear Robert—Yesterday I was informed by a brother officer of your appointment to the 9th Foot. I need scarcely remark, that the “congratulations” which at another time would be offered, could only now fall bitter and galling to your feelings. All my thoughts, hopes, anticipations, even my very existence, have a mournful and melancholy veil thrown over them by the premature and unexpected death of poor James. How feebly does any proffered consolation alleviate the distress of mind, or lighten the heart of its burden of sorrow; yet one thing is most grateful to the mourner, that he died when so well prepared and so young. Had he been spared for old age, he could not be so happy or so sinless as in a better world; he fell when nobly performing those duties which were expected from him by his country, and for which he was so well calculated to succeed.

How many thousands would give worlds if they possessed them, to die such a death, not to speak of the many great men who, in despair at the failure of their hopes, put an end to their lives.

My prayer will ever be, and now is, may I a sinner die under similar circumstances, and as well prepared as he was to die, a soldier's death, whenever it may please the Almighty.

I was always attached to my present profession, and hope that I shall ever be imbued with the high-minded principles, which this *esprit* creates; thus I can well appreciate his feelings on going into action, and those of his companions in arms, when they saw him stretched on the

"field of his fame, fresh, and gory." I have brother officers for whom, seeing in that situation, I should shed tears of sorrow and regret. What do I feel? How much do I mourn, when reflecting on the memory of one so *brave*—one so gentle. How well his friend describes him; and you will remember when we were boys at school, he bore the same amiable virtuous character. Alas! the blank never can be filled up. He died as he lived—honourable and honoured; his mind unsullied with vice, his conscience guiltless. The page of history knows not his virtues, or his talents, to record them—but it will bear his name and exploit to an admiring posterity; *the crags of the Khybur are his best monument*, and the wind that sighs through them *his best dirge*. Farewell to him! may his soul rest in heaven!

Join me in turning to a different and less melancholy subject, when it is to turn my thoughts homeward, and to remaining objects of regard. You enter your corps under the best auspices—every hand will be open, every heart will be that of sympathy. You will like India, where to live it is only necessary to be temperate, and avoid exposure to the sun. This month is considered to be the worst in the year; nevertheless, there is not much to complain of. With regard to outfit, so important a point to young officers, I will mention what I have seen useful or useless. Uniform is nearly half as cheap here as it is at home; as an instance, many officers have had foraging caps made of an elegant pattern, for 14s.—they would pay more than double that sum in England. I have had military drill trowsers made up for 3s. a pair; and as they are of a texture more suited to this climate, I wear them on all occasions in uniform: in fact, there is scarcely a single article that is not cheaper out here. Saddlery, &c. can be purchased at one half the price of that at home; Wellingtons, which I now wear when in uniform, cost 4s. a pair, of a fashionable cut; patent leather dress boots, 10s.; but one

of English boots, with boxes, are necessary at first. In fact, the great object appears to me to be, to have sufficient clothes for the voyage, and patterns of the latest cut for uniform trowsers, boots, &c. &c.

I am afraid the public at home will not sufficiently appreciate the exploit of opening the Khybur Pass; but it must be acknowledged to be a more brilliant affair than either the taking of Ghuznee or Khelat, considering that Pollock had only one European corps—besides the intense heat. You will, however, soon be enabled to judge when you join. Love to the governor, Harriet, Helena, and John.

I remain ever yours,

WM. CUMMING.

Camp near Peshawar, Nov. 6th, 1842.

My dear Sir—Your letter of the 28th of August reached me yesterday, almost in sight of the melancholy spot where my friend, your son, met his untimely death; and I perceived with much regret, that you had not received a note which I addressed to you on the 9th of April, conveying the sad intelligence of that event. The above note, as also one which I sent off on the 4th of August, was directed to you at Naas, which doubtless has been the cause of its not reaching you. I now, however, hasten to comply with the request conveyed in your letter, by giving you a detailed account of the circumstances attending the death of your son, and I will then in succession reply to the several questions which you have put to me.

It was early in the morning, on the 5th of April, that I saw my friend almost for the last time. We were, as you are aware, living in the same tent, and he then left me to join his company, full of spirit and hope, having, as indeed

he was always accustomed to do, both morning and evening, in whatever situation he might be placed, committed his soul and body to the keeping of the Almighty.

The attack on the hill to the right of the Khybur Pass was made in three columns—the left under Major Anderson; the centre, with which your son's company was posted, under Colonel Taylor; and the right, composed entirely of native troops, under Captain Gahan, 26th N.I. The difficulty of ascent was very great, as is always the case in this mountain warfare. The hill was crowned and cleared by a few of the strongest men, at the head of whom was your son, while many were still struggling up its broken face; while Major Anderson occupied the important post already *won*. It was at this moment that I saw your son for the last time. He was giving directions concerning the safety of one of his men, who was wounded, and then hurried back towards the point at which he crowned the ridge, to collect the remainder of his men; he here found that Captain Gahan's party, who did not reach the summit until some short time after the column on his left, was warmly opposed by a body of the enemy, advancing from the still more lofty range on his right; to this party, therefore, your son, availing himself of the most favourable ground at hand, attached himself, and placing himself at their head, gained the post, and held it. Major Anderson occupied the post at first gained; and Taylor in the meantime descended; and your son was ordered to occupy a post in the rear. But as no benefit could have been derived from continuing to occupy that post, which was partly commanded by the neighbouring ground; he * *was again* ordered to withdraw to the position which he (Major A. himself) had taken up, and it was, as you have been correctly informed, while doing this that

* Why was he ordered there at first ?

your son met his death from a ball, which pierced his temple. The enemy, who move in their own mountains with a rapidity to which we are strangers, and were in this instance peculiarly favoured by the nature of the ground,* occupied the peak immediately that our troops were withdrawn, and opened a galling fire upon them in their retreat. My narrative now brings me to the painful fact of my not having the sad satisfaction of burying my friend. When he fell, his men were extended in skirmishing order, and the one or two who were near at hand, and observed his fall, being fatigued with the labour they had undergone under a burning sun, and pressed by the enemy, were unable to convey his body to the rear. My sorrow at the death of my companion was much increased by this incident; it was, however, consolatory to reflect, that in his case there was such strong reason to hope, that the spirit rested with God. Such, my dear Sir, are the circumstances connected with the death of your lamented son; and I have only to add, that so far from its being a disadvantage to be removed from his own company to command another, such command would be considered as a distinction. The company to which he was posted was No. 6, of his own regiment. Your other questions you will find answered above. You will then perceive that your son's not having descended with Colonel Taylor, arose from the accidental call for his services elsewhere.

32, Montague Square.

My dear Sir—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter from Dublin, of the 7th instant, and regret that I should have been out of town when you called, as I should have been happy to have consulted with you on the subject of raising a tablet to the memory of your much-regretted

* Of course, the enemy knew the ground well.

son. On leaving my regiment, I gladly offered to do every thing in my power towards carrying out the intentions of my brother officers, but I have been expecting fuller particulars as to the nature of the inscription, &c. &c. I am aware that it was the intention of the officers of my regiment to consult your wishes, and be decided by you ; and I think it would be better if you would kindly express what you would prefer either to me or to B——r.

I expect to hear from my regiment by the next mail, and if not, I will write out immediately for the amount of subscription, and then there will be no delay in accomplishing the wishes of the officers.

I need hardly say how much I felt the loss of your son. It is, indeed, the custom to praise those who have departed, but this is not the case with respect to poor Cumming, for he was certainly the subaltern *most respected and looked up to*, both as an officer and a gentleman, in the whole regiment; and in this sentiment I feel that every man in the 9th would concur.

I remain, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

October 18th.

F. L——.

Camp, Ferozepoor, Jan. 13th, 1843.

My dear Sir—I have much pleasure in informing you that it is the general wish of the officers to erect a tablet to the memory of their fallen comrade; and under the idea that such a measure will be most gratifying to his surviving friends, Captain L—— has kindly undertaken to make the necessary arrangements on reaching England—to have this mark of their esteem forwarded and erected in your own church; but should you desire any other site, pray do not scruple to say so. Let the haste in which I write plead my excuse for any omissions; and

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours, very faithfully,

P. S.—I have forgotten to state that your son had given his sword and pistols to the servant who accompanied him, and who remained behind as ordered when he returned to collect his men; this was the cause of their falling into my possession. His telescope and watch fell into the hands of the enemy. His sword, also, was preserved, but I much regret to say that it was stolen on the march almost immediately; and although a handsome reward was offered through the camp for its recovery, it was not restored.

I can safely assure you, that your second son will not be treated as a stranger on reaching the corps; and I have no doubt but that from Major D——, who always regarded your lamented son as a brother, he will receive a hearty welcome.

Extract of a Letter from Major ——, C.B., dated 20th November, 1843.

32, Montague Square.

My dear Sir—I am now ready to take steps for the erection of you son's monument, as soon as you shall have determined whether it should be put up in Naas or in Bath. Would you kindly come to a decision on this point; and if you have any particular choice as to the nature of the inscription—but, perhaps, you will leave that to me. Should you determine on having the tablet put up in the church at Bath, I shall soon go down there, and shall be better able to superintend the work. I am glad to find the regiment have subscribed £100. for the monument, which will, I trust, enable me to place a proper tablet to the memory of your gallant and much-lamented son. Hoping you will give an early answer,

I remain, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

F. L——.

*Extract of a Letter from George Franco, Esq., to the Rev.
Mr. Cumming, dated Meerut, 10th August, 1843.*

My dearest Sir—I have had the pleasure to receive your letter respecting your late lamented son, James. When the 9th regiment were suddenly ordered to march from Meerut, Mrs. F. and I were absent on a visit to the Deputy-Governor of Agra ; but poor James called on his aunt, who had remained here to say Adieu ! I wrote to General Sir John McCaskill, K.C.B., commanding the regiment, and I have the pleasure to enclose his reply, the latter part of which will be gratifying to your feelings. Poor James very soon gained our esteem and affection. He was an honour to his profession as a soldier—and his character as a Christian was exemplary.

I am, my dearest Sir,

Ever sincerely yours,

The Rev. Mr. Cumming,
The Abbey, Naas.

G. FRANCO.

Extract of a Letter from Major-General Sir John McCaskill, K.C.B., dated Subathoo, 21st of July, 1843.

My dear Franco—I have the pleasure to acknowledge your letter of the 15th, *viâ* Kussowlie, regarding the affairs of our poor young friend, the gallant Cumming. I can inform you, that as far as they were in any way connected with the 9th, they were all settled as the then situation of the regiment would admit of ; and his arrears and proceeds of effects were remitted to the Secretary-of-War, for the benefit of his father, amounting to Rs.1621 15 5. A house, the property of deceased, at Hazerabagh, is still, I am told, unsold ; and I fear, that from the length of time it has remained unoccupied, it cannot now be of much value ; but if it were otherwise, as there seems no prospect

of any troops being stationed there, the chances of sale are very bad indeed. It will be gratifying to the family of poor young Cumming to find that such was the regard and esteem in which he was held by his brother officers, that they have determined on a subscription among themselves, to have a monument erected to his memory in the church of his native parish; and the amount, being 1000 rupees, was intrusted to Major L——n with that view—and he was immediately on arriving in England to take steps for carrying this intention into effect.

My ladies are to go up to Simla for a month; J—— is there already, having gone to Mrs. Clark's balls. With our kindest regards to your trio,

I remain, my dear Franco,

Ever sincerely yours,

JOHN McCASKILL.

MEMORANDUM.

I bought the small bungalow, rented by Captain Faber, and belonging to Major Stephens, for the sum of 700 rupees (house and ground attached), agreeing to pay him that sum within ten months. I entered it on Saturday, December 29th, 1838—marched into Hazerabagh, December 29th, 1838.

JAMES SLATOR CUMMING.

Dinapore, August 13th, 1839.

My dear Sir—Your letter, enclosing a draft on the collector of Patna for 700 Company's rupees, being in full of all demands for the purchase of my small bungalow, at Hazerabagh (and for which I beg you to accept my thanks), arrived yesterday.

We have some talk of a camp being about to be formed on the Nepaulese frontier, towards the end of the year;

however, nothing positive is yet known, and if there should be, we consider it would be only for three or four months, during the settling accounts with the Burmese. In that case we should all leave our families behind, as we think each regiment would be ordered back to its old quarters.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

To J. S. Cumming, Esq.,
Her Majesty's 9th Foot.

Very truly yours,
F. STEPHENS.

MEMORANDUM.

* Required one draft on the collector of Patna for the sum of seven hundred Company's rupees, payable to Major Stephens, Her Majesty's 49th regiment, for a bungalow, at this station, and *bonâ fide* savings from my pay and allowances.

J. S. CUMMING.

Hazerabagh, 8th August, 1839.

Major Lewis Boulton.

Account with Ensign Tronson†—

House rent for March, 1840, by Boulton's bill	25	0	0
Balance for furniture, &c. &c.	33	0	0
Rent for April and May, as by letter, dated June 7th	50	0	0
Rent of June, spent in repairs, owing for July, August, September, and October ...	100	0	0
Carried forward.....	208	0	0

* It appears the agreement was payment within ten months, and by these documents the payment of the purchase money was made in eight months.

† Those various letters of these officers prove the simplicity and purity of their dealings.

Account with Captain Olphert—

House rent for December, January, February, deducting 32 rupees for repairs	58	0	0
Ditto for March, April, and May, deducting 25 rupees for repairs	65	0	0
	123	0	0
Ensign Tronson's account	208	0	0
	331	0	0
Add deductions for repairs	82	0	0
While unlet three months	80	0	0
	493	0	0

My dear Sir—I have very great pleasure in enclosing to you an order on the Agra bank for the 100 rupees which I have been indebted to you so long. I must apologise for being so long in your debt, but the fact is, I have been greatly disappointed lately with regard to money matters.

I hope you like Meerut. Gonzapore is the most horrible place I have ever been in. I suppose you have heard of Hazerabagh's having turned out most unhealthy. Boulton has to proceed to England on medical certificate; Alcock is going home also. What a melancholy thing poor Alling's death was. There is not one person now at Hazerabagh that we knew when our corps were there. Hoping the time is not far distant, when I may have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with you,

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT H TRONSON.

Hazerabagh, June 11th, 1847.

My dear Sir—I beg leave to enclose an order for the sum of sixty-five rupees—three months rent, due up to the 7th of this month, I think. I am sorry at the same time to say, preparatory to the rains setting in, I have been obliged to expend in repairs of the house, &c. the sum of twenty-five rupees; yet I assure you, I have not laid out one fraction more than was absolutely necessary to render it habitable—viz. in rendering the roof and other little repairs which would, if neglected, become heavy on the rent. However, I trust the next remittance will be untouched; yet, after the rains, a little green paint for the doors and windows, would not only make the bungalow have a smart appearance, but would, at the same time, be of great service—as likewise whitewashing the whole inside and outside. No news in this dull place. We are anxiously looking out for the rains—it is rather hot here at this season of the year. Please to acknowledge the receipt of this at your convenience.

Yours truly,

C. OLPHERT.

Extract of a Letter from Capt. —, of Her Majesty's 9th Foot, to his Mother, dated Jellalabad, 17th April, 1842.

On the 5th of April we got under arms, having two or three days before moved our force to within about three miles of the Pass, close to the Sikh fort of Nimrood; from our position here we had ocular demonstration that the Khybur Pass was indeed yet unbought, and that its inhabitants were determined to oppose our entrance, for crowds of the enemy were seen at the mouth of the Pass, busily employed in erecting breast-works, and other defences. We moved in three columns towards the Pass and the hills on either side, by daylight. We were nearly within gunshot. Colonel Taylor commanded the right column, and

our duty was to crown the hills on that side of the Pass. The enemy, as soon as they perceived us, set up a yell, and beat a ——— in defiance. They were assembled at the foot of their hills in great force; but as we advanced steadily up towards them, they retired up the hills, and, covering themselves behind walls and breast-works, opened a very sharp fire upon us. This we returned with interest, mounting the hills after them all the while. The right hill may be likened to a succession of gigantic steps, from the top of each perpendicular part the enemy fired upon us; but it was of no avail their defending the hill step by step; we forced them from post to post, climbing the almost perpendicular parts, till we at last, after more than one hour's hard work, found ourselves on the crest of their most stupendous hill; their strongest post was ours. The scene, indeed, was exciting; it was like looking down into a little new world, the commanding height of the hill we had taken enabling us to look down upon all the other hills in the Pass, the crowning of which was to be our next work, for a deep ravine intervened between us and the next hills. The almost perpendicular face of the hill we were on was covered on the opposite side to the one which we forced, with parties of the enemy trying to escape; and many were here sent to their last account. After we had peppered these gentlemen, we inclined to our left to get near the mouth; but just here, I am sorry to say, poor Lieutenant Cumming was shot dead in the moment of victory—almost the last shot fired by the enemy on that hill. Poor fellow! but he met a soldier's fate, and died as a soldier should. He was a strong principled religious young officer, who never thrust his principles or faith upon others, but always acted strictly up to their spirit. He is now in a better world. I pity not him; but alas! for his poor mother. He was the only officer killed in the action.

*Extract of a Letter from Sir Henry Lyssington, dated
Montague Square, December 30th, 1842.*

My dear Sir—As to those military men who think that Government has been too liberal, I only wish they were either *starving, burning, or freezing*, as our poor fellows have been in that wretched country; and if any are disposed to think my son did not deserve his honours, I merely wish them a *bullet* in the head.*

I feel that there is a strong link between us. If it pleased God to take your gallant son, you have the consolation of knowing, that he died *honored, respected, beloved*, and *lamented* by all his comrades.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

From Colonel Chambers

HENRY LYSSINGTON.

To Rev. Mr. Cumming.

Cananore, April 16th.

My dear Sir—Your son, Mr. Cumming, has expressed to me his ardent wish to be removed to a cavalry regiment coming to India, believing that his military career would be greatly benefited thereby. I can assure you that I greatly regretted a combination of unexpected and unusual circumstances precluded me from recommending him in the first instance, for the situation of interpreter to the regiment; and in the second, for the adjutancy. It was my desire to have marked my appreciation of his merits, and of his application in one of these substantial ways. Ill luck seems to have gathered around him at the very moment his prospects appeared the brightest; for in addition to his loss of two lucrative appointments, had it not been

* Major Lushington, C.B., was struck on the head by a ball on the Tezeen heights, while clearing them of the enemy, which knocked him over and over.

for the India mail, which took home the return of his name for purchase, arriving in England a fortnight later * than the

* It is to be remarked here, the delay of the mail should not have prejudiced Ensign Cumming's promotion, and that his being noted for purchase should have been taken from the date of the dispatch from the regiment; this injury, however, it is presumed, is attributable to Cox and Co., the wealthy and powerful army agents. The mail which brought home the return of Ensign William Cumming's name by purchase, was lost with the steamer in the Red Sea, and the second mail arrived a fortnight *too late*; the casualty which occurred by the loss of the steamer ought not to prejudice officers on foreign service. He has been, last April, transferred to the 32nd Queen's regiment, now serving in Bengal, and has been appointed interpreter to that corps, he having been duly qualified, and having passed the examination required there in the native language. Ensign Robert Gordon Cumming, the next brother, is now a lieutenant in Her Majesty's 9th Foot, and was present at the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon, and through the entire of the campaign on the Sutlej, and obtained a medal. A rather curious disappointment happened to this young officer—he was gazetted (to fill the vacancy created by his brother's fall on the Khybur hills) on the 22nd of July, 1843, the vacancy having occurred on the 5th of April previous; and in the October following, Ensign Thomas was brought in from the 57th, and placed above him, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lieutenant McCaskill, at Jellalabad, on the 11th of July, that is, three months and six days after the one to which Ensign Cumming was appointed by Lord Hill to fill; and Ensign Thomas's appointment is dated 11th of July, the very day Lieutenant McCaskill died at Jellalabad, although Sir Jaspar Nicholls, in Bengal, could not have heard of the event for several days after. Ensign Cumming's father applied to the Horse Guards to request that the injustice might be corrected, supposing it was by mistake; and after some correspondence he was at length peremptorily told, "that Sir Jaspar Nicholl's recommendation of Ensign Thomas having been confirmed in this country, they could not alter the existing dates of the commissions of those ensigns of the 9th."

This was additional cause of great mental suffering to the father, who, after having brought up and highly educated his sons, they having had a college education, and after otherwise endeavouring, as a clergyman in Ireland for thirty eventful years, thus to qualify his sons to eminently serve their sovereign and country—yet to find a person without claim, thus brought and thrust into the place, purchased with the best blood of his amiable and heroic eldest son. What right had Sir Jaspar Nicholls to do this injustice, and, what were the claims of

usual period, he would not have felt his disappointment of being passed over in his promotion by two ensigns. It is to be observed, that even that unfortunate circumstance alone would have rendered him ineligible for the adjutancy, as I was advised to recommend a lieutenant for the appointment. I must remark, that I see no chance of his advancement, or other benefits for him in the 25th regiment; and, therefore, as I think him far superior in education, habits, and especially professional zeal, to the majority of young men when they enter the army, it is a pity that his abilities should be buried, as it were, in a regiment where he has now no cheering prospect: and I should be glad indeed if you could accomplish his wishes, by obtaining his removal to a cavalry regiment coming to this country.

Believe me faithfully yours,

COURTNEY CHAMBERS.

*Extract of a Letter from Ensign Cumming, the third brother,
of Her Majesty's 9th Foot, dated 22nd July, 1844,
Kussowlee.*

You may imagine our astonishment at the recall of Lord Ellenborough, for he is no less a favourite with the

Ensign Thomas, to justify his being placed above one who filled a vacancy created above three months before the one into which Ensign Thomas was thrust. This infliction of injustice has constantly returned to and afflicted the father of these martial youths; after having spent a long life, and expended all he could command in educating and elevating the minds and feelings of his sons, to become highly qualified servants of their country and their sovereign, *anything but injustice he could patiently bear*—even the loss of his sons, and the loss of his amiable eldest son, though painful—oh! more than painful—yet it was sweetened and consoled by the sense of honour, by the knowledge that he died discharging a soldier's and a hero's duty to his country and his most gracious Sovereign. There were many other consoling circumstances, viz—the knowledge that he was so good, humble, and sincere, and pure a Christian—that his fall was attended with military glory, and honour, and recompense, in the remembrance and love of his heroic, his beloved companions in arms and dangers.

Royal Army than with that of the Company's. We immediately started the project of a general subscription, to present him with a sword, or a gold service of plate; the feeling in general all over India is in favour of the proposition. The press of Bengal, I am sorry to say, are exerting their contemptible efforts in endeavouring, as they call it, to sink him lower; even the Delhi Gazette has joined the rest. The Englishman, and Friend of India, are exceptions. We are all anxious to know what Sir H. Hardinge will do; with Lord E. at the head of affairs, we expected to have entered the Punjaub next cold weather. Lord E. remains until Sir Henry arrives, and as the latter has approved of all the former's measures, he may yet order the advance of the army to the Punjaub, which we all heartily wish for.

Charles Francis Cumming, the fourth brother, served his country on board a frigate for nearly four years, in the Pacific, and returned with a character remarkable for propriety, morality, and good conduct. He is now employed in a civil department, being suffering from a liver complaint.

John Hunt Cumming, the fifth and youngest son, was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 25th regiment, or King's-own Borderers, by purchase, on the 9th of June, 1846; and after a leave of absence granted, he joined the depôt at Chatham, under strict orders, on the 31st of October following. He was the subaltern of the day on duty in the garrison, on the 12th day of November. Here follows a copy of his report:—

Provisional Battalion Subaltern of the Day's Report.

Chatham Barracks, Nov. 13th 1846.

1. The men were all reported present at Reveillé, except Private John Coulter, 24th regiment, John Gally, John Hill, Joseph Willy, 31st regiment.

2. I attended the Captain of the day at the inspection of bread and meat, at seven o'clock.

3. At a quarter before eight o'clock, I saw the breakfasts of the men regularly paraded, and sent to their respective guards.

4. At breakfast hour I saw the men regularly paraded in the rooms; they were all reported present, except Privates John Coulter, 24th regiment; John Gally, John Hill, Joseph Willy, 31st regiment.

5. At ten o'clock I visited the barrack-rooms; found them clean and well ventilated, and the bedding folded agreeably to order.

6. I visited the battalion prisoners confined in the guard-rooms, defaulter-rooms, and cells, and found them regular and no complaints.

7. I saw the dinners of the men on duty regularly paraded, and sent to their respective guards.

8. I visited the men's barrack-rooms at dinner hour, and saw the men regularly paraded in the rooms; they were reported all present, except Privates John Coulter, 24th regiment, Joseph Willy, 31st regiment.

9. I attended the Captain of the day when visiting the hospital.

10. I visited the barracks at half-past two, P.M., and found the rooms agreeably to order—the dinner utensils clean and put by; and the men's rooms also clean and in good order.

11. I visited the battalion school at half-past two, P.M.; the children were reported present, and all appeared clean and regular.

12. I attended the defaulters' roll-call at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon; and at half-past five o'clock in the evening, after dark; when all were reported present.

13. I visited the regimental guard at half-past eleven

o'clock by day, and at half-past ten o'clock by night, when all were reported correct.

14. At Tattoo, I collected the reports, when all the men were reported to be present, except Privates John Coulter, 24th regiment, Edward Clegg, 39th regiment, James Nowlan, 18th regiment; and in half an hour after I attended and saw the lights and fires extinguished.

15. I visited the men's barracks at supper hour, and saw the men regularly paraded in the rooms; they were reported all present, except Privates John Coulter, 24th regiment, Edward Clegg, 39th regiment.

JOHN HUNT CUMMING, Ensign, 25th Regt.,
Subaltern of the Day.

To the Captain of the Day
on Battalion Duty.

Harriet, the eldest sister, has gone out (in August) to Bengal, to visit her brothers, having been for some years suffering with a rheumatic and nervous chronic visitation; the physicians recommended the voyage, and under God's blessing, the most favourable results are accruing.

Helena, the youngest sister, is still in England. This short notice is taken of the family, in consequence of the constant interest which the eldest brother ever felt in their happiness and welfare, and on account of their being so often alluded to in his diary. And do thou, O God! guide and in mercy enable them to pursue the same pure, innocent and happy course, to the end of their lives, which all seem to accord to their eldest brother.

THE END.

